



# Picturesque ARIZONA.

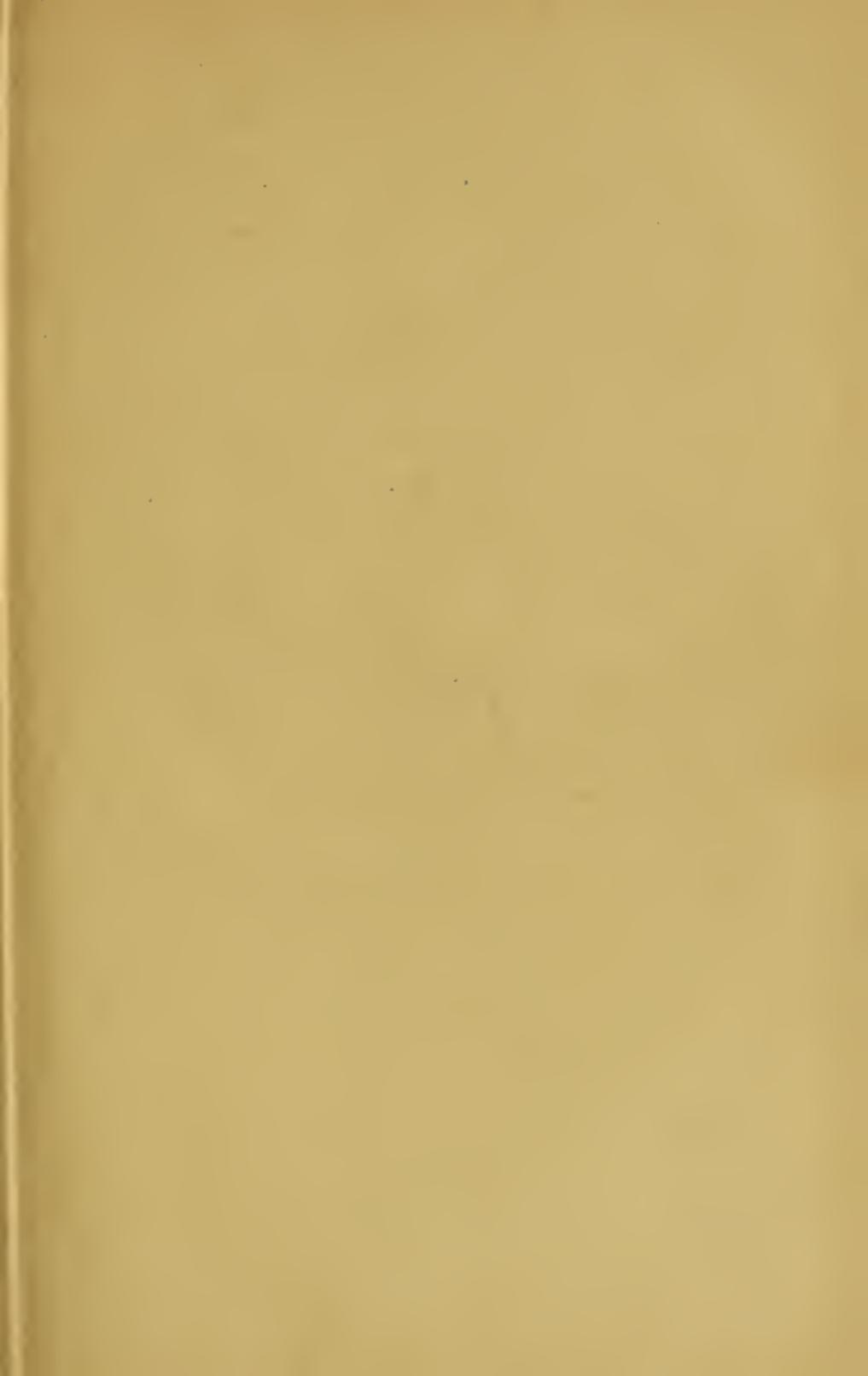


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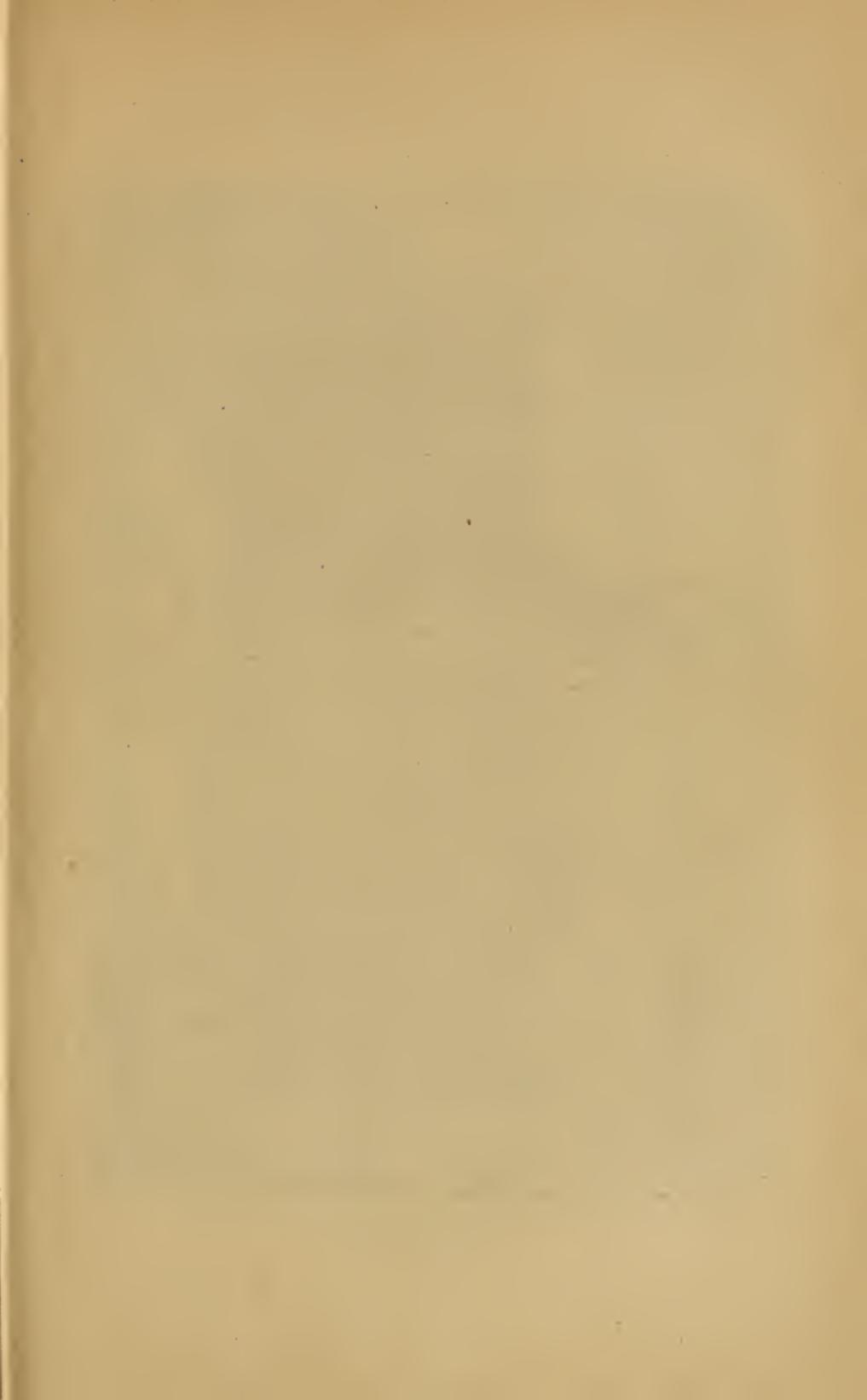
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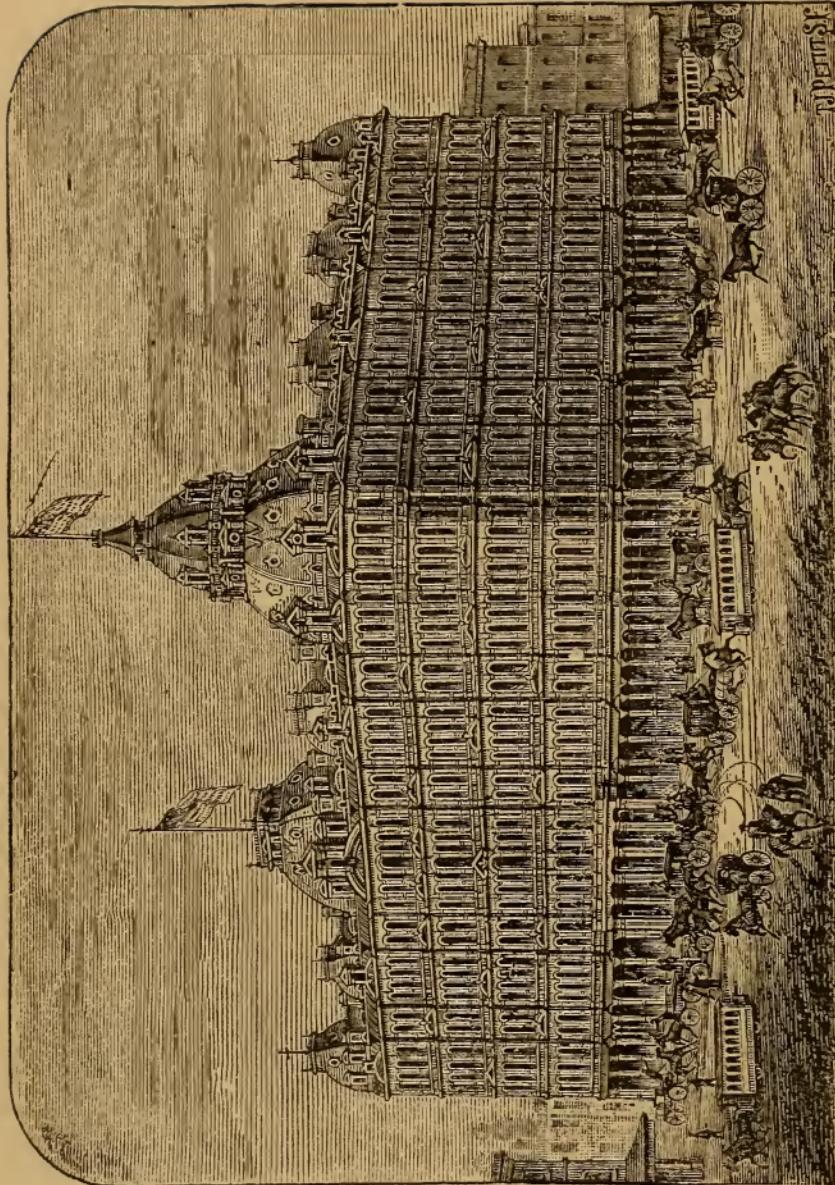




# Picturesque Arizona.







“THE BALDWIN,” OF SAN FRANCISCO. The finest Hotel in the World. Cost over \$3,500,000 in construction.

# PICTURESQUE ARIZONA.

BEING THE RESULT OF TRAVELS AND OBSERVATIONS IN ARIZONA  
DURING THE FALL AND WINTER OF 1877.

BY E. CONKLIN,

*Representative of the National Associated Press and Artist and Correspondent of  
Frank Leslie's Publications.*

—o—

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TO THE

*Pioneers and frontiersmen of my Country,*

WHOM I HAVE LEARNED TO HOLD IN HIGH ESTEEM,

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.



## P R E F A C E.

---

My book is a *preface* to Arizona.

Let those who would know my "Preface" read my book.

The Author here acknowledges valuable aid and curiosities in gaining information for this book to the following named persons :—

Ex. Gov. A. P. K. Safford of Arizona ; Col. J. D. Graham, of the Toltec Syndicate of mines, San Francisco ; Col. R. J. Hinton, of the *Evening Post*, San Francisco, California ; Col. Wm G. Boyle and Dr. H. R. Allen, of the Aztec Mining Company ; Lieut. Geo. M. Wheeler of United States Corps of Engineers ; Major J. W. Powell, of the United States Geological and Geological Surveys ; George Tyng, Editor of the *Yuma Sentinel*.



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RED ROCK PASS ON THE COLORADO RIVER ABOVE YUMA; THE CHIMNEY PEAKS IN THE DISTANCE.

## CHAPTER I.

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RETURN TO SAN FRANCISCO—THE ALLUREMENTS OF THE “BALD-WIN”—THE INVITATION FROM THE AZTEC MINING COMPANY—THE PREPARATIONS—WHISKEY, LOOKING-GLASSES AND STARCHED SHIRTS—INTERVIEWED AT THE DEPOT—THE SCENE FROM OAKLAND.

---

HAVING completed my labors as correspondent of the trans-continental tour, organized by Mr. Frank Leslie in the Spring of '77, in the interests of his many publications, I made known to him my long intended purpose of writing and illustrating Arizona—the most interesting of all our frontier territories. Long had this been a cherished desire of mine, and long had I, in my many trips to the coast kept an eagle eye on this obscure, but wonderful region. As jealously had I picked up from time to time all scraps and hear-says of this territory, as the ravens within its borders now pick up the morsels scattered by travelers.

and mining parties. And now raven-like, I carry these scraps to all the world as a faithful messenger of the future great mineral State of America.

I returned to San Francisco and in August made preparations for an extended tour through Arizona. No fitter time had ever presented itself for a representation, digestion and general unraveling of Arizona's vast resources in all channels of human industries, than the completion of the Southern Pacific Railroad to the Colorado River, which was expected to take place the following month. A more propitious or favorably auspicious event will never probably be known in the history of that territory—except perhaps the purchase of the southern portion of it. To go to Arizona heretofore and find what you wanted—where to go, or how to go, reminded one of that emblematic hay stack and its needle. A double combination of events have transpired this fall which will be an era in the history of Arizona—the completion of the Southern Pacific Railroad on its way across the territory, which takes you to this hay stack, and Col. R. J. Hinton's Hand Book and Guide, which enables the traveler to unravel that hay stack and find the needle when he is once there; and the object of *this* book is to show you the

merits of your particular needle when found, whether you be a miner in search of mines, a farmer in search of fertile valleys, or a tourist or scientist in search of the beauties or wonders of nature.

Again in San Francisco, and the very recollections of the luxuries of its famous Baldwin Hotel seem to allure us to the spot and already stimulate us to new ambition. The soothing quiet of this hotel is a marvel even in the nucleus of the most brilliant hotel achievements in the world. Never was there a combination of such rare and rich material brought together in such perfect and complete harmony. This hotel is the most attractive institution under that name that ever decked American soil. We feel free to say it. It is an allurement to all travelers and tourists who have once seen it.

While in San Francisco preparing for a new departure, I received an invitation from Col. J. D. Graham, Secretary of the Aztec Mining Company of Arizona, to accompany him and his party on an extended tour through southern Arizona, to the mines of the company. I appreciated this, knowing that to the indomitable pluck and energy of the members of this company, were due some of the greatest mining enterprises and

achievements in the territory ; and I accepted, knowing that their mines lie in the Santa Rita Mountains, one of the richest mining sections in the State, and their course through some of the richest valleys, thereby affording me ample facilities for learning of what I would know. Favors, like crosses, thought I, never come singly. So I arranged to meet the party subsequently at Yuma.

I left San Francisco amid all the vicissitudes consequent upon going on a big trip. I felt this spirit of bigness—of vastness, forcing itself upon me; not so much that the trip itself was to be a long one, but of the interest and importance that the completion of the Southern Pacific Railroad to Arizona was ushering into existence. Although I had plenty of time, as the moment approached for me to depart, I found I had fallen a victim to that treacherous "last moment" which had, with its wonted subtleness crept unawares upon me, and like a thief in the night, found me asleep. The express called for my trunk; I tried to squeeze two seconds into one, forgetting the lesson in applied philosophy learned when young, that no two things could occupy the same space at the same time. Being intuitively reminded of this by some automatic

faculty of the mind—reason I had none just then—I reverted to material things and tried to cram two shirts into the place one should occupy, which caused me to break a bottle of whiskey that I was taking along for—the Indians, or medicinal purposes. I was sorry for this, because I had intended if I kept my health—and whiskey—in tact, to finally bestow it upon some of my red brothers, the Arizona Indians. I am a friend to the Indians.

I rushed frantically about for something that would work on the capillary system, to wipe up the muss. I seized a towel from the bureau, and in turning quickly around, broke a glass which cost me ten dollars and fifty cents.

Becoming exasperated, and with a spirit indefatigable to conquer, I chucked—this is the best word just here—everything into my trunk promiscuously, resolving to remodel things on the train, by bribing the baggage-master to let me have access to it there. The express man got my trunk and rushed off. I was too late for the “Bus,” which is one of those emblematically punctual institutions, especially when *you* happen to be a few minutes behind. I took a horse-car. At the railroad office I called for my ticket for

Fort Yuma. I laid down my fifty dollars, and was to have received eight dollars in change, but I never knew, from that day to this whether I ever picked up that eight dollars or not; for at the utterance of the words "Fort Yuma," I was besieged by a dozen or more individuals wanting to know if I was actually going to Fort Yuma, and putting into a score of other questions all the qualifications of importance. They were enthusiastic emigrants. They all wanted to hear from Fort Yuma; and no less than half a dozen persons wanted me to write them each a private letter giving them a full description of the great mines of Arizona and New Mexico; and how I thought turnips would grow there; whether the Indians were as troublesome as they had been in the Black Hills; whether cows could be milked three times a day, and whether jackasses could be sold for mules down there. These requests were all made with the familiarity of two strangers meeting in a foreign land. I promised all to give them the desired information. I justified my wilful falsehood by the satisfaction it afforded them for the moment; and I justified my neglect to subsequently comply with their requests from the fact that not one of them offered me stamps for postage.

The cause of a greater portion of all my vicissitudes I trace back to the allurement I was under at the "Baldwin." We all know what an effect pleasing surroundings will have, to the neglect of sterner duties, causing the mind to swerve until it forgets itself and becomes dilatory, and reason itself becomes tossed and cannot at once find its equilibrium. Oh! this allurement! Oh! the infatuation that makes mockery of self control. This fascination that causes one to miss trains, miss everything in life while under its influence.

And yet they are the very allurements that we are most willing to be charmed by. But we are really justified in them in exemplification of our nature, as explained in Romans 7th and 15th: "For what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I."

In twenty minutes we had spanned the bay of San Francisco to Oakland, where all passengers for Southern California and Arizona take the trains of the Central Pacific Railroad. Oakland has been so long compared to the Brooklyn of New York in its proximity to San Francisco, that it has become typical of it. The concourse of people swarming like bees and increasing from day to day as they are, to almost incapacitated proportions, makes good the similitude.

The train stood waiting at the Oakland wharf hissing off its virulent steam, anxious for a start. The evening was inexpressibly charming, under the mellow light of an occident setting sun. I took my seat in the sleeping car, and scanning the bay of San Francisco, beheld the glorious scene which has become the emblem of the city ; the pride of its people ; and the joy of the traveler and tourist—a setting sun at the Golden Gate ! And I must here waive the old adage, not to give advice until one had been “thrice asked for it” and proffer it to all travelers, not to miss this phantomed halo.

## CHAPTER II.

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OFF FOR ARIZONA—SCENES ON THE WAY—THE LIVERMORE VALLEY—YOSEMITE—THE GREAT TEHACHAPI PASS—THE ORANGE DISTRICTS—ACROSS THE DESERT TO FORT YUMA.

---

BY the time my spirits had been mellowed down into their accustomed equilibrium, the time had come to depart. “Klick-er-de-klick; chit-er-de-chat; chit-er-de-chat; klick-er-de-klick,” rattled our laden train over the wonderful Meiggs wharf which extended two and a quarter miles out across the bay. Klick-er-de-klick, chit-er-de-chat, rolled our car wheels, like the prattle of a lot of merry school girls let loose, and had the same effect of merriment upon its listeners. Then the old smoke-stack bellowed forth, “*Hush!—Hush!—Hush!—ush!—ush!—ush!—ush! sh, sh, sh, sh, sh,*” as if warning his charge against useless gossip, and admonishing them not to make such a noise.

Thus we sped, twenty miles away, across the charming Livermore valley—one of the chosen spots of California's richest soils.

If one's spirits are in a ruffled state as mine had been, "these sights and these sounds" would prove a soothing balm.

As we approached the end of this valley, which narrowed down to about the width of a good sized farm, we felt that one of the Eldorados of our trip had been seen. All the diversity for the richest rural effects and of husbandry, were here combined. We had seen the sweet maiden daughter of the hardy husbandman, standing in the threshold of his humble cottage admiring with unwitting zeal, the fruits of her sire's sturdy arm and sweaty brow. One charming picture particularly attracted my notice. A maiden of some fourteen Summers, with her golden hair flowing over her shoulders, and a neat, clean pin-a-fore clasping jealously her form, stood on one of these thresholds, breathing the balmy atmosphere from the mountains wafted over the waving corn and blooming wheat, from which it received its perfume. As the train passed, this little creature pulled from a pocket in her apron her handkerchief, and waved it. This was the

climax of this valley scene. Perhaps the handkerchief had something to do with it. We all know how far this token of welcome, as a flag of truce, will put new life into the soul. Behind the little hamlet, rose a spur of the mountains, one peak of which seemed the maiden's special guardian. On we sped through the Canyon; witnessed the shades of evening transformed into Luna's night, and arrived at Merced, the place of departure for the Yosemite valley, just before midnight. Many left our train here. The name of Yosemite has not ceased to allure, nor its sights to charm. I was a little allured myself, but as the train moved on, I contented myself by reciting the lines contributed to fair Tissaack's abode while with the Leslie party, when we were there in the Spring. We had, on that occasion just reached the summit of the Sierras from which we were to descend into the valley.

Yosemite ! How wells the heart,  
When o'er the Sierras' summit height,  
The sense of sight, to the soul imparts  
Fair nature's gift, this grand, this gorgeous sight.

Behold ! we near the crested edge ;  
Our every breath held by a spell.  
We fain would make a solemn pledge,  
To all the world this vision tell.

Down ! down ! the mountain's side we prance,  
Each steed, sure-footed, marks his pace.  
To the right—to the left—yes, all around,  
Bold rocks command, and waters run their race.

To the left, "El Capitan" rears its ponderous head,  
Carved out by some gigantic power !  
To the right, "Fort Rocks" commands the valley front,  
Beneath lies Tissaack's chosen bower.

Down in the very depths of this colossal vale  
Hemmed in by sybil's choicest charms,  
Our soul would break from its fettered chains  
And with its praise, the mortal man disarm.

With hair unfurled and ribbon tossed,  
Across the "Bridal" stream we bound,  
And with hats in hand we give one shout !  
For our Mecca we have found.

In the night the train enters the Tehachapi Pass—enters, as it were the last remnants of chaos; enters one of nature's grandest caprices; as treacherous as it is wonderful, as interesting as it is beautiful, and as capricious as it is grand. The Tehachapi Pass is one of the greatest pieces of railroad engineering in the world. It includes, perhaps, the wonderful features of all other railroads combined.

In this Pass, comprising a distance of nineteen miles, you have your high tressels, chasms, horse shoes, Cape Horns, tunnels, &c., &c. In fact these things in themselves constitute this entire section. The train will

jump from mountain dome to pinnacle; from peak to peak, with as much agility as a man on the trapeze. In the last mile of this section the train passes through five tunnels. By the curves and the angles, the crossing of ravines, and the rounding of pinnacles; with high towering mountains on the one side, and precipitous gorges on the other; all theories of trigonometry and the calculus are demonstrated, and practically too. The locomotive fairly plays tag with the tail end of the train in the wildest commotion. You are held spell-bound. In its fury Mr. Smokestack again belches forth its Hush, Hush, Hush, as if warning you to hold your breath and not venture a whisper until we are over safely. Standing on some of the elevations over which the train passes, in this wild and elevated region, a most imposing view of the surrounding country may be had. It suggests that the whole of God's footstool might be comprehended, so vast is the extent. The eye peers over hill, dale, mountain peaks and ranges, until it is lost in its own vision, and seems to comprehend infinity. How grand the sensation! How your soul grasps—pants, for just a something more. From Yosemite to Tehachapi your mind reverts. We have often heard how the West in its broad

expanse, captures the emigrant and traveler in mind and spirit, and weans him from his eastern home. We have all tried to define what this influence is; I think it is just such scenes as this. As the mind, in comprehending and retaining its mental observations, and as the field becomes broader and he clings to those observations with a zeal proportionate to its vastness, so does the soul expand with what it sees, in proportion to *its* own vastness. How often this condition forces itself upon the traveler in Arizona. And perhaps this is the reason one finds so many whole-souled men in this interesting Territory. Many of them were perhaps whole-souled before they went there, but we are rather inclined to think the most of them have become so from the very soul-spirit of all nature in this beacon land. As the mind is wont to grasp after what lies beyond its present sphere, so does the emigrant and the traveler jealously long for the blessing, the freedom, the liberty, the wide expanse, that these scenes suggest to his nature.

The traveler takes a last, lingering look at the region of the Tehachapi Pass, this being the last mountainous scenery until he reaches Central Arizona. This region is commonly known as the famous

“Loop,” from the fact that in circling itself, it crosses its own track to reach a high elevation of mountain.

At daylight you strike a portion of the great Mojave Desert, the word “desert” striking dimly on your ear, and feeding the mind with imaginary evils always associated with that name. This gradually dies away, however, with the remarkable and interesting characteristics peculiar to the so-called desert, gleaned later from our facetious friends—the pioneers and frontiersmen of our country, and from the natives. A chapter on the deserts of our country will be found in its proper place.

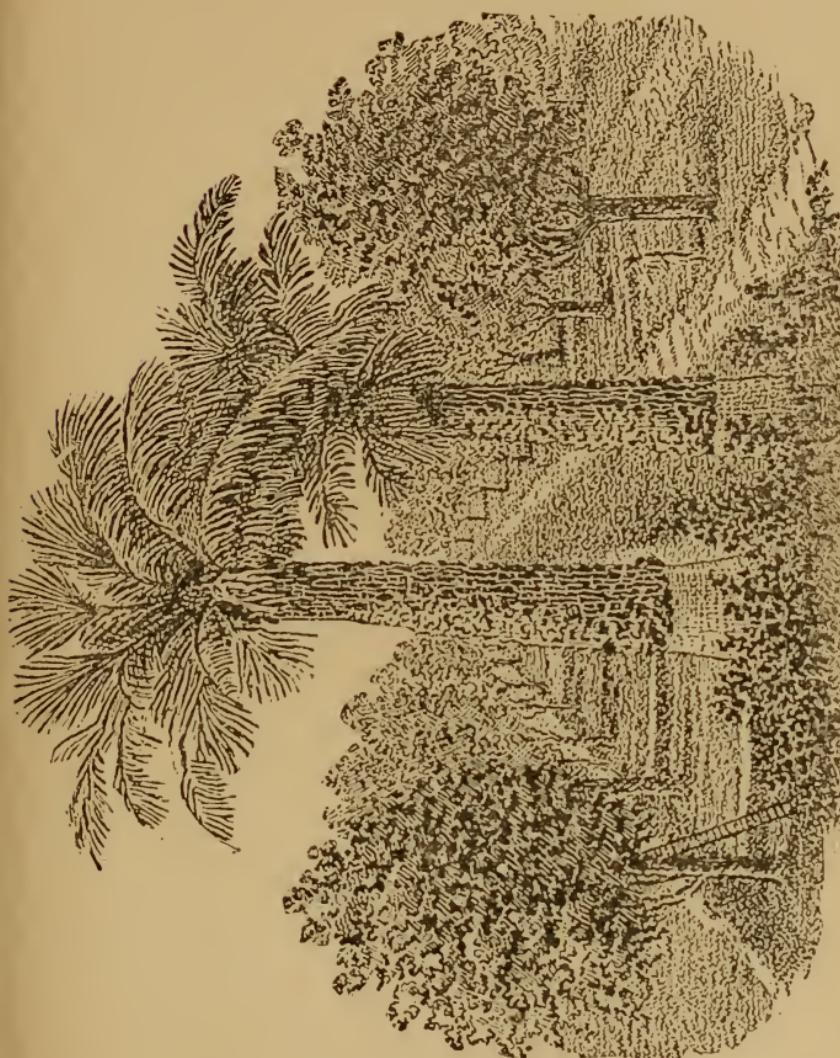
Further south four hundred and seventy miles from San Francisco, the far famed orange region is reached. The conglomerate city of Los Angeles tells you of the adventurous days of the chivalrous Fremont. Eight miles below Los Angeles you pass through the fertile San Gabriel Valley, where the greatest orange groves of the State thrive in luxurious splendor. Here are located the great orange groves of E. J. Baldwin, Esq. All kinds of semi-tropical fruits are raised on this ranch, which covers sixteen thousand acres.

One of the original aims of Mr. Baldwin was to supply his own culinary wants of the hotel. This self

sustaining principle enables him, in adding to the luxuries of his hotel, to do so at a less cost than any other method, or in other words, to give a greater amount of luxuries for the same price. This system of Mr. Baldwin's explains the query made by the many patrons of his house, "How can he afford to run this extravagance at the regular hotel rate?"

To get an invitation from Mr. Baldwin to visit his ranch in Southern California, and to actually visit it, is a treat, and one can get an extended and—exalted did we say—at least a flattering idea of a bonanza farm of Southern California. On this ranch or farm can be found all products indigenous to the coast. Mr. Baldwin has, also, other ranches in different parts of the State. The orange blossoms and groves throw their fragrance broadcast through the air and with their emblematic influences, charm the senses.

An orange tree in blossom is a gorgeous sight. "Gorgeous sight," did I say? Well! it depends. To some, each blossom is transformed into a little cupid plumed and armed, and holding high carnival in the tree top: while to many these are, by some misordained condition of nature, transformed into little devils. Owing to the present jogging condition



A SCENE IN THE ORANGE GROVES OF E. J. BALDWIN, ESQ., OF SAN FRANCISCO.



of the world, this orange growing section will not loose its interest for some time to come. We are told of both young and old having fainted at the sight and perfume of this marital emblem. At least, we can say by our own experience, a drive from Los Angeles to the beach at Santa Monica through the orange groves, is a most condign place for a young man, who wants to have a lady faint in his arms.

One hundred miles south of Los Angeles you cross the great Colorado desert. Although a desert, this vast tract of country is full of interest. But of these interests in desert traveling we will speak in connection with our journey through Arizona.

On this desert, shorn, if not of its name, at least of its terrors, by the annihilating iron horse, and the civilizing palace car, one gets the first intimation of the peculiar scenery of Arizona. Looking from the car window to the east, a distant range of mountains, different from anything you have, perhaps, ever seen, attracts you.

“Domes and half domes,  
Pinnacles and peaks;”

truncated cones, pyramids and spires; castles in the air (with solid foundations, which none but a strong

miner's will can move) with bases of hidden gold and silver, salute you. This is the scene that contrasts so forcibly with your desert. And this variety is what makes the desert so interesting in itself. We all know the charm of variety—of change. In the direction you are now looking lies the famous "Needles" of the great Colorado River. In the distance are the famous "Chimney Peaks;" further down is the "Castle Dome;" and by imagination's sweet charm, or in recollection's powerful cast, you see the capricious, the whimsical, the wonderful Colorado River.

This is the view that greets the traveler's eye and cheers his spirit as he nears Arizona, and for three hours before reaching her initial point, Yuma. Let it be in the grey of the morning, and the peculiar hazy blue, like a sea vapor that hems the different mounts and ranges in, reminds you of the Blue Mountains of Jamaica in the West Indies. Let it be in the evening's golden hue of an Arizona sunset, and the rugged outline fringed with gold and crimson, and the whole fretting on the azure blue of the firmament, is a scene to charm the soul and puzzle the senses.

From here I started to make a two month's tour through the northern part of the Territory, the results

of which will be embodied throughout my book in connection with my southern trip; and from which trip I returned to Yuma on the first day of December to await the arrival of the Aztec party.

## CHAPTER III.

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MY ARRIVAL AT YUMA—DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN—ITS FORMER HISTORY—THE COMING SANITARIUM—DR. LORYEA'S OPINION—THE RAILROAD ENTERPRISE—ITS VICISSITUDES—A WATCHFUL GUARDIAN OF THE NIGHT—LO ! THE POOR INDIAN.

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HERE I am at Yuma! and while waiting for the arrival of the Aztec party, I will contemplate some, the land I am going to roain.

That part of the Territory of Arizona over which our travels were now to extend, was acquired by the Gadsden purchase from Mexico in 1853; and, save the regret that the instrument of purchase did not record a section of country as far south as Guaymas, which would have given us a port on the Gulf of California—a “Golden Gate” to Arizona—the purchase was a most condign and satisfactory one. At the time of the purchase, Mr. Gadsden did not receive himself, this compliment from the people, but

rather abuse and ridicule; an abuse evidently given from ignorance. This suggests how often chastisement is given in ignorance. How long—Oh! how long, will the human race—that noble race—that *man*—in his vast system of philosophy, education and science—that being with a reputed psychological existence, be elevated to know how, when, and where to chide. Then indeed will our God-soul be elevated toward its rightful sphere. Then will judges be well deserving the potent “Honorable,” and, the preachers claim “Reverend” to their names. Then will parents make *men* and women of their offspring, and be truly proud of their issue. As it is, where is the man who would dare originality or individuality to the full extent of what his experience, education and goodwill would seem to urge, for fear of reprimand from an unphilosophic world? There are a few such; they die persecuted—perhaps a martyred death for the benefit of an enriched and selfish world; while that world lives the very embodiment and verification of the sheep element; following where they have been led, and grazing on the products of a good and fertile soil. Poor Arizona! How near you came to being lost to us. But Ho! for Arizona! is our senti-

ment now. Although in many places in our country, within certain limits are combined so great a variety of climate and topography that one may in certain sections, experience all the diversity of traveling abroad; especially is this applicable to the southern portion of the Pacific coast. In one short day you come from the snows of the Sierra to the tropic of the desert, where in July the thermometer will range about an average of 120° Fahr. in the shade, and 170° in the sun. One peculiar feature of Arizona's climate might be mentioned here.

Although the thermometer may often range much higher than in some other known place, the heat is felt very much less. An incident of mine will amply illustrate the fact. In '73 I went to Southern California for the first time; I had some friends whom I visited and who were farmers. Having once lived on a farm, the inclination presented itself to me to see how much of my rural tuition I had, in my now roving propensities, retained. I made a request to go into the hay field the next day, and help pitch hay "just to see how it felt" as I said, "after a fifteen years rest." The next day I was told by my friend in an insinuative sort of way that it was going to be a *very*

hot day he thought, and he did not think an eastern man like me could stand it to work in the sun. Now this was the very worst thing he could have said to me if he had not wanted me to go, for I always pride myself on my physical strength and powers of endurance. I was bound to go. I worked until noon, and pitched hay all the time too. The thermometer, I learned when we went to the house to dinner, was  $118^{\circ}$  Fahr. I could not believe it at first. I had suffered some from the heat—in fact considerable. But it was rather a burning, outward heat as from the rays of the sun; and not an inward bodily heat as if suffocating. And although I perspired freely, the big drops rolling down my cheeks and brow, I did not suffer as much, nor feel as fatigued, as when walking in New York under a thermometer of 95 degrees in the month of July or August.

This is the nature of the heat in these locations. The rarity and dryness of the atmosphere, it is well known, is the chief cause for this favorable condition, and especially has Arizona these qualifications. When a person hears another speak of the thermometer being  $110^{\circ}$  or  $115^{\circ}$  in Southern California or Arizona,

he must not imagine that those "poor mortals" there are suffering what he would be in New York or Baltimore under a thermometer of 90°. Yuma itself, in conjunction with the Colorado River which runs along side, from the cause just alluded to, is Nature's Russian or Turkish bath. The very Indians take their sun bath here every day. For centuries this people have been reclining at certain times of day on their heated sand-mounds, at a high temperature, and checking the heat by a plunge in the cooling waters of the Colorado. For centuries they have been working wondrous cures from the aid of these medical properties of the soil and atmosphere. A private letter written me concerning this location as a natural Sanitarium, by Dr. A. M. Loryea, M. D. of the celebrated Hammam baths of San Francisco, comprehends some of the principal merits. Dr. Loryea says:—

"\* \* \* \* My experiences in Arizona were very satisfactory. The heat there, though high, is endurable in consequence of the dryness—hence its adaptability as a place of residence to those afflicted with Renal affections, especially Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. The skin acting vicariously for the lungs, exhaling carbonic acid and absorbing oxygen, Con-



INDIANS TAKING THEIR SUN-BATH AT YUMA.



sumptives would there find relief. One does not take cold and my patients there in the last stages of renal and lung affections slept out of doors all and every night with perfect freedom. Malaria does not exist in Yuma, so that we have every advantage obtainable for invalids and hence many term it 'Nature's Turkish Bath,' or the great Sanitarium of America; and patients who may visit these need not 'abandon hope' but have every assurance if not being cured of their "many thousand ills that flesh is heir to" but at least of being ameliorated and measurably benefitted. Of course all class of affections, such as Rheumatism, Sciatica and Neuralgia are resolved by the heats of Yuma."

On the Colorado River, ninety miles from its mouth, and on its east bank, is located the old city of Yuma, in Arizona. On the opposite shore, or California side, on a high elevation, is situated Fort Yuma. This location which has heretofore lain mute with a history that perhaps rarely extended beyond its own domain, except by an occasional exploring party, or an inhabitant who had fortunately made his escape from the ravages of Indians or Mexican desperadoes, has now gained for itself a place in the history of the Pacific Coast.

On the 29th of September—of the year, 1877—this point became the present terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad of California. Since that time the two great signals that govern the destinies of armies, have been called into requisition by the event. “Halt!” and “Forward March!” have been given with all the pomp and pomposity of military tactics. The occasion for these conditions seems to have been some misunderstanding between the military and civil authorities; but this being now settled, and the road fairly into Arizona, it is simply our pleasure to notice the likely results and interesting incidents from the fact.

The likely results are that a complete, through, southern, trans-continental route will steal an existence upon us, as unawares, as did the first and original road across the Continent in '69. When we realize the vast interest, to all the different sciences, the two Territories of Arizona and New Mexico are constantly opening up to the geologist as a mining district; and to the historian, in the different races of human beings suggested by the many and unique ruins constantly being discovered, we hail the event. The legendary spirit connected with many of these

old and pre-historic ruins, is interesting beyond degree; and the subject so engrossing that we dare not attempt a description in this present limited space.

The bridge over the Colorado looms in plain sight to the inhabitants of both sides of the river, a lasting monument of the indomitable pluck *ad extremum*, of the American people.

The completion of this bridge was associated with some pleasing incidents on the night of September 29th. From the misunderstanding between civil and military authorities before alluded to, orders were issued to the military headquarters at Fort Yuma, not to allow any of the Southern Pacific's rolling stock whatever, to cross the Colorado River, and to stop the construction of the bridge. Sentinels were placed at the bridge to keep vigilance. Nobly did our country's servant perform his duty until his bed time came. Then all was "quiet on the"—Colorado. Our sentinel slackened his martial tread, and stooped to catch the slightest sound; and in the stillness of the night, the yelp of a stealthy coyote, or the screech of a hawk was his only reward, except perhaps, the snore of the bridge-engineers, which in this case must have been a little unnatural, as it was

feigned. Thinking that "all was well," our sentinel thought to steal a little sleep. No sooner had he succumbed to his own alluring thoughts, than the same surreptitious spirit to "steal" was evinced by the sturdy engineers. In a moment, they were "to arms" or rather to their tools; stole a march, and in the space of three short hours the last quarter of a mile of track was laid, including a section of one of the most substantial bridges on the coast. Well did they steal their march. And well, do we think, our sentinel must have slept. The right of way to this Company for crossing the Colorado ended on the following day, the 30th of September. On the 29th at eleven o'clock at night, they ran the first steam cars over this bridge from California into Arizona. Since then, it has been authentically decided that they had the right to do so, and the work of extending the road on through Arizona is about to commence with the same indomitable pluck characterizing the road to its present terminus.

Distance often gives an erroneous interpretation, as well as an enchantment. We think this is somewhat the case with Yuma. Yuma is the new name for Arizona City. It is not an Indian village; though



AN INDIAN BELLE OF THE YUMA INDIANS.



an Indian village exists contiguous to it, and a full representation of the old Yuma tribes constitute an equal half of its daily population. Blanketed and half-nude Indians associate as intimately with the whites (what few there are here) as do the Mexicans themselves.

The town itself, is strictly of Mexican origin, and savors of all the looseness and primitiveness characteristic of the smaller, out-of-the-way towns in the Republic of Mexico.

Standing on the promontory where the fort is located on the California side, and looking over, and at an angle of perhaps  $20^{\circ}$ , one sees a mass of one story buildings, built of adobe, and roofed with mud, the floors of which were originally the ground, but which have been, by the more thrifty foreigners of all classes recently arrived, replaced by board ones. Some are whitewashed, and present a cleanly appearance; while others are the embodiment of the filth of the greaser. One or two genuine Spanish houses built in the quadrangular form with the garden plot in the center, and two stories high with a veranda, where flower-stands bedecked with flowers, cheer this otherwise barren place. The town of Yuma

was first founded about 1855, and was then called Colorado City. In 1858 it contained about half a dozen houses, according to Ives' report on government explorations. The name was then changed to Arizona City, and afterwards to Yuma City, in honor of the government fort across the river. It now numbers about two thousand people of all classes, including Indians.

The hour of eight, every morning now, when the train comes in, is an interesting one in Yuma. There is then congregated, with eager eyes, Indians, Chinese, Americans; Jew, Gentile, and Pagan. In fact, most every nation and condition of men on the earth, one might be inclined to say, is represented. The same conglomeration, characteristic of all embryo places of the West, is here seen. It seems to us that now would be a good time for the study of the Psychologist in Yuma, as it is interesting to the traveler.

At night the Indian huts and camp fires may be seen glimmering around the city. As one approaches these and sees, crouched together, a handful of half-clothed, beggarly Indians, a feeling of sadness steals over him. They will sit with stoic stillness and stare at you with an awe-stricken expression



INDIAN GROUP.



as if they knew that their hour for final extermination was at hand. The fires perhaps, may be fading into dying embers. Upon this you will look and muse. For how typical, in its fading, is it of the very race to which it has given warmth and life. You count one, two, three, four, five remaining embers in the heap. There are just five Indians in the group. As quickly as those embers, must these Indians fade away under our civilization; and we wonder, that if, in our civilized state, were we truly so, this would be the case.

## CHAPTER IV.

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THE ARRIVAL OF THE AZTEC MINING COMPANY—THE DENIZENS OF YUMA—WE BREAK OUR FAST—THE EXCITEMENT OVER OUR MULES—THE “YOSEMITE AND THOROUGH-BRED !”

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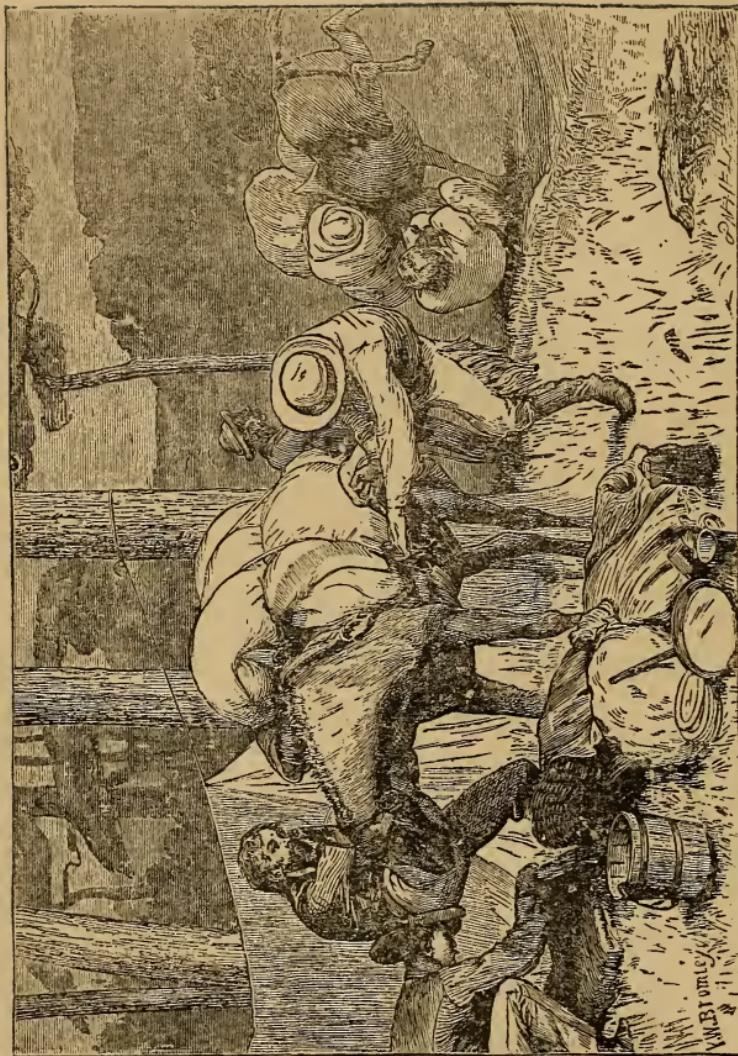
ON the 5th of December, 1877, Col. Wm. G. Boyle, President, and Col. J. D. Graham, Secretary of the Aztec Mining Company, arrived at Yuma with the following members of the company, and well known capitalists of the East: Alexander Wilden, Esq., of Philadelphia, Dr. H. R. Allen, of Indianapolis, founder of the great National Surgical Institute of Indianapolis, Indiana; J. K. Wallace and F. Steele of Philadelphia; Col. C. W. Tozer of San Francisco; and Col. R. H. Hinton, of the *Evening Post*, San Francisco, who was just completing his superb Hand Book to Arizona. In addition to these were several subordinates, such as our cook, two drivers and your humble servant. Yes! and there was another arrival not a little

important to the completion of the company, in the shape of eight large stalwart Kentucky mules. If the reader had been in Yuma, Arizona, at the time of the arrival of these mules he would appreciate the value of this last assertion ; for to the population of Yuma this last acquisition was the all interesting one. In these eight mules was more interest to the majority of the inhabitants of this hamlet community, than any event since the arrival of the railroad in September. I venture to say that eight-tenths of the population would have given more for one of these mules than all the other things connected with our outfit, including the members themselves. I must explain here that this eight-tenths portion of the population is composed of Indians and Mexicans ; and also that a genuine animal of this kind had never yet trod the virgin soil of Arizona, and considering the weakness of the Indian, and the avarice of the Mexican to possess a fair specimen of the asinine creation, you will not only comprehend the situation with them, but will appreciate *our* situation in keeping a fatherly eye at night on those particular mules. The excitement on the arrival of our party was as ripe as on the occasion of the entrance of the first locomotive into the town. I

saw them both. Steaming across the Colorado, on the new bridge, which was yet a great object of interest to the Indian and the crude Mexican, the people rushed to the depot to see us. Indians hung to the sections of the bridge, climbed on the cars, peeped in the windows, crouched themselves on the steps and platforms of the cars, and reminded one of monkeys in a "happy family" cage of some museum, surreptitiously at work under the ostentation of play, to find some fleeting opportunity to take advantage of, or play some trick upon their unsuspecting associates. And not only does this subtle, stoic race, with his hanging breech-cloth following after him in the wind, as he leaps from tie to brace on the bridge, or hangs from his body as he clings to a beam, in the performance of some favorite gymnastic feat, look like the monkey; but as stealthily will he play any cunning, or antics upon you at the least opportunity. They will steal a blanket or a horse with as much agility and shrewdness as a monkey will steal your hat.

Next to the Indian, the Mexican drew upon our notice. With his large sombrero, and his serappa thrown over his shoulder *a la Italian*, you have within you all the sentiment of visiting and being in your





GETTING READY FOR A PROSPECTING TOUR.

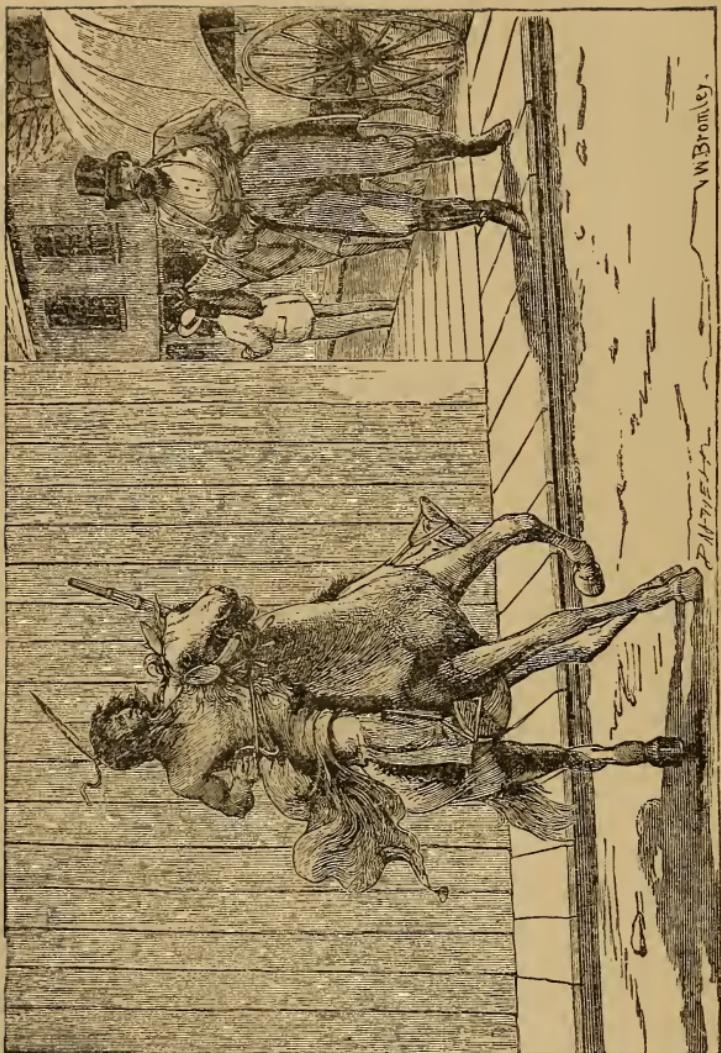
sister Republic—Mexico ; or of some hamlet in Spain. By the way this class eyed our mules, we concluded they were *his* particular attention. And by the way *we* eyed our mules at night, you would have come to the conclusion that he was *our* particular attention also.

On the morning of the fifth of December then, the long anticipated trip to the Santa Ritas commenced. I had been on many an expedition; had traversed many a mountain range; and had traveled many a so-called desert of our West; but somehow this occasion had inspired me with a new zeal to analyze the country and its resources. I was up at day-break, as I used to be on the memorable Fourth of July in my boyhood. The first object that presented itself to me on coming from my room was the indefatigable Col. Graham kneeling on a roll of blankets forcing a strap to its last hole, and puffing in the attempt. So intent was he upon his important purpose to get each parcel down to its lowest notch, that he hardly noticed me at first, and when he did, it was with a careless "Oh! Have you just got up?" I tell you, this was heaping coals of fire on my head; for I had prided myself on being a lark in all enterprises of travel where punc-

tuality or vigilance was a necessary requisite. The next instant, turning hastily around, I stumbled against Col. Boyle who, guarding the interests and pleasure of his company, was also "up and doing;" but whether with a "heart for any fate," or a heart for a *particular* fate is a question that Arizona herself will some day answer in the progress her mining developments will have made; and it may be said here, that through the earnest efforts of these two gentlemen, it seems to me the mining interest at least, of Arizona will always be identified.

Having brushed around and supplied ourselves, (in addition to perhaps the most complete and extensive commissary outfit that ever left Yuma) with such things as extra ammunition, some cheap whiskey for the Indians, some large brimmed hats *a la sombrero* style, and some few gew-gaws and what-nots. Then, at nine A.M. came the welcome summons to a sumptuous repast gotten up by our host Mr. Levy. A huge triangle rattled forth its notes of beefsteak and onions, eggs, frejoles and flap-jacks, with a host of other things of greater or less importance. Major Lord from the Fort on the opposite side of the river, and our facetious friend, George Tyng of the Yuma *Sentinel*





AN INDIAN COME TO TOWN.

W. Bromley.  
P. H. Dear.

were invited guests for the occasion. They were "on time;" and it is useless to say, in this climate, with appetites as keen and bracing as the atmosphere itself. At ten o'clock we were ready for a start. A conglomeration of individuals which suggested that this place would one day be the leading cosmopolitan city of the Union, had gathered around us with curious stare. There were half naked Indians; Heathen Chinese; primitive Mexicans; Turk, Swede, Italian, German, Jew, Gentile and Pagan; and a host of those who were nothing at all—who embodied all the characteristics of that class of people, so thoroughly identified with Americo-Mexican towns, who have nothing in view, have left nothing behind; who have always lived as they are living now—"waiting for something to turn up," or until they are turned down, and harbored safely in their last resting place, where neither mortal cares nor scriptural scares, would ever trouble them more. Such was the scene that bid us an adieu from Yuma, and which was only a fore-runner of scores of similar ones that awaited us throughout our journey. The Indians, on this occasion however, had a double interest. They were the Yumas, which are to-day, perhaps, one of the most

primitive of our nomadic tribes. Even further into the interior of the State, civilized decorum seems to be more in vogue. The men here were in the most part nude; having nothing on but a handkerchief, known as the breech-cloth, tied about the loins. While the women paid the same scant observance to the ancient doctrine of the fig-leaf, by a little skirt made of straw or calico, reaching half way down to their knees from their waists. The scene was a unique one to those of our party unaccustomed to the primitive American race. But with faculties sensitive to the force of education one soon becomes a careless observer, and passes these scenes as one of the many conditions it takes to make up a world. Such scenes as these, however, are becoming more rare every day, and Arizona is the last section of our country which offers to the curious sight-seer the nearest approach to the crude American Indian. Arizona in many interests in fact is, what Col. Graham once said to me in regard to her mining resources, "It is the American's *last chance*." He said this with a twinkle in his eye that put a heavy weight to his meaning, which I proved to myself after, and which will be shown in the course of our travels.

Many scenes which are alike suggestive and interesting will have shortly passed away under the rapid stride of the railroad, of the miner's pick, and the farmer's plow and reaper.

One little incident before parting, suggestive of the prospector and his life. Two young men who had evidently got Arizona on the brain, bad, for their good, were preparing for a prospecting trip through the Territory. They were contracting for a jack (commonly known in this country as a *buro*) to be used as a pack animal, to carry superfluous luggage. A Spaniard had him for sale. He was drawn up before the mart. He was "an unexceptional ass," the owner said, and finally parted with him for sixteen *pesos*. One of the young men handed the Spaniard the sixteen dollars. As the Spaniard turned to leave, I never saw a more affectionate parting between man and beast in my life. The animal was about the size of a very small Shetland pony, or that of a large, New Foundland dog. His ears would flap back and lie on his neck like a pair of oars. At his docile look toward his parting owner, as the latter patted him on the back an affectionate farewell, there was a heart-softening in all observers. The poor jack turned to follow

his former master, and found he was tied. His eyes rolled like two orbs on pivots, and reminded me of the agony of a bull whose head had been drawn down to the floor for the slayer's axe. He finally got his head over the rope, and watched his master as far as he could and then he bowed his head in grief. He did not rant and toss, and his sorrow seemed all the more intense for its quiet submission. O! this quiet, unostentatious grief! How it penetrates! How it forces out the human sympathies. Here on the frontier border of the desert, on the verge of the wild man's country; away from friends and home, this scene was strongly in keeping with its surroundings, and had its effect upon us. It reminded me of the parting of many a son or a husband, on an uncertain pilgrimage for fortune in our great West. Many a scalding tear have I seen trickle down a wife's cheek as a husband full of suppressed grief, would, like an Enoch Arden, muster some word of cheer for that wife—some to suffer a like fate, and some to give as great a cheer in a subsequent return, as they had caused sorrow in parting.

Finally a crack of the whip, and the promiscuous crowd around us signified that we were posi-

tively off. Our coaches consisted of the two well-known style of wagons "Thorough-Bred" and "Yosemite." Each coach was mounted with an American flag waving its stars and stripes to the breeze. Amid a clatter of voices in the Mexican, Chiuese, Indian-negro, and a mixing of tongues that suggested to me a modern Babel, and a shout of good cheer we rattled off over the sand bottom of the grand old Colorado River, for the Santa Rita Mountains some four hundred miles away. The undertaking was a ponderous one. The eight mules had been purchased in, and brought all the way from Kentucky to San Franciseo, and from thence the mules, wagons, ammunition and stores had been transported by the Southern Pacific Railroad to Yuma, a distance of seven hundred miles more.

## CHAPTER V.

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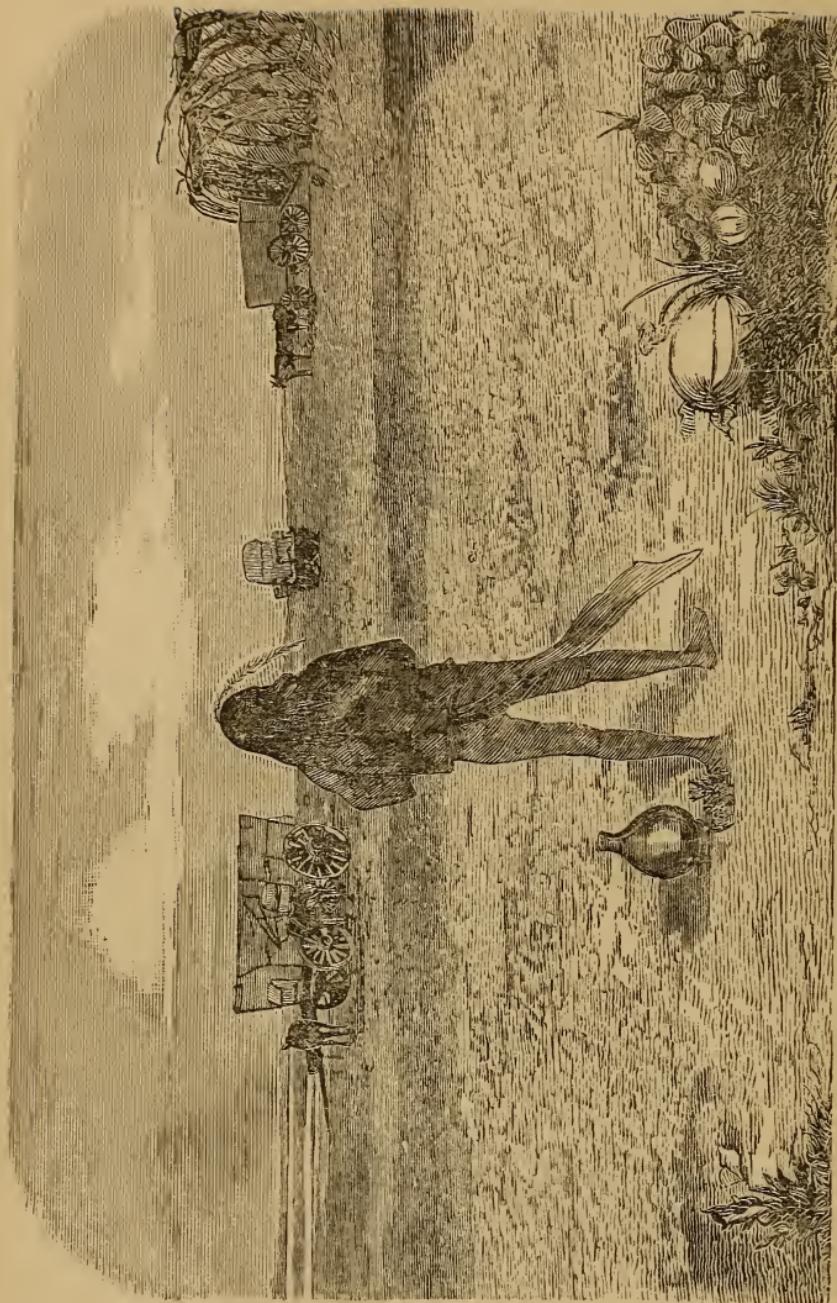
ARIZONA, THE FUTURE COUNTRY OF THE STUDENT AND THE HUSBANDMAN—THE FERTILE VALLEYS OF THE PLAIN—THE UNIQUE BARRENNESS OF THE DESERT—SUNDAY MORNING AT EHRENBURG—THE MOJAVE INDIANS—THE MOUNTAIN PANORAMA SCENES

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TO the ethnologist and the archeologist generally no other beaten route offers more inducements than our course to the Santa Rita Mountains; and certainly it has some of the most beautiful valleys and mountain scenery in the territory, except the route from Ehrenberg, on the Colorado River, to Prescott, the capital, in the Sierra Prieta Mountains.

About two hundred miles from the river, going directly east, you enter and pass through the land of the Pimo Indian, two hundred and fifty miles brings you to the old pre-historic ruins of the Casa Grande at the time of the building of which, the mind of man, as the legal investigator would say, “runs decidedly





AN INDIAN WATCHING THE APPROACH OF EMIGRANTS ON THE PLAINS OF ARIZONA

to the contrary"; which simply means that man don't know anything about it. Three hundred and ten miles brings you to the metropolis of Tucson (from Too-son). Three hundred and sixty miles brings you to the ruined city of Tubac, and to the old mission ruins of Tumacacori, and about four hundred miles to the famous Santa Rita Mountains and their wonderful silver mines. Many of the famous *Pedros Pintados* (painted rocks), such as are seen at the Moqui villages in the north eastern part of the Territory, are to be found on this route. These things we will describe in turn.

As the traveler leaves the Colorado River going east, he passes over the great Colorado basin. Some misapprehensions, I find, exists in the minds of new comers to Arizona, concerning this basin. They conflict it with what is generally known as the "Colorado Desert." This is a mistake. In times gone by when the vast section of Southern California and the eastern part of Arizona was considered as one great and unknown desert, the whole was indefinitely called the "Colorado Desert." But it is not so now under the more modern surveys and divisions. The "Colorado Desert" lies wholly in California. The term

"Colorado Desert" is a proper name given in honor of the great Colorado River, it is true, which courses very near to it. The term Colorado not being used here as either a descriptive adjective nor an adverb of place; but simply a proper name given to it in honor of the great and curious river which flows so near. Indeed the Colorado has enough grand and curious features of its own without claiming any from the great desert which lies beyond it to the west. Then we will dispense with the idea at the present of the Colorado *basin* being a desert. It is true, that in its general appearance it resembles that of a desert, but personal observation and experiences on my part, with proofs that have been brought to my notice, shows that these basins of the rivers of Arizona are very fertile and prolific. Like the famous Walla Walla wheat districts in Washington Territory, which a few years ago would not bring fifty cents to the acre, but now are producing seventy bushels of wheat to the acre and creating a clamor among those seeking wheat-growing locations, so will be—yes are—these *basins* of Arizona attracting the attention of the enterprising and frugal husbandman. Deserts are not always great *Saharas*, consisting of a large tract of level





A MOJAVE INDIAN CHIEF AT EHRENBURG.

sandy plains stretching their way across untold acres and sections of land. In Arizona this is especially illustrated. Those sections of Arizona truly desert, are rocky stony *mesas* of which there are several in the State; but neither of the extent nor numbers allotted to them. Some of the most potent of these are to be found in the northwestern part of the Territory in Mojave County. However, as we have intimated the region of the Colorado basin extending for a distance of from fifty to seventy five miles east of the river into Arizona, has all the apparent barrenness of a desert. For miles and miles in many latitudes, there is one unbroken level of a sandy surface dotted here and there with an undergrowth of sage brush, mesquite, palo-verde, and the indomitable cacti. One important desert characteristic to be found largely in Arizona, is the lack of water. In traveling over the sections just alluded to, the traveler has to resort to his canteen filled with water, for a day or two's march. The stage coaches and freight trains across the plains have to carry large hogsheads of water for their animals. This is one of the many things that increases the freight rates in this Territory. In Arizona one has all the facilities for experiencing

a travel on a desert without going to Africa. The monotony of some of these trips "across these deserts" is great, and yet they are interesting in their very monotony, and under the well managed regulations of some of the stage companies.

I remember a ride of this kind I had in the early course of my travels, from Ehrenberg to Prescott the capital. It was during the month of August, and the thermometer stood about 115° Fahr. The morning was a bright one. The burning and brilliant sun, seemed to cast a glaring halo around every thing. The sand of the riverbank which crept up to the very door sills of the houses, and then crept all around them to the back door, was one burning strand. I doubt whether I could have walked in my bare feet upon it. It was Sunday, and the Indians about town, having learned from the whites the custom of attiring themselves in their better dress on that day, were out in their fresh new pieces of calico; and with tawdry feathers, or charms of beads around their necks; were strutting up and down the shores of the river to my intense amusement. You will understand when I use the word calico, it is not as we would consider it an article of dress; but simply a piece of





MOJAVE INDIANS AT EHRENBURG TAKING THEIR SUNDAY WALK

calico two or three yards long, thrown around the shoulders like a shawl and allowed to come below the hips—in some cases down to the knees. Should the wind blow, or from any cause whatever, this article of apparel showed any signs of becoming loosened from the body, they would guard their person with it, with all the grace, modesty and cunning of a belle.

Six horses to our coach and we pulled out of Ehrenberg for Prescott. Each man filled his canteen with water. Two large kegs were filled for the horses, and put in the boot. The whole of this day was a desert ride. On the right of us was sand, on the left of us was sand; to the front of us was sand and behind us was sand. In the distance, and all around us was the ever present indefatigable, persistent mountain, ever the pleasing and interesting society of the Arizona traveler. Up the river were the great "Needles"

Almost immediately upon leaving the town we struck a dry sandy bed, into which the wheels of our coach buried themselves to twice the depth of the fell. The day's journey throughout, was one continuous level plain of similar substance save an occasional relief of a fertile plateau.

The first great diversion of these trips is the peculiar and interesting mountain ranges and groups that dotting these plains in all directions, seem to hem you in on every side. The mountains of all this country are peculiar in their formation, being broken up in clusters or patches, and dotting the plains and valleys in a most beautiful relief. They occupy such relation to each other, or are so diffusely distributed that they completely encircle you on all sides, and at all times, and at every compass. One will often travel hundreds of miles and although passing seemingly beyond his present encircled position with the mountain ranges, he is as rapidly encircled by others. Ahead of him he will see an opening or gap between two mountain spires which would seemingly let him out upon some almost endless plain. No sooner has he scarcely got through these—nor when, nor how, he scarcely knows—than he is as mysteriously encircled by another, as fully diversified and interesting as the former. You seem to be constantly within some huge amphitheatre, or miniature world surrounded by all the grotesque and wonderful upheavals of mountain formations. In front of you for instance, may now be seen some spires or turrets finding their way into heaven.



MAP OF THE ANCIENT PROVINCE OF  
TUSAYAN, ARIZONA.



To the right, pinnacled peaks and boulders fret the azure blue sky. To the left, domes and pyramids rear their ponderous heads as if not to be moved even by faith, and behind you to the west, truncated cones and towers and spires; and spires and towers and cones pierce the golden horizon of a setting sun.

This tantalizes your powers of description. How you get into these natural panoramas you never know. As you ride along, some change of mountain view ahead will take place as if by magic. It will fasten itself upon your notice. Being prompted to look around to find your bearing, when lo ! the whole panorama has changed. Let you watch ever so closely, you can never discern nor comprehend exactly how you got away from your former scene of enchantment. The mathematician can understand this, and explains it by the deception of the lateral angle, in its vast field of extent over large and unaccustomed plains or areas. Some of these mountains were one, five, eight, ten, and even twenty miles away, but their lapping, relapping, crossing and rounding each other, would produce the effect described.

## CHAPTER VI.

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GILA CITY—A FRONTIER HOTEL—TAKING THE CENSUS—CELESTIAL PHENOMENA—MEDITATION—A SETTING SUN IN ARIZONA.

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OUR course to the Santa Rita Mountains lay along the Gila Valley. Our start from Yuma not being made until the sun was high in the heavens, only twenty-two miles were made the first day, to Gila City. Gila City ! The remnants of an ambition often revived, and as often overthrown ; a living skeleton of a miner's hope and fancy, and the scene evidently, in days gone by, of all the vicissitudes of a miner's and prospector's life on the borders of our country. In 1861 the population of this city numbered about twelve hundred persons. To-day it is composed of a stable for the stage company's vehicles and animals, a corral for sheep or stock, a square box-like building, built of mud, one story high, and called the "Gila Hotel,"

and a kennel for the big ferocious dog who keeps suspicious-looking stragglers and Indians away. The census of this city, taken while there was just—let me see—the hotel keeper and his son—two, a man to attend to the stage horses—one, an Indian squaw, boy and papoose—three, three dogs—three. Making in all nine living beings.

Attractive mountains profusely distributed on all sides made an interesting back-ground, while between them and the hotel (or city) scores of sand and gravel hills from three to ten feet high, like humps on a camel's back, gave to the scene an odd appearance. In one of these little knolls, just opposite the hotel, was a "dug-out," protected from the rains or scorching sunlight by a few cacti barks and frames, in which dwelt a remnant of some roving band of Indians.

Nothing exciting disturbed the quiet of this place at the time of our visit. Only one man had been shot the day before our arrival, and the perpetrator was then off in the mountains looking for more gold heaps. I said there was nothing stirring in town; I had forgotten our own arrival. Imagine what a stir, to increase a town to double its size at one time, would produce. As we drew up in front of the hotel, the

dogs began to bark ; the Indians from across the way crept out from their humble hut and cast their stoic gaze upon us ; and the landlord greeted us with a truly thankful smile. The dogs barked ; the Indians laughed their chug-a-wa ; and the landlord smiled three dollars worth at each one of the party. This is what it costs the traveler to get supper, lodging and breakfast in the land of the Chemehuevis. This is the first intimation I have made of the costs of traveling in Arizona. Those who have ears to hear, let them hear, and don't go to Arizona without first reckoning up the costs ; and those who have eyes to see, let them not go it blind.

When the landlord, however, found that we were an ambulance corps and commissary department combined, his lower jaw dropped like the tail of a cat in distress. I do not know whether he had or had not paid for his last bill of goods from Yuma.

As we approached the city (by the way, it seems like a cruel pollution of the English language to call these squatting places, cities, but when you are "among the Romans you must do as the Romans do") we were struck with the peculiar immediate change in the surrounding country. It was our first introduction to



H.H. NICHOLS, SC

AN INDIAN WARRIOR.



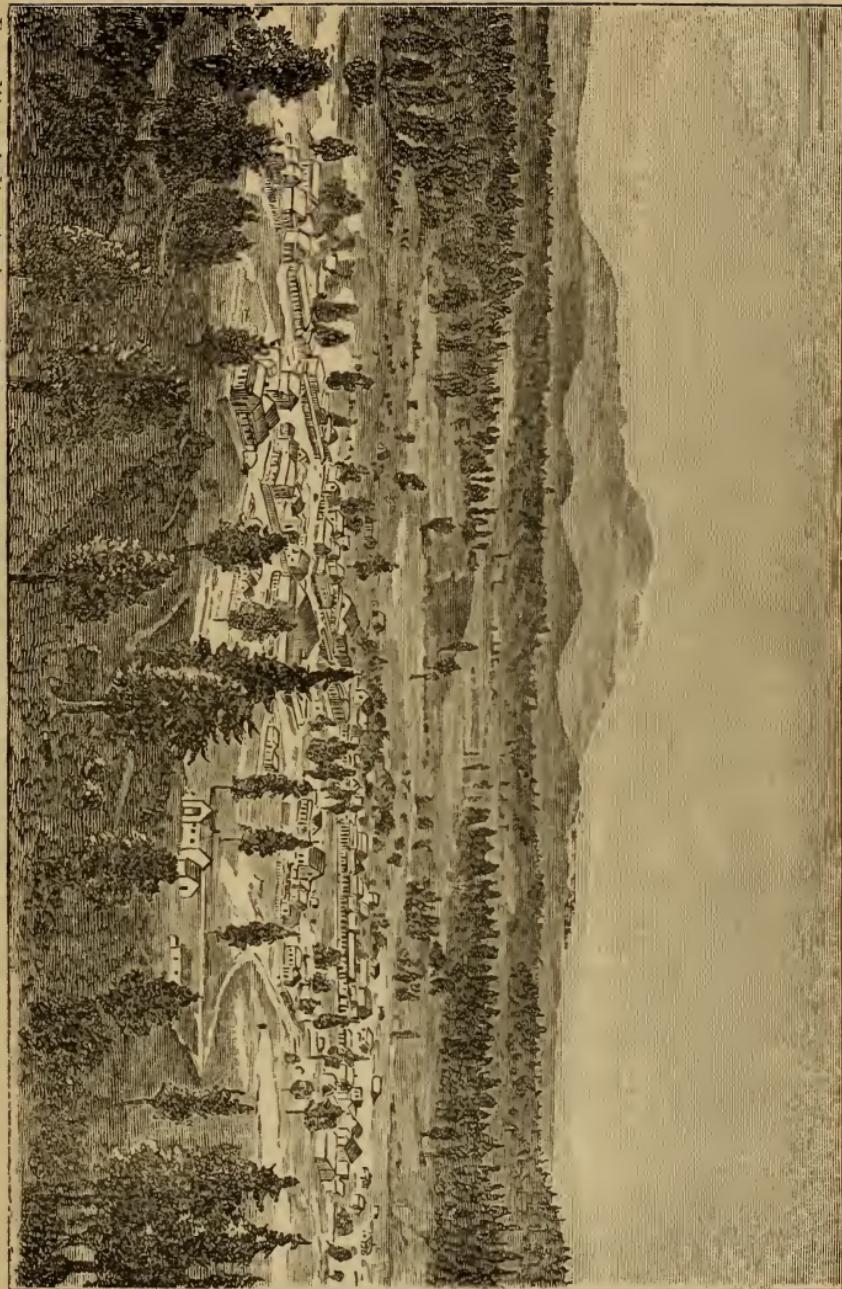
the peculiar mountain and valley scenery of Arizona, and I immediately cherished the idea that upon the instance of the Trans-Continental Railroad through the Territory, a new school for the artist will have been ushered into a practical existence. I shall never forget Gila. "Fair Gila! on the"—Gila River; and the particular impressions made upon me there are all the more fastened upon my mind when I recollect my subsequent travels through the Territory, and I say here, that Arizona is the coming land of the artist, as well as of the miner and farmer. Like Jacob we pitched our tent to the rear of the town near the banks of the flowing Gila. The first entertainment in this initiatory camping scene, was a chorus from frying pans, kettles, etc., etc., and the laughing and cantings of our steadfast friends, the mules. Did you ever hear a mule bray? If not, you certainly want to before you die. It is as essential, and fully as interesting as seeing Mecca.

The table was spread—on the ground. Seats were arranged — on the ground. Our table was the ground, our table cloth was the ground; our seats were the ground. At night our bed was the ground with a goodly supply of blankets. Of course, the

first thing was supper, and we will leave the reader from his own imagination to supply his own puns, suffer his own vicissitudes, crack his own jokes, etc., as may best accord with his own experience on such occasions. Supper over, and chatting *a la* picnic we were attracted by a peculiar light and brilliancy in the heavens beyond the mountains, and lining the whole horizon. Its brilliancy and extent would have suggested the reflection of a world's conflagration; but the panoramic and kaleidoscopic effects, with the variegated hues, put far from us in our wonder and admiration, all thoughts of this, and suggested some great celestial panorama. Hues and combinations of colors most charming and new to the most of us, in their arrangement, flitter and change at will. Clouds of brilliant hues would roll gently along the mountains, and in their course, would slowly and almost imperceptibly change in color and outline. Every one of our party sat spell-bound, until some enraptured sense would cause them to whisper in a scarcely audible sound, "What a rose tint! What a beautiful crimson! What a beautiful! beautiful!—beautiful!"—and then a deep sigh would end their effusions, and they would settle back into a discontented mood

From Hinton's Handbook to Arizona.]

PREScott, CAPITAL OF ARIZONA.





at being unable to analyze to themselves what they saw. But in vain did we try to find any known color to convey to the mind what the eye beheld.

These phenomena are frequent in this clime and these latitudes, and are one of the many allurements that will attract the tourist to the Territory. It seems to me that in Arizona you meet, in an extended and more extensive form the sunsets of Southern California, so wonderfully described by Bayard Taylor. Italy, I think, can scarce excel them in beauty; and in the various phenomena of their lights, science still finds a work to do in analyzing their causes.

Sunsets of a sublime character are frequent in this land of heat, light and electricity. One seen in the month of October I will give:

A dingy haze of crimson stretched from the horizon and covering a third of the heaven's disc. So dense was the mist that the outline of the Sun which was just approaching the horizon could barely be traced; and yet the light thrown over this third of the heavens seemed as though the sun had dissolved, and distributed its rays equally throughout. The heavens were a complete glow from horizon to zenith, and was rapidly changing in colors and densities. Here was

a deep scarlet patch flickering into a pale pink and as rapidly fading away, and leaving an invisible blue to intervene and play with other rapid transformations. The whole gradually formed into a circular segment, of a more uniform color, and darker, and paler. The elements however, in their restlessness did not suffer this long to remain. Fluttering like a "ribbon in the wind," the whole finally disintegrated itself into a beautiful mass of fleeting, flickering, fretting mottled patches. The sky was full of electricity. Quivering masses of rose, violet, purple and blue, fluttered across the heaven's dome in all the choicest variegations. I stopped and watched in silence. It was just such scenes as this, thought I, that made the beasts of the woods howl and whine at times, at Aurora's caprice. Presently the element settled down its agitated spirit, and the whole sky wore a pale mellow light—like a blazoned background covered with a gauze—the heavier blaze being dimly seen through it. This lasted but a few minutes, when, at the horizon it rolled aside and left, exposed to view, the Sun—first a ball of solid fire, then a three-quarter ball, then a half and a quarter ball, until "old Sol" finally dropped his head from before our gaze, throwing his spears of light out after

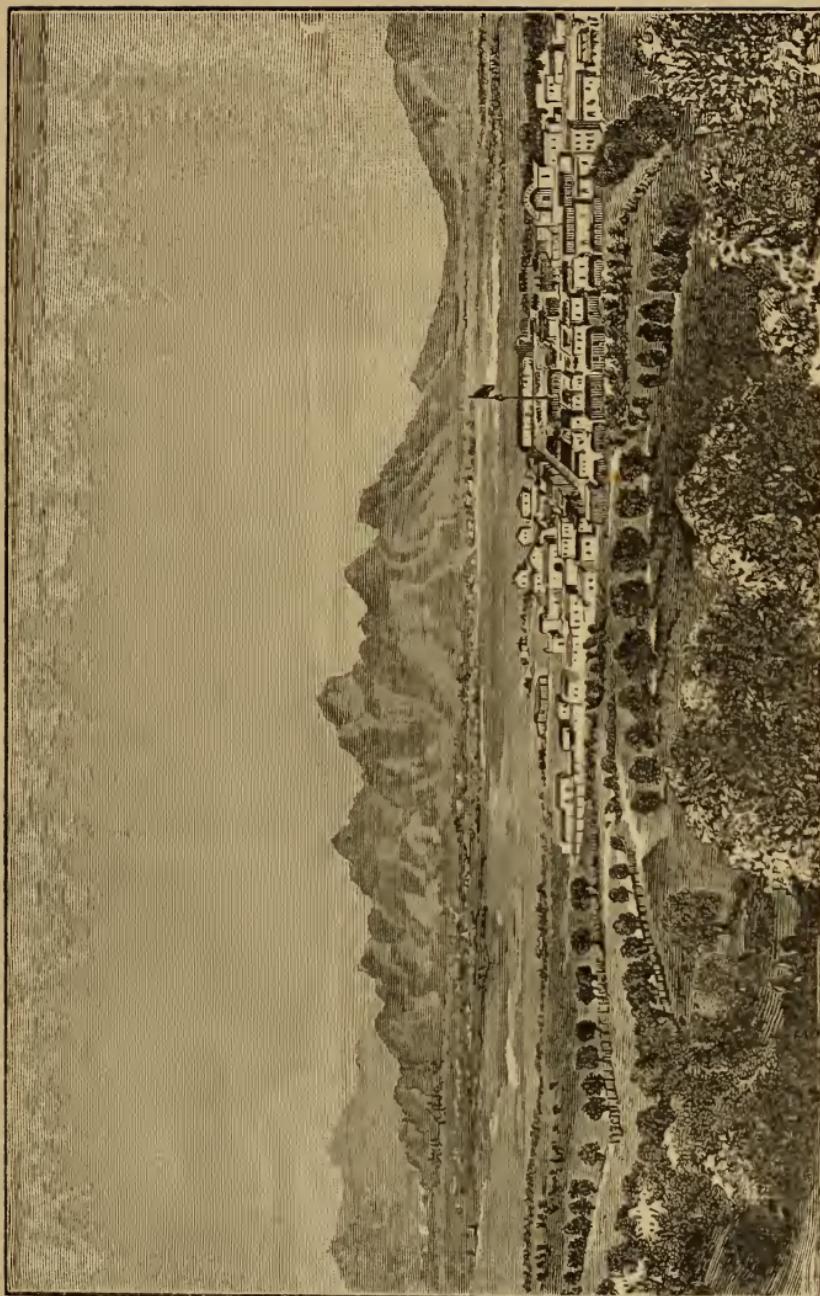
him equal in beauty to any *aurora borealis* I ever saw. We stopped still and watched it; as we turned away, looked back upon it and finally left with a sigh.

To the atmosphere is due to a large extent these many phenomena. We had not arisen from our supper table. We were all seated on the ground. Darkness stealing over us brought us to our senses and a general rustle was made to clear the supper débris.

Supper cleared, (put your own interpretation on the word "cleared") and we all proceeded down to the corral, a few rods from our camp, to get straw for a comfortable bed. Each *grabbed* an armful of hay and proceeded back to the scene of dirty frying pans, mutilated biscuit, and broken cups of custard. We spread our beds of straw and retired. Never did the stars seem so bright to me, or to have such a significance. Never was I in better humor, or felt more vigorous. I commenced counting the stars, but like every one else who ever attempted it, I stopped in short metre. Then I commenced muttering over to myself such phrases as these: "God's footstool for my bed, and his firmament for my canopy," "—but the son of man hath not where to lay his head." "The heavens declare thy glory, Lord." "A stone

for a pillow." But all this was under that anomalous condition that transforms unpleasant conditions into present ones of pleasure. Do not think I was unhappy for all my utterances, for I was the happiest, in my present sphere. I was enjoying myself highly. Perhaps it was the particular culinary conditions of our outfit that offset all others. Our stomachs were full. Yes, full! For the Colonel would never let any one go to bed hungry. Perhaps it was my stomach that magnified the stars on this occasion.

This panorama was supplemented by a "grey of the morning" peculiar to Arizona's light, and interesting. The electric tints of gold and crimson that so gracefully bedecked the mountains the night before, had changed to a peculiar deep greyish-blue; and in this transformation had apparently brought each particular peak or range from a glorious pinnacle of brilliant light, down to the positive and austere condition of something more substantial. The whole range seemed to be transformed from a mission of Aurora to reflect and charm the world broadcast, to a massive wall of some creation's ampitheatre austerely hemming us in. They seemed to have come down to half their height, and to have encroached to within half the distance



From Hinton's Handbook to Arizona.]

TUCSON.



toward us. The effect was weird and interesting. It was a case of the peculiar and engaging deceptions of atmospheric refraction peculiar to the land of the cacti.

Such effects are constantly presenting themselves to the traveler in Arizona, in all species of mirage and looming. Col. Boyle, a member of the Geological Society of London, remarked in his enchantment at one of these mirages, that "It is, in itself, worth a trip all the way from London to see." Often, scenes, such as those just alluded to will have a controlling effect upon man and beast alike. Frequently, in the dead of night or at a noon day's sun, when the heavens blaze with a glaring light; or the near firmament, with its billions of atomic lenses make a panorama of itself for the portraying of the world at large, the wild beasts will suffer the most strange effects. Foxes will leave their holes and howl a requiem mass to all the nation's quadrupeds at once; and the coyote will follow in their wake with no less zeal. At night the scene is often weird, and although the lamentations of the brute creation will strike terror and discomfort to the tender heart; even in these a suggestive interest predominates. At night or day, phantasms, and illu-

sions are wrought with interest and admiration; but the mirage of Arizona is destined to be one of the leading features of the attraction to this lower country.

I will give a description of a *mirage* seen by me on the Maricopa Desert in latitude  $33^{\circ}$ , longitude  $112^{\circ}$ .

## CHAPTER VII.

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THE MIRAGE—A CITY NOT BUILT WITH HANDS—ONWARD FROM  
GILA—THE SAGUARA—THE STURDY SENTINEL OF THE PLAIN  
THE MESQUITE—THE PALO-VERDE—A DESERT RIFE WITH  
GROWTH.

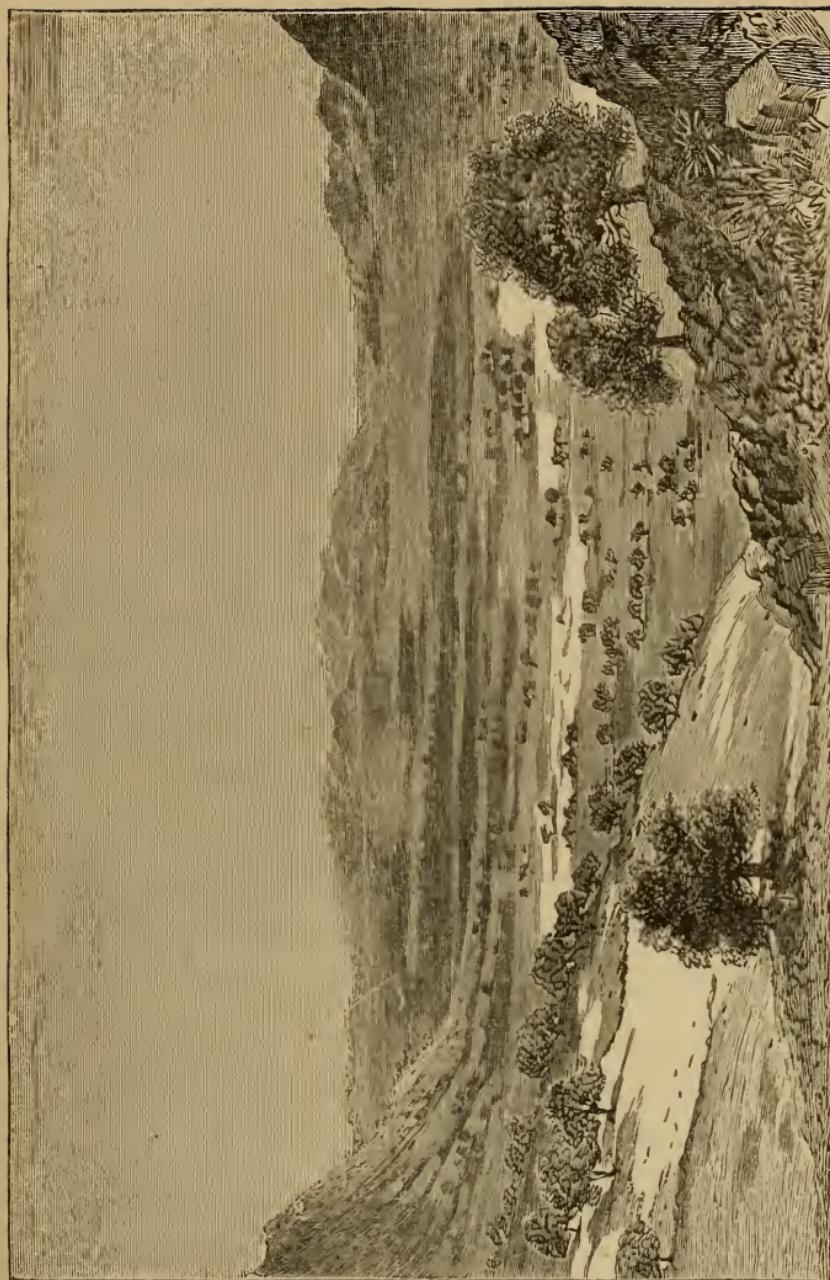
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IT was just past noon. The nearest elevation was the Montezuma Mountain, jutting up from the level sandy plain which everywhere surrounded us. To our left, over the endless sandy loam covered with a stunted growth of grass weed, mesquite and cacti, we looked out upon what seemed to be the ocean's deep with a sandy beach. To the left down the shore was "round tower" and a fortress extending out into the sea. Above was a round turreted building, massive, with ships anchored near it, and others approaching.

Between the two a line of ships, with silver sails were coursing along the shore, while lower down again, and off the great fort, came slowly up a ponder-

ous man-of-war with its broadsides to, flying the American flag. Beyond, out on the mighty deep, rose an island profusely decorated with houses, castles, churches, whose spires lifted their lofty heads well into the silver clouds that floated above, and the whole capped by a huge white cloud. On the shore numerous persons could be indistinctly seen gliding phantom-like to and fro. This was the great picture painted on this canvas of Nature's immense firmament by the great Natural Painter.

Never had I witnessed such a system of looming. Hardly had we feasted our soul's desire on this charming picture of nature, than nature despoiled our dreamy gaze only to throw us into a renewed ecstacy by a transformation. Castles were converted into farm houses with orchards and meadowed lawns. Ships were converted into palaces, and launched upon some islands on the sea which had now changed into a charming crystal lake, with borders of forest and evergreen trees. Men were transformed into roaming beasts, or lifted into the air by aid of soaring wings. Phantom-like, ships would rise from the water's edge and gracefully glide on some new sheet of water formed in mid-air, or upon some floating sheets of ice, as if in



From Hinton's Handbook to Arizona.] VALLEY OF SANTA CRUZ FROM SANTA RITAS.



Arctic explorations. Cities would float before you in distant mid-air, in lofty grandeur; and regiments of soldiers, and palm tree's, and plants of distant climes, and ancient castles and Indian huts; and lakes and rivers and mountains would dot here and there the whole, making up this picture of super-human grandeur and beauty. You look upon the mist before you, watching each transformation as eagerly as the boy at his first panorama, until your imagination is unwittingly taken possession of and you labor under the phantasm that you are beholding a charming *Fata-morgana* on the straits of Messina in Italy: and like that boy, you are for the time lost to all the outside world. Then in an instant a thin gauze is dropped over this phantom spectre, and it begins to fade gently, until this panorama has faded into oblivion, and your eye again stretches over the great plains of Arizona until it is lost.

You spur your mules or asses on, take a sandwich from the bottom of the wagon and then begin the controversy concerning your opinions and delights of the vision just passed, which is the chief topic the rest of the day.

Onward east from the station Gila—we cannot call

it much else—and along the river of the same name, one is attracted by the broad expanse of the valley; and subsequently when he investigates further into the interests—into the fertility and characteristics of this great arroya, he is amazed at his own credulity of its future resources. The Gila valley resembles very much the valley of the river Nile. Alex. H. Wilden, Esq., who was one of our party, a venerable gentleman and an extensive traveler, nick-named it the American Nile. The properties of its soil like those of the great Columbia and Umpqua Rivers of Oregon and Washington Territories, and the famous Sacramento River of California, are fast becoming a leading consideration for all those giving their attention to the coast. Here is a valley which has been, for centuries back, as far at least as the fourteenth century, when the Aztecs were in their prime (and perhaps further, as but very few evidences suggest that they cultivated it to any extent) that has been, I say, serving as a colossal receptacle for a vast rich deposit of the decompositions of the surrounding mountains, which has been carried and swept into it by the rains and winds. Professor Atkinson has accounted for the luxuriant growths of the wonderful Walla Walla and Umpqua valleys, by

certain mineral deposits from the mountains. He says:—

“The volcanic overflows, traceable in the Cascade mountains, that formed on cooling their basalt dykes and cliffs, with their peculiar columnar crystallization, added much to the soil. Immense quantities of volcanic ashes doubtless were blown by winds or carried by streams into those ancient lakes, giving like valuable deposits.”

“These deposits” he continues further, “consist of potash, soda, lime, magnesia, and phosphoric and silicia acids.” All of these constituents abound largely in the Gila valley lands—the proportions varying with the location.

We give below a table of analyzed mud taken from the Colorado River:

Oxide of Manganese—trace	Insoluble in Hydrochloric	
Acid .....	78.100	
Hydroscopic Water.....	3.270	
Chemically bound Water, Soluble in Hydrochloric		
Acid .....	1.140	
Potassa.....	.103	
Soda, with trace of Lithia.....	.074	
Lime.....	000	
Carbonate of Lime.....	12.500	
Magnesia.....	60	
Oxide of Iron.....	000	
Alumina .....	2.260	
Phosphoric Acid.....	.146	
Sulphuric Acid.....	trace.	

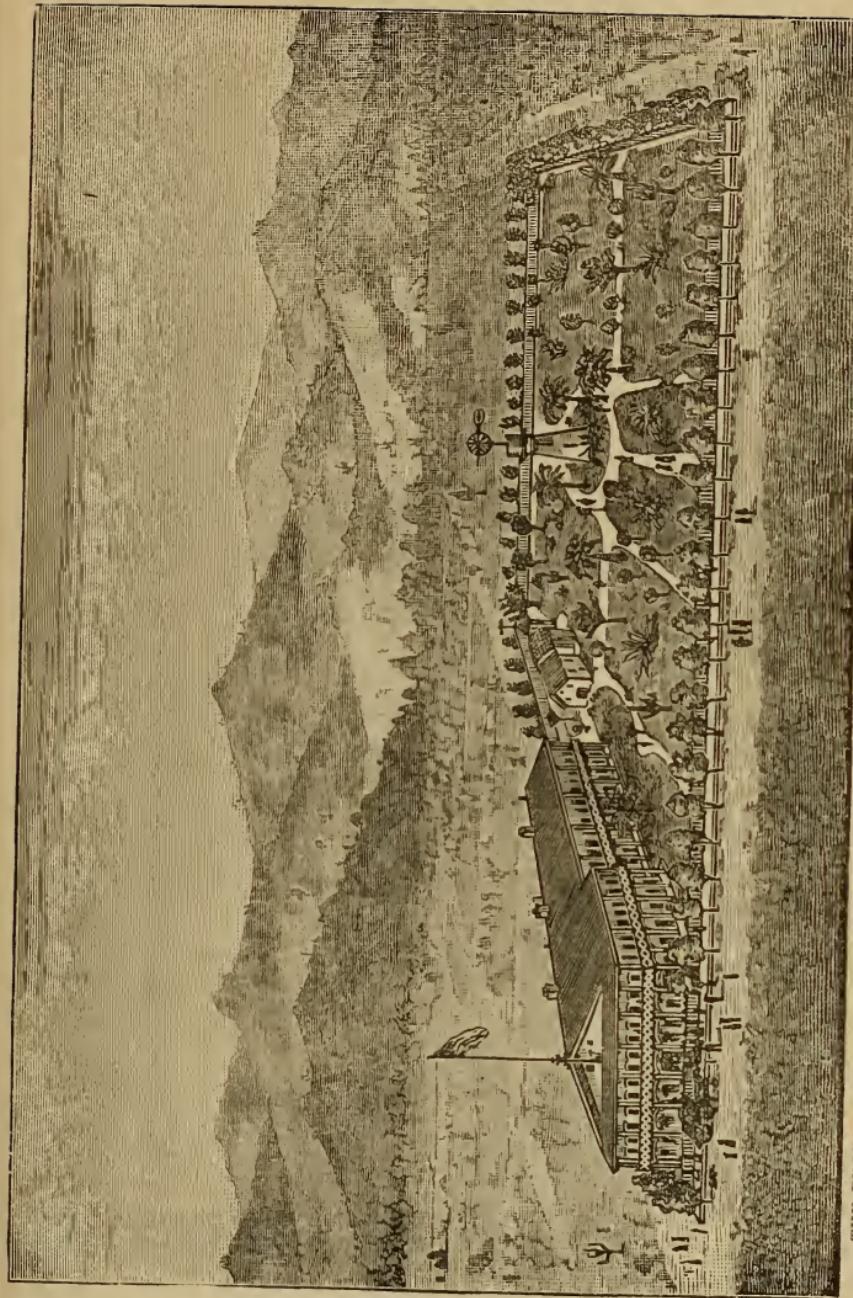
As you go east, the evidences of rich vegetable

properties show themselves in the prolific growth of grasses abundant on every hand, and the nutrition of those in the interior as you approach the mountain ranges of the West, attest the richness of the soil. The famous gramma grass which is abundant in the interior, is a valuable pasture for cattle and sheep. The bunch grasses, all of which are very nutritious, that abound, are also evidences of fertile soil. Besides these, there is a prolific growth of shrub or under trees. The palo-verde is an evergreen and leafless tree, which varies in height from a good-sized bush to a large apple tree. It is described by a writer as a beautiful tree; I should rather term it an interesting one. Being odd and curious it attracts one's attention until in its strange contrast one is apt to call it beautiful. Criss-crossing each other at irregular angles, the branches of these trees, straight or slightly curved, form a curious network. They resemble somewhat the willow stalk shorn of all its leaves. Not a leaf of any kind adorns this gracefully rigid tree. Where the leaves should be, is the same barren stem or stalk jutting out from the petiole or branch, a fac-simile of the petiole itself: in short, a tree in which the stem (or trunk), the branch, the petiole and the leaf, are all

fac-simile productions of one and the same thing, decreasing in size until the leaf is simply a perfect semblance of a huge thorn, or as though the mid-rib of the leaf had been pushed out—nature forgetting to supply it with its veins and flesh. The whole structure is a curious and interesting study in itself.

These peculiar growths of the deserts of Arizona are one of the leading features of interest to the traveler. The innumerable cacti, the palo-verde, the deer bush, a squad of branches shooting up from a common centre and resembling somewhat, high deer horns ; and the famous and productive mesquite tree cover the desert. Of the innumerable cacti, we will simply refer to the one great species confronting you everywhere in this great cacti Territory—the Saguara. These specimens will often grow a straight, upright stalk to the height of fifty feet ; a stiff mass of green pulp and frame work, with a most beautiful system of net work resembling crocheting with spangled stars, and with prongs and coloring matter running through the whole length of the structure. As a support to these immense giant structures against the storms and hurricanes of the desert, nature has furnished a frame of immense strength, consisting of series of stalks of

hard wood running from the root to the top forming a perpendicular cylinder in its course. In the hollow of this cylinder there is contained a vast quantity of milky substance, upon the principle of the milk of the cocoanut, often amounting to many gallons. This has often served as a life-preserving element to the traveler over these deserts. Many a pioneer's life has been saved by these "useless growths" as some have been wont to call the cacti. Besides this, the wood of the frame being strong and tough, has often served too, to furnish material for the building of many a miner's or ranchman's house. The strips of wood resemble, very much hickory and oak and I have seen whole towns in Arizona, where the roof, sides and partitions of the house were built of this material, provided there was not more than one house in the town, and the occupants did not expect to stay more than six months or a year. (People must get an idea of what the word "town" means in Arizona.) What we would convey is, that this material is very useful in building temporary abodes; and in the absence of the larger timber, as is almost the universal rule in Arizona. The *Saguara* is another species of the cacti family, which contradicts the too often applied



THE PROPOSED HOTEL AND PLAZA AT CALABASAS, IN THE SANTA CRUZ VALLEY, NOW BEING CONSTRUCTED BY  
COL. C. P. SYKES, ON HIS GROUNDS.



epithet of "uselessness," and is verifying the more rational proverb that "there is good in all things." In relation to this we might pertinently refer to the cacti of the great Mojavé desert in California, properly known as the Tucca Palm. Here is a strip of land averaging in the aggregate three hundred by four hundred miles each way, in length lying obliquely southeast and northwest. The main area is profusely covered with the Tucca Palm. For miles and miles, and for hours, the train rushes through this orchard of cacti; and to all appearances, it is the very embodiment of an orchard laid out upon a large scale (each tree averaging about the size of a peach tree) except than being laid out in rows they are scattered promiscuously over the land; but at such regular distances from each other that the whole forms a pleasing symmetry. The tree is a unique, interesting structure. It is composed of a trunk averaging a half to three quarters of a foot in diameter with only a limited number of heavy stalky branches jutting from or near the top, and on the end of which protrudes a huge, round ball (or oblong speroid) gracefully beset with porcupine-like thorns. For years and years, and for aught we know for centuries, this product has faced

the hurricanes, tornadoes, sand storms, and drouths of the desert, stretching their sway over an area greater than the States of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island combined, and baffling the enterprise of men of science to use them, until within the past few years, since when, a company has been formed for the purpose of converting the Tucca Palm into paper. It produces a fine quality of paper in almost every grade; is found to be suitable for any purpose, and is consequently finding a ready market. One enterprising house in San Francisco, contracted, (after testing specimens, and but a short time after the establishing of the company) for all the company could make; and we learn now that several newspapers in San Francisco are being printed upon it. Thus we see, there is "good in all things;" and we will concede that the great army of Saguara that have been for ages—perhaps since the world was created—holding sovereign sway over the deserts of the Territory, will at some time serve a more hospitable and genial misson to man than is now accredited to it.

So our travels through this land of the cacti is, as every one's must be, essentially through deserts, until

the industry and civilization of man turn mountains into mole-hills, and heaps of sand into the river, to get at the valuable (not filthy) lucre that lives in its very bowels.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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A DESERT WHICH IS NOT ALL DESERT—FROM DOS PALMS TO PRES-COTT—SENSATIONS ON THE DESERT—A SOUTHERN MOON—SAND-STORMS—A CITY OF THE DESERT—BREATHING AIR—SILVER THREADS AND GOLDEN NUGGETS.

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THE term “desert” is a misnomer, we are compelled to believe, even in this early stage of the Territory’s history. As widely significant as this word may be applied, we seem to be drawing too liberally upon its application.

With the name “desert” has always been associated visions of the most weird nature.

Right here, the article headed “A defence of the desert” which appeared in the Yuma *Sentinel* of April 6th, 1878, and which so graphically describes, and so thoroughly comprehends the leading features of the deserts (so called) of both Arizona and California, we give below :

It has become a custom to look upon the desert, lying between the Colorado River and the Coast Mountains of California, as upon an abomination of desolation—utterly without value, void of beauty, and incapable of supporting any kind of life. This impression was heightened in the mind of the former traveler to Arizona, by the birds-eye view of the desert afforded him from the mountains at its western edge; the clear atmosphere increases the range of vision; altitude and distance absorb detail and blend color, till the desert appears a silent, lifeless monotone of russet gray. He braced himself up to repel the awe with which this view invariably inspired him; traditions of the Sahara, of caravans dying of thirst or buried by sand-storms, and a sense of danger, closed his mind to all appreciations of the desert's peculiar beauties, or observation of its value to man. He hailed with glad relief the green willows of the Colorado, and on his return to civilization, added his testimony to other travelers' tales about the horrors of the desert. The modern traveler crosses it by rail, he strikes it after dark, turns into a sleeping car, gets an early breakfast at Yuma—and he too adds to the stories of the desert perils. Men have died on this

desert, of thirst and heat; but so do they die in New York State of hunger and cold. The man without water dies as surely in a sand-drift, as he without food does in drifts of snow. The latter make a blinding, leafless, lifeless, monotonous desert of white, by far more fatal to man than is San Diego's desert of sand, with its varying tints and invigorating air.

The perfect health of station-keepers, railroad men and other inhabitants of the desert, amply proves its climatic suitability to man's residence. To carry mails and passengers, it became necessary to dig wells at proper intervals along the stage road; palatable water was found at depths varying from twenty to sixty feet. The railroad company has bored artesian wells and was rewarded by a copious flow of water.

Agriculture has been tried, notably at Toros; fine crops of grain, vegetables, fruits and alfalfa have repaid the application of water and labor to the soil of the desert. There are stretches of shifting sand-dunes apparently as worthless and extensive, as were those around San Francisco; these may never be reclaimed —nor will those to the northwest of Guadalupe, in Santa Barbara County. There are great plains, called "playas," of a deep, unctuous, black soil, as heavy and

rich as the adobe lands around Stockton. Every one who has traversed them after the rain, will recollect the masses of mud that clung to his wheels. Where irrigation is not possible, the date-palm, the paper-fibre-yucca and other desert-loving plants will reward man's enterprise. Growing of dates here is yet an untried experiment, whose success is predicated upon results obtained on the deserts of Asia and Africa. The manufacture of paper-stock from yucca is an established industry, employing many men and considerable machinery. Over sixteen hundred square miles of this area lie below the level of the Colorado River, and can be irrigated from its waters. Most of its soil is alluvial and enriched with shells and other products of the sea that once stormed above it. These shells are seen in the greatest profusion by the most superficial observer; the scientist has classified them in great variety.

Just as not all of the desert is a waste of sand, so is not all of it fit for agriculture. Rocks and mountains here assert themselves in about the same proportion that they do in other countries. But these are far from valueless; this fact is being daily demonstrated as men begin to realize that the desert offers some.

thing worth looking for. Quartz-mills and smelting furnaces have already been erected on the desert mines of Ivanpah, Resting Springs and elsewhere on its western edge. Silver, lead and copper occur there in ores rich enough to excite the wonder of miners. Asbestos of remarkably long fibre is found near the San Gorgonio Pass. Gold occurs on its eastern edge in quantities great enough to have caused the celebrated Colorado River excitement of 1861; and mines of it are still worked at Chimney Peak and Carga Muchacho. Lead, silver and copper also occur as abundantly on this side, as on the western side of the desert. These facts give credibility to reports of rich discoveries in mid-desert, made by prospectors too poor to develop mines at a distance from natural waters. Immense deposits of pure salt have been discovered by railroad surveyors and other explorers. The railroad company is now endeavoring to build up a trade in supplying salt to the Arizona silver-mills. The northern arm of this desert furnishes beds of borax so large that the markets of the world are glutted with it; so large that their produce reduced the price from fifty cents per pound to eight and twelve in a few years. Borax occurs in quantity in the

vicinity of Seven Wells and other points nearer Yuma, whence beautiful crystals of it have been obtained. Gypsum is a common product of the desert, widely diffused; flakes of selenite are found in nearly all the canons coming in from the West, while great masses of this lovely mineral are found at many points. Pumice-stone of excellent quality is found on the railroad and in many other places; thousands of tons of it lie piled in masses; the engineers are now using it for polishing their locomotives. Sulphur is found in banks rivaling those of northern California in size and purity. All Yuma remembers the beautiful specimens of it that Dan Connor used to bring in. The southern arm of the desert, running down into Sonora, has beds of soda from which vessels were loaded, on their return trips from Guaymas to Europe; similar beds are found in other portions of it. Thermal springs, sulphur and chalybeate, occur in many parts, as do those of warm, bubbling, medicated mud; the Indians well know their healing properties in all forms of rheumatism, and of skin and venereal diseases. Potter's clay is abundant enough; while decomposition of feldspathic rocks has given the desert beds of kaolin, extensive enough to rival those of Dresden or

Sevres. But we must have recounted enough of the desert's resources, to satisfy the average reader that it is far from being utterly valueless.

The desert has features of beauty—God has made nothing without them. At daylight, refraction lifts and distorts the horizon in changing and pleasing forms; later it delights the fancy with mirages of scenery more beautiful than this world has ever realized; twilight bathes all in cheerful tints that distance blends to a soft purple, never to be forgotten. Distant mountains cut the pure air with sharp outlines that add much to the scenic effect. The sun rises on a cloudless sky in a flood of rosy light; it sinks in golden glory. Every rain brings forth galleta and other grasses to show that the desert is not an absolute barren; spring adorns it with flowers of delicate beauty and of remarkable fragrance. Our "*azucena*" is only the original, uncultivated tuberose, and many more of these desert flowers will yet be developed into choice exotics for eastern hot-houses. The lover of nature will be pleased with the variety and novelty of desert Flora; the utilitarian will be surprised to learn their many uses.

The desert is not a solitude; life abounds in it;

beast, birds, reptiles and insects occur in quantity surprising to one who knows the scarcity of surface water. Rabbits, hares and coyotes seem to be the largest animals, but chipmonks, gophers and moles appear to be most abundant; the ground is honeycombed with their homes. All of them are found as far as twenty, or more miles from any known water. In other parts of California, the presence of quails indicates proximity of water; this is not so on the desert, where large flocks are found very far from water. The buzzing of honey-gathering flies or bees, lulls to sleep him who reposes under the palo-verde or iron-wood. Mocking-birds and other songsters enliven the vicinity of water, and ruby-throated humming-birds suck its flowers. Most of these desert denizens are of nocturnal habits; the hot sun drives them to shade by day. Ravens and crows seem to live on lizards, which in turn live on flies and ants that are abroad only by daylight. But on moonlight nights the others turn out in vast numbers. Reptiles are numerous, but we have never heard of any one being hurt by them. A tortoise is common here, which grows among rocks and sand to a weight of twenty-five pounds, and is eaten by some Indians.

The winter climate of the desert is good ; the thermometer rarely falls to 40° and rarely reaches 80°. The air is pure and dry as that of high mountains, while its low elevation (in some parts below sea-level) makes it less rarified—it has more oxygen to the same bulk, and no gasping is caused to the invalid with half a lung. In summer the heat is high, but dry and not oppressive ; rapid evaporation keeps the skin cool. Perspiration is constant ; this benefits invalids in whom unimpeded functions of the skin may relieve diseases of kidneys or lungs.

A man who has lived out on the desert is always glad to go back, if he can be assured of comfort and company. Its charms are indescribable, but most men succumb to them as soon as they get off their guard against imaginary dangers.

I shall never forget my experience on going over a portion of this very desert described, of Mojave in Arizona, on my way from Dos Palms in California, to Prescott the capital of Arizona. It was a matter of three days' and three nights' ride. I remember with what visions I took my seat beside the driver on top the overland stage coach. I think in the few minutes that elapsed between my taking my seat and the shout

of the driver "all aboard," all the agonizing tales of starvation and thirst, of sun-stroke, and suffocation from sand storms, of desolation and suffering that had ever come to me from the Sahara, filled my brain with an anxiety of the deepest interest. It was midnight of a bright, moonlight night, and as the stage rolled off, the pleasing jolt I thought, knocked all unpleasant anticipations out of me. The rarity of the atmosphere, which is proverbial with these deserts of our South, brought the distant mountains many miles away, so near that one would fancy he could reach them in an hour; while those hundreds of miles away, could be seen distinctly with the naked eye. The lurid glare of the southern Moon added something to this charming feature. I commenced counting the stars and comparing the different outlines of the mountains, while the turbulent grating of the wheels in the sand began to be a music to the already ecstatic condition of my nerves. Occasionally the low whining howl of the coyote would relieve the quiet, and a breeze would gently play with the sand, which was a pleasant substitute in sound for the gentle "whispers through the trees." Although a "caravan over the dreary desert," my time had been so interestingly

spent that I was amazed when the silver grey, streaking the outline of the mountains behind us, betokened the approach of the morning ; and subsequently, when at 10 o'clock we reached the station for breakfast, the whole thing had began to savor strongly of a picnic to me—located as the station was, between several lone mountain peaks, grown right up out of the level sandy mesa, and sternly lifting themselves to hundreds of feet in height. These lone peaks and mounts which everywhere throw themselves up out of the plains of the southwest, are a feature of leading interest to the traveler. Like brilliant croppings of a sterile mind they redeem their grosser surroundings, and by their pleasing contrasts, the whole is leavened and the glory of the Maker is verified in the very thing we dubbed as useless ; and the "good in all things," again proved.

The name of the station was Canyon Springs. It was a good initiation to travel. I cannot do better justice to the imagination of man than to simply give him figures and allow him to draw his own conclusions. The population of the place consisted of three ; dogs—one, donkeys—one, men—one. The man he fed us. The dog he barked for us, and the donkey he

looked at us. The thermometer stood 120° Fahr. For breakfast we had ham, potatoes, coffee without milk or sugar, and bread without butter. Price one dollar. This is a desert hotel ; and it was better than those often encountered—worse than some few. Seated on a plank board laid across two home-made "horses," with a table composed of the same elements, we broke our fast, relished it, and did not begrudge the man his dollar. Milk and butter are very scarce on the deserts—in many cases not to be had at all. We had come fifteen miles since our departure from Dos Palms at two in the morning. Our appetites were good ; and the refreshment received from the meal, the reader will not be able to comprehend nor appreciate except he has not only ridden across the plains in a stage coach, but actually done so in Southern California or Arizona. The translucent atmosphere and the mineral properties of the climate which, on this occasion seemed to excel any ever previously experienced by me, are characteristic only of this or like locations. The alkalies, mixed with the pungent odors which the wild shrubs and flowers sent out, acted alike as powerful invigorators and narcotics. I have ridden over some of these desert—so called—lo-

cations when each inhalation seemed to give a special vigor. It would seem that you were breathing a substance rather than air. There is nothing sluggish in it; but a clear, buoyant, pungent element of vigor and strength.

Refreshed, and full of the California vim, the traveler looks at the surrounding mountains and craves to pull them down and extract the precious lucre contained within their folds. He sees in his mind's eye, the shining nugget or the brilliant threads of silver, and listens to a fellow traveler narrate the golden stories of his success in prospecting, or of some thrilling incident of mountain life with the Indians, or hair breadth escape, or of his misfortune; while the coach wheels right here are plodding through six or eight inches of heavy sand, and causing a noise resembling very much a steamboat blowing off its steam.

It was on this very trip that I had the wonderful fairy-like story of the great "Stonewall Jackson" silver mine told to me. And it continued to seem like a tale of golden fleece until under subsequent and very thrilling circumstances, I actually came in contact with the original discoverer and owner of it, Captain Chas. McMillen, after whom one of the richest

mining districts in the world is named. This is the McMillen Mining District of Arizona. Of both these districts and a detailed history of its discovery by the great prospector McMillen, an account will be given in a separate chapter.

On the following morning, October 7th, 1877, we reached and crossed the Colorado at early morn, amid a halo of a semi-tropical sun. It was my first introduction to Arizona. The occasion will never be forgotten by me, and to me Arizona to-day has a peculiar charm. First impressions are the strongest they say.

## CHAPTER IX.

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MINING CAPITAL IN ARIZONA—THE “MCCRACKEN”—THE “HANNIBAL”—THE “STONEWALL JACKSON”—THE GREAT PROSPECTORS, MCMILLEN AND FLOURNOY—“DEAD BROKE”—CINNABAR, COPPER, AND TIN—ARIZONA! WHY SO LONG LAIN MUTE?

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UP to January 1st 1874, American mining capital in Arizona had never even paid expenses. Bearing this in mind, the traveler is struck by the marvel in the last four years. During this time there has been many mines opened, and some of them paying large dividends. Bearing in mind these facts, it was a matter of some surprise to me when coming down the Colorado on one of the Col. River Navigation Co's boats, to find fourteen bars of silver bullion, representing in the aggregate a value of about twenty thousand dollars. This was from the McCracken mine in Mojave county. My surprise gave way to satisfaction, when I learned from Mr. Burke, the purser, that this was getting to be “quite a common occurrence along the river now,” and I then concluded, as I had before surmised, that there was yet

a land where the old spirit of '49 might find a new vent. The ambitious have now a chance to revive the old spirit of early California without doubt. They have an opportunity of vindicating their pluck now, and their fortunes too, in this land of the Apachès.

What an advent is there already in the history of Arizona. An advent too, I must say, without much of the vicissitudes of transition. A writer on Arizona four years ago, in noticing the primitive and unsatisfactory way mining was carried on there by the Mexicans, thought that a change could not be accomplished without serious results. I must say my observation in Arizona was, that this is the most peaceable transition I ever witnessed. And Arizona now affords, to the followers of '49, an acquisition of all their cherished hopes over again, without the attending vicissitudes and hardships of that period.

After having crossed the Colorado River at Ehrenberg, and going east, information comes to you thick and fast of the future prospects of this section, and of the very flattering one of the region round about Prescott. You hear of the " McCracken " mine which now, and in a space of only two years, has a fifty stamp mill on the grounds, extensive tunnels, with shafts down

fifty to seventy five feet, and producing one hundred thousand dollars per month. Leaving the McCracken mine and the Hope district to the northwest, you are approaching the Hassayampa district near Prescott, where it is said genuine black metal is reached at a depth of seven feet. This region of rich silver deposit near Prescott, is the second in the vast mineral belt extending from the extreme southeast corner, to the northwest corner of the Territory. Some distance before reaching Prescott, you pass the abandoned works of the famous Vulture mines, in which abandonment, is again re-echoed the too often repeated story of the attacks and murders by the Indians. This is the story with all like cases of abandonment of mines in the Territory, and they abound on every hand. The country is full of them, and invariably the Indians are the cause.

The mines themselves never give out, it is said—a peculiar feature of the mines in Arizona and the southwest. This remark would seem to be substantiated in an opinion once given by Professor Ehrenberg, that there was a continuous range of gold bearing rock from the Vulture mine to a point ten miles north of

Prescott, embracing an area of at least one thousand square miles.

We are now in the region too, which promises to turn out its vast quantities of cinnabar; and also in a region where the old pastimes of picking up nuggets, threatens to draw those less willing to work or dig. To the southeast again, along this same continued belt of rich mineral, over the Mazabyal range, you enter the "Globe" and "Pioneer" districts, to determine the richer of which, would puzzle the most careful and stoic calculator. In this district is the famous "Stonewell Jackson" discovered by the great prospector McMillen. The history of this mine is well known, and is being perpetuated in the minds and memories of men as one of the leading events in the history of mines in the Territory. The mine was discovered in 1874, and shortly after the discoverer sold it for one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. No sooner had he sold it, than word reached his ears that the parties who purchased it would have given him two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, had it been necessary to obtain it; and also, that others behind them again stood ready to give three hundred thousand dollars, rather than not obtain it. A shaft

in these mines, down only ninety feet gave ore running as high as twenty four thousand dollars to the ton in '76. It is said that since the purchase, the mine has been estimated to be worth eight millions of dollars.

At such events as these, having cast off diamonds, supposing them to be simply brilliant pebbles, many a man with a less courageous heart and a less liberal mind would have sunk under what they would have misconstrued as a reversion. But with the sturdy heart and the rapier judgment of a pioneer, it was not so with McMillen. He had "greater things in view" as he told me, when I afterwards made his acquaintance, and was talking with him on the subject of his mines and prospects in Arizona. Said McMillen to me in his quaint way, but more practicable philosophy, "You see, Mr. Conklin, a thing in my estimation, has no real — no intrinsic value. It has only a comparative one, and is governed entirely by the relative value of the things surrounding, or immediately associated with it. Well! — but, by the way, don't you think so, my friend?" inquired this determined miner interrupting himself.

I saw at once the sharp, practical ability of this





A MINER'S VICISSITUDES IN ARIZONA.

mountaineer, and felt, as has often been my wont to feel when in contact with some of the brilliant minds of our frontiersmen, that there was a comprehension of facts there that I myself might profit by ; and in my anxiety to grasp and retain the full meaning and force that lit up his penetrating eye as he finished, I simply said :—

“ Yes, I think so.” I was waiting for some brilliant exposition of this man’s experience, which I had so often got from the pioneers of our frontier country.

“ Well ! You see,” continued he, “ I had been roving about this country and in these mountains ever since ’55, when I struck this little affair up here that we are talking about. I had put my foot on several others and I’m keeping it there for a while ” added he, with a twinkle in his eye, “ I had put my foot on some others I say, and better ones. But I thought this little one would do to raise some money on to work the rest. You see I was broke—dead broke. Couldn’t get trusted for an onion or a slice of bacon ; had to wash the only shirt I had to my name, and had to sit under a bush in the shade while the shirt was drying on top in the sun. I wanted money to develop and open up my other mines ; and I would have

taken—(here McMillen's hand came down on his knee with a powerful thump) I would have taken half the amount I got, if I couldn't have got what I did, although I knew the mine itself was worth more."

The whole course of operation and the politic manner and means of securing the success of such operations, showed itself to me at once. I had now become interested in both the mines and the miner.

"I suppose then, you are now opening up some of your new mines," said I.

"Well, that depends upon what you call 'opening up.' We are just sending down fifty thousand dollars worth of machinery to commence on — my partner, Mr. Flournoy and myself. We are now at work on the 'Hannibal.'\* This is an extension of the 'Stonewall Jackson' lode, and we expect to show the Stonewall people that—well! that they might have got more for their money, if the Stonewall had extended along over the Hannibal."

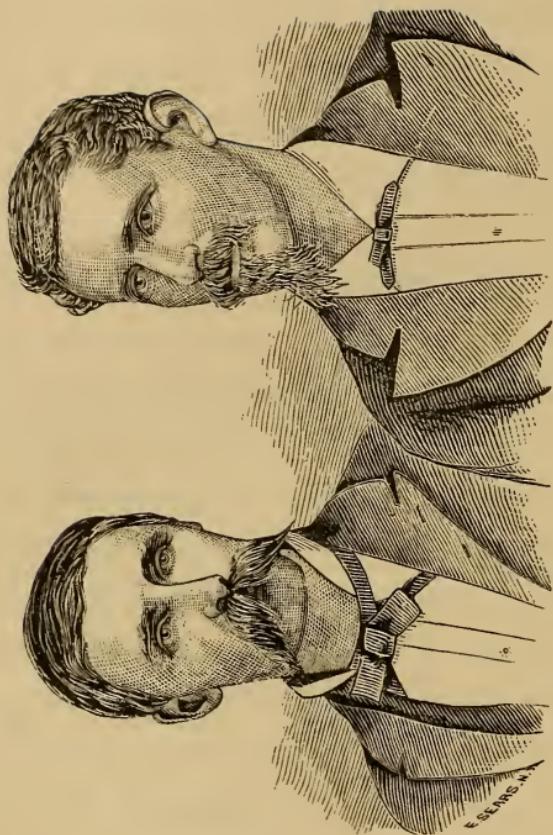
"But how many mines have you discovered in all?" inquired I.

"Let me see" said he thoughtfully. "There is the 'Stonewall Jackson,' the 'Florence,' the 'Alenaden'

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\* The "Hannibal" is now one of the richest mines in Arizona.





JOSIAH FLOURNOY.

CHARLES M'MILLENN.

F. STARS. N.Y.

the 'Little Mac,' the 'Lee,' the '220' and, last but not least, the 'Hannibal.' Oh! Yes, there is another one, the 'First N. E. Extension to the Hannibal'—eight in all. There are a few others, but I don't recall them at present."

The perseverance, indomitable pluck and persistency of these two men, are fair types of what Arizona wants for her development; and in both their faces may be detected force of character, and that power of will that can "remove mountains," as well as the gold and silver that is in them. Mr. Flournoy is a native of Georgia and is a man whose popularity in Arizona is making him a fast and sure exponent of the development of that Territory. His sterling integrity has become proverbial. With Mr. McMillen's indefatigable ability as an original and successful prospector, and Mr. Flournoy's qualifications for disciplining and working a mine, a complete success is insured.

Southeast again, into the Santa Ritas, and the Oro Blanco, districts we strike the "last but not least" of the mines of this great natural metalliferous belt, which lies within the boundary of Arizona. We say "last but not least," and support our claim with substantial evidence; for in a continuous course of these moun-

tains over the boundary line, and into Sonora, you have what is, and has long been known as the greatest silver bearing country on the North American Continent. In this section, a little to the east of the Santa Cruz valley, is the famous placer mines, long known to exist, in and around the Baboguivari Mountains. These stories are brought to us with the name of Col. J. D. Graham, another of Arizona's matchless pioneers and prospectors. Colonel Graham was one of the first explorers and discoverers of this wild and rugged region, and knows this country "by the inch," as a traveling companion once remarked to me, and as subsequent facts concerning the developments, in the whole southwest given in another chapter, will fully demonstrate. It is said that this bold and daring pioneer, when only twenty-two years of age, traveled on horse-back from the interior of Mexico to Arizona and California on special missions of trust. I will refer to the results of this man's accomplishments in a separate chapter devoted to the opening up and wonderful developments of the southwest and its mines. The progress Arizona has made within the past few years, may be realized to some extent, by the fact that in 1877, she yielded up over four millions of

dollars in gold and silver. As a substantial defense for Arizona and her mines, the American Cyclopedias comes forth and says:—

“No one of the mineral bearing Territories of the Pacific slope is richer than Arizona, though the mines have not been generally worked.”

Like stories, we have said confront the traveler on every hand in Arizona; and the most of them are substantiated upon better acquaintance. Not only in relation to gold and silver are they confined; but minerals of most all known usefulness are being discovered. Many such cases lie dormant for means of transportation. With the introduction of the steam car and rail, a great “blockade” will be raised, and Arizona will flood the world with its riches. Our “Emma” mines will never rise to the surface again, and our “Crown Points” and “Consolidated Virginias” will sink much below. Even now it is a noted fact that mines which would receive much attention further north, are allowed to lie undisturbed here. Copper enough exists in the mountain in the eastern part of the Territory, to cause one man alone to say that if he had railroad facilities, he would employ one thousand men in his mine. This is in the southeastern part of Yavapai

County. In another section evidences of tin are reported. Tin has never been discovered within the limits of the United States; but it is of such importance that the government has offered a large reward to the discoverer of it. The probabilities for Arizona being the favored field are not without good foundation. South, in Sonora County, Mexico, tin has already been discovered in good paying quantities, but, like many good mineral products in this vastly rich location, they are allowed to lie dormant for want of sufficient energy in the people, or protection from their government, to work them. The species here found consists of both nugget and stream tin. I have several specimens of both of these, presented me by the Geologist, Prof. Cummings Cherry, of Chicago, who has always been largely interested in, and an enthusiast over the richness of this whole section. Now! Sonora County, Mexico, borders on Arizona; and this explains why we can, with considerable reason, hope that Arizona will give our country this long-coveted possession.

These are the incentives—these are the allurers—these are the encouraging influences that take men from their homes and make them dare their happiness, their homes, their lives, their all, and too often for the

after good of others. But so it is. So, does nature again cunningly assert herself and say, “ ‘tis better to give than to receive,” when a sturdy, honest pioneer discovers a rich bonanza, holds it awhile from the ravages of the Indians, is finally murdered, and one of his less bold and daring brothers comes and reaps the reward. Many a remnant of a mining camp will tell the same story. But the American is indefatigable. Many may be slain, but as many more will rise to fill their places ; and again that theory identified : that man does inevitably follow and profit by his fellows’ toil, and that we were made to serve each other. Sympathy rarely finds its vent for the hardy pioneer and frontiers-man, or at best, ne’er gives the sympathy due.

There are some, however, who have escaped, to reap their own harvest, and to tell of their vicissitudes. From these we can better get some of the more flagrant causes for the failure of those who do not live to tell their own.

In a previous chapter we had occasion by dint of narrative, to simply refer to the “Stonewall Jackson” Mine and the richness of the McMillen Mining District. These narratives of golden fleece and shining nuggets being so rife in Arizona, entertaining the

traveler on any and every trip or route he may propose or select, one can scarcely avoid asking the question why, if all these stories are true concerning the mines of Arizona, and their richness, they have not already been worked. I have been asked these questions myself over and over again ; and after narrating what I saw, and having converted by actual knowledge, those fairy-like stories into absolute existences concerning the fabulous wealth of her mines, I would here offer a defence for Arizona, for the seeming lack in her mining developments.

To those who would ask the question, I would offset their interrogative by asking them why the unsurmountable conditions and the natural force of circumstances had not long ago been abolished, and Arizona as *per se* been born a favored child from all the stubborn ills of life. It is wished it could have been so. But rather than this, she has had more than her share to contend with.

Arizona was the last acquired, and of all our Territorial lands, situated to the further end of our national domain ; until at present she was off the beaten track of our Country's physical progress, and consequently, the hardest to guard and protect, bordering a

country proverbially noted for its conquests, revolutions and the ungovernable traits of its rapacious subjects; filled with one of the fiercest and most warlike tribes of America's aborigines; and a victim to the most unrelenting force of circumstances of perhaps any other portion of our country. It is a marvel that the Territory shows the progress it does.

The Apachés, the most powerful and war-like tribe of Indians that the government has perhaps ever had to bring its forces against. Ever since 1853, have we been more or less afflicted with them, for as early as that had the American pluck found its way into that rich seclusion of the Sonora country. In that year and with the purchase of our last acquisition to the Territory we also got, in the bargain, or as a legacy, a powerful tribe of wild, ferocious, unsubdued Indians, whose daily life consisted in hunting after, killing or torturing all human victims not of their own kind or kin. They had been at this since the time of the Spanish conquest, and had excelled. They had successfully repelled Mexico after her independence and until our purchase in 1853. Since then they have, we might say, fought us successfully also. It would have been money in our pockets, if after the pur-

chase, we had turned around and offered the Mexicans the price of the whole purchase over again to have taken their munificent legacy back, if this could have been done. One after another however, of our brave and indomitable men and women have pushed out into this open country with somewhat the spirit of '76, and one after another have they been slain. Some striking narratives told me recently by Governor A. P. K. Safford of Arizona, are graphically descriptive of the times and conditions of which I speak, and I will here give them in substance.

I would call attention to the philosophical manner with which a practical man with a practical knowledge of the thing dealt with, deals with this Indian question. Stern, yet unbiased and fair, Gov. Safford has accomplished more practical results with the Indian, than perhaps any other man.

## CHAPTER X

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NARRATIVES OF EARLY ARIZONA — BLOODY DEEDS AND THE  
APACHES—ESKIMENZEN — COCHISE — WITCHCRAFT — HAB-  
ITS OF LIFE—REFORM—WHO IS TO BLAME?

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[A large portion of this chapter is from personal narratives kindly tendered  
me by Ex-Gov. A. P. K. Safford, of Arizona.)

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AN estimable lady who was a near neighbor to the Governor in Arizona was taken captive by the Apachés together with a young Spanish girl who was living with her. The Indians came to the house while the men were absent. On leaving the house, the Indians traveled rapidly, as they knew quite well they would be pursued. Toward the close of the first day's travel, the Indians became satisfied that the woman could not travel with them. She had struggled with all her might to give them no trouble, knowing that her life depended upon it. An old man walked beside her most of the day, who could speak Spanish. He talked constantly of the wrongs they had suffered from the whites.

She told him if they had been wronged that she

was not responsible. "But," said the old man, "you are a race of villains. Your tongues are forked. My people were once a powerful tribe and owned all this country. Now we are compelled to hide like the coyotes. Our people have been murdered. Our country has been taken from us, and I hate you all." During the day she had been allowed to travel behind; but towards evening several savages dropped behind, and without a moment's warning, several spears were plunged into her body, and she was thrown down a bank for dead. She laid where she was thrown for several hours unconscious; but during the night she heard voices, and among them recognized her husband's. Being so weak, however, from loss of blood she could not speak nor move, and they passed on in pursuit of the Indians, not knowing that they had passed within a few feet of her. The next day she recovered sufficient strength, and commenced to crawl towards home, she was sixteen days crawling back, with nothing to eat, save the roots and leaves that she gathered on the way. She had been pierced with sixteen spears, three of which had entered the cavity of the body, but to-day she is alive and well. Failing to overtake the Indians, negotiations were opened to ransom them. The little girl was brought to the place designated and ransomed for gold. But the woman was reported dead and you can imagine the agreeable





READY FOR A SCALP.

surprise when she returned. At first, however, they believed she was a spirit; and it required some time before she could convince them that she was flesh and blood. A few months later her husband, father, and three brothers were murdered, and she was left alone, but subsequently married an excellent man, and a happier, or better family, cannot be found.

Another case is told of a family who lived a few miles from the capital of the Territory. The husband was a member of the Legislature. While engaged making laws, the Indians made an attack upon his house. His wife and a hired man determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and as the savages approached near the house, the good wife discharged her trusty rifle and at each discharge, a savage "bit the dust." Finally, the ammunition began to get short. She sent the hired man with a letter to her husband, saying, "John, the Indians are here. Send me plenty of powder and lead. Don't neglect your duties by coming home, for I am master of the situation, and can hold the house."

In another place there was a husband and wife, a little child, and several hired men. The house had been attacked when only the woman and an old man were at home; but the woman stood with rifle in hand, and defended the house until her husband and a few men came to her relief. Her husband begged the

Governor to take her to a more secure place, which he would have gladly done. But when he mentioned it to her, she grew pale and said, "Do not, I pray you, mention this to me again. I can watch for the savages, and give him warning of their coming. If they come I can assist to repel them. And if he must die, I can die with him." This brave little woman and her husband are still alive, prosperous and happy, I understand.

We will narrate one more case, where a farmer was tilling the soil some distance from his house. The Indians had attacked and killed most of the people in the settlements nearest to him but he was unconscious of the fact. The Governor went to warn him of his danger, and urged him to abandon his farm. He said he could not; that his wife and children would suffer for bread if he did not gather his grain. The Governor urged him to leave. Before the week passed the Indians came, they swarmed upon him with their spears, expecting to obtain an easy victim, but he turned upon them with his repeating rifle, and the first, second, and third, fell a lifeless corpse, when the others ran. He continued his fire upon them, and before they got out of the range of his gun, four more were sent to the "happy hunting ground." Unfortunately, however, a random shot from the retreating

Indians crushed his ankle and made him a cripple for life.

Who are the beings that perpetrated these atrocities?

I have only attempted to give a few of the scenes encountered in the settlement of Arizona. I will now mention briefly the Indians who were the actors in these bloody tragedies. The Apachés are of medium size, physically quick and active, and are capable of enduring great hardships. Their muscles of locomotion have been developed to the fullest extent, and they are capable of moving with great rapidity. When making raids no horse can overtake or keep up with them.

Intellectually they are very shrewd, have good command of language, are quite witty and fond of joking.

Governor Safford was present at the first attempt to make a general peace between them, and the whites, and the friendly Indians. The Conference lasted two days; and the chiefs who spoke for the Indians argued their points with great ingenuity, and, far excelled in shrewdness the tame Indians. One of the most vexatious things we had to deal with on that occasion was the case of some captive Apaché children that had been taken by the whites, and given to different families in the country. The Indians demanded, as one of the conditions, that these children should be

brought in and given up to them. The children had been with the whites so long that they had forgotten their parents, and had as much affection for their adopted parents as though they had been their natural offsprings; and the adopted parents reciprocated the feeling. It was a heartrending separation. The children clung to their adopted parents with deathlike tenacity; and to tear them from weeping women and turn them over to naked Savages was a scene, as the Governor said, he hoped never again to witness. We tried in every way to compromise with them, and save the children. We offered them money, horses, anything they might covet. But they replied; "Do you think we are dogs, and would sell our own children?

The principal spokesman upon that occasion, and who is now chief of the Apachés, is named Eskimmenzen. I shall never forget with what pride and pomp he rode down to the place of meeting on his noble charger, with his favorite squaw seated behind him. He was then about thirty five years old; tall and straight, and moved with the dignity and independence of a king.

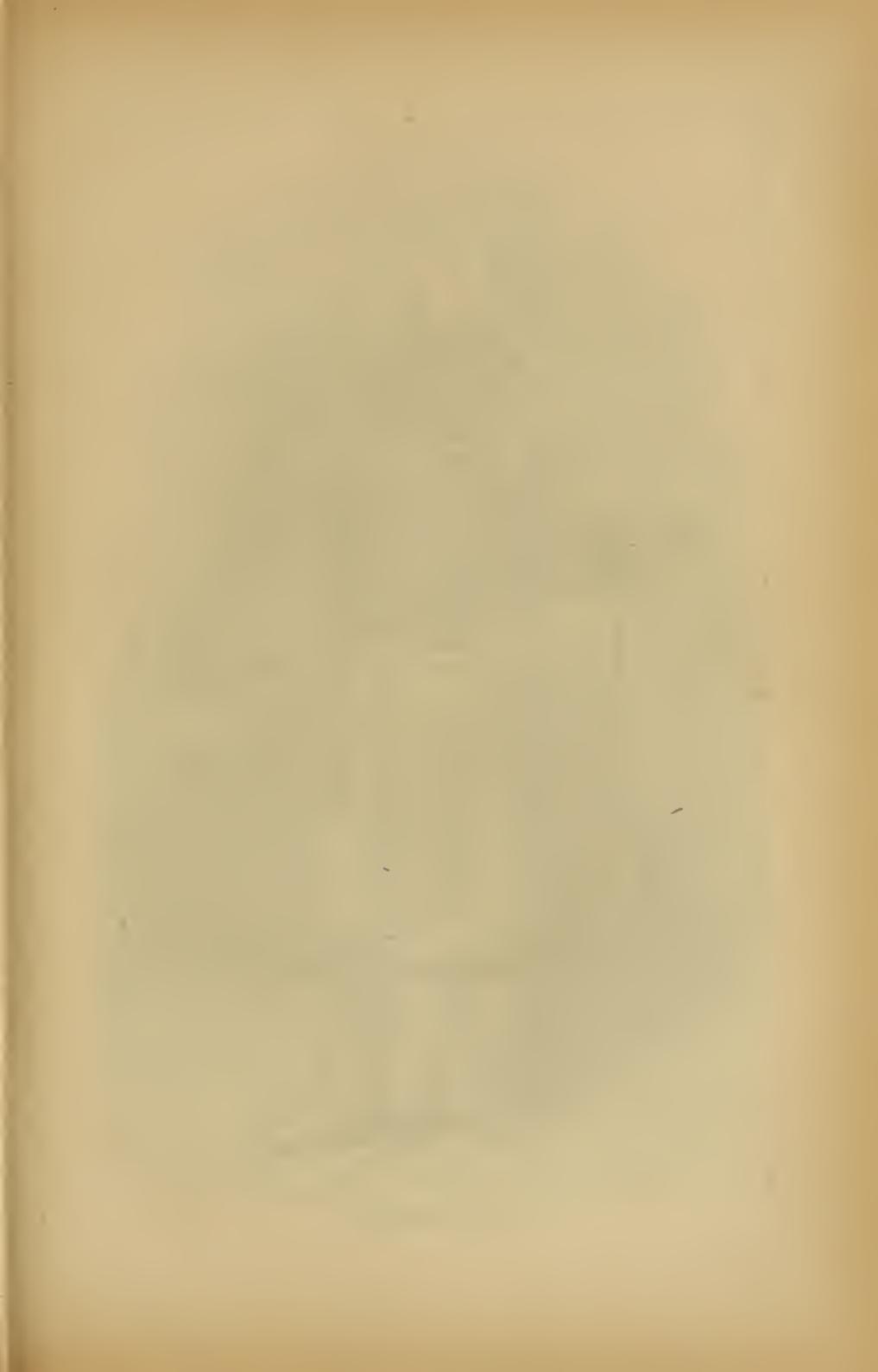
As he sprang from his horse he gave the reins to his wife. She was young, and very pretty for one of her race; and looked with pride and admiration upon her liege lord. All day long she remained seated upon the horse intent upon hearing every word that

escaped from her husband. Eskimenzen was bold, defiant, and unreconstructed. He was a wild man, filled with hatred and suspicion of the white man. "I had grave doubts about the peace enduring," said the Governor, "and it was not long before my doubts were realized." The Indians were subsequently however, very roughly handled, and afterwards sued for peace in good faith. They are now living quietly and peacably on a reservation. The Governor said, "I have been much interested in the great change in action and feeling that has been made in these Indians. I have often talked with great freedom with Eskimenzen. Not long ago he said to me, "you can hardly imagine what an erroneous opinion I had of the white people before I became well acquainted with you. I supposed that no other condition could exist between us except war. As far back as legend carried us we had been at war with every one with whom we came in contact, and I supposed that must go on, until one or the other race was exterminated. But now I see there are good and bad among the whites, as well as among the Indians, and that many of you desire to help us, and want to see us prosperous and happy. I see that your ways are better than our ways for you lay up something ahead and never have to go hungry as we often did. I am getting old, and I am past the time to make much improvement, but I want my children

to grow up like white children, and learn to work and read and write."

Thus it will be seen that our misunderstandings, quarrels and fights, whether with our own people or the rude savages, are mainly brought about by not knowing and understanding each other. These wild men fought us cruelly, savagely, unrelentingly. But from their stand-point they believed that they were doing right, and that we were all wrong. At this time when Eskimenzen broke the peace, the first man he killed was his friend who had been very kind to him. I afterwards asked him why he killed his friend, and he replied that he wanted to break the peace; that any coward could kill an enemy, but it took a brave man to kill a friend.

Cochise was the greatest war chief the Apachés ever had. He never was whipped in a fight, and was a natural born chief. He was kind to his men, and never tasted food until they were first supplied. But he exacted in return, implicit obedience to his commands, and a very slight deviation cost the offender his life. He had no more hesitation in plunging his spear through the heart of one of his own men, than in killing an enemy in battle. I met him once and spent one day with him at his camp in the mountains. He gave me a history of his wrongs; and although he had been the cause of killing more white men, than





AN APACHE CHIEF.



AN APACHE SQUAW AND PAPPOOSE.



any other chief or Indian, and had been cruel beyond discription in his tortures, I could not help but feel that he had been deeply wronged ; and, that from the light given him, and the law and morals upon which he had been educated, he had acted conscientiously, and had done what he believed to be right. He was a man of great energy, of superior ability and firmness of purpose, and was generally faithful to his promises. He was tall, straight and commanding in appearance, and his features were regular with a placid, though rather sad countenance. He rarely ever smiled, and was thoughtful and studied in all his expressions. I talked to him of the superior advantages of civilization, but he replied, "I am too old to adopt new customs." He had captives with him who could speak and read the Spanish language, and he was well advised of everything the newspapers said about him. He expressed a desire that his children should learn to read and write, "but of us old people" he said ; "you can make nothing of us but wild men." He died a natural death three years ago. During the last three years of his life he and his people lived at peace with the citizens of Arizona, but carried on a relentless war against the Mexicans across the frontier. I tried to persuade him to cease this warfare, as it was liable to involve him and the people of Arizona in difficulty. But his eyes flashed fire with indignation at the men-

tion of making peace with the Mexican people; and he said; "while life is spared me, I will never cease to hate and kill that infamous people. I know their treachery to my sorrow. I once placed confidence in them only to be betrayed. Many years ago I became tired of war, and made peace with them. I crossed the line and settled in their Country, and everything seemed harmonious and lovely. After we had remained there a few months and all passed on pleasantly, the Mexican authorities proposed to get up a grand barbecue to celebrate the era of love and good will. All the Indians and vast numbers of Mexicans came together and hundreds of cattle were slaughtered for the occasion. Liquor was freely given which resulted in the intoxication of many of my bravest and best soldiers. When they were in this helpless condition, an indiscriminate massacre was commenced, of my braves, women and children. By this treachery we lost a large number of our people, but I with some of my followers, were spared; and since that time we have done what we could to revenge that terrible wrong. If we have been cruel, then they set the example to us. That they have greatly suffered at our hands I know full well. They now cry for peace, but there can be no peace between us."

Since the Apaché Indians have been brought on the reservation, and have become tame, and acquainted

with civilization, they have undergone a great change, and appear like a different people. They have commenced to labor, and seem desirous, many of them, to earn their own living. They have accumulated some property, and it would now be difficult to drive a large majority of them on the war path. They have for several years been self-governing ; the police duties have been entirely performed by men belonging to the tribe, and these policemen have in every instance been vigilant and true. In one instance an Indian attempted to kill the U. S. Agent at the reservation, but was almost instantly killed himself by his brother, who was acting as a policeman. All the Indians that I have ever met are superstitious, and are firm believers in witchcraft. A witch is considered a very great criminal, or rather, an unclean and dangerous spirit and not fit to live. Many are killed for this grave offence. The victims are almost invariably women, and generally aged. Death, pestilence, or any great calamity is usually charged to the influence of witches, who have to pay the penalty by death. Their doctors practice their profession by sorcery. They chant songs and go through with all manner of mysterious manoeuvres. If the patient gets well, the cure is conceded to the doctor. But if he is unsuccessful in his practice, and cannot prove that his ill success is attributable to the interference of witches,

he often pays the penalty by death. Last Spring, the Governor took a scouting party of Indians into Mexico. One of them had a felon on his finger. I applied the usual remedies, but the night before it broke he lost all faith in my skill. He called in the Indian doctor, and the night was spent in chanting. In the morning the sore broke. The patient was relieved, and the Indian doctor received full credit for performing the cure. By Indian custom the woman is the property of the man. When an Indian desires to marry, he purchases his wife from the father. A man is allowed as many wifes as he is able to purchase. She is thus his property to do with as he pleases. He can beat her at will, and even kill her if he so inclines. Of course she is treated according to the disposition of the husband. Some are kind and indulgent while others are brutal and cruel. There is nothing in Indian custom to which they cling with more tenacity than this supreme power over their wives; and no Indian, however unjust or cruel another may be, ever thinks of interfering to protect her; and the sentiment of a whole tribe has often been united against the efforts of agents who have tried to correct these abuses. Infidelity on the part of the women among the Apachés is usually punished by cutting off their noses. I have seen many thus mutilated. These customs seem very strange to us; but it must be

borne in mind that within the history of our own country, with all the advantages of books and education, many people have been by our laws executed for witchcraft. The subject of man's superiority and power to rule and control women too, has only vanished as we have advanced in civilization ; and there yet remains many abuses to correct before we place women on that high plain which God designed they should occupy. While we may deeply regret the benighted condition of the red man, we must bear in mind that they are unlettered, and have never received the light and elevated influence of the Christian religion.

But we might run on in this strain until our powers of speech were exhausted, and then leave much behind. This is but one chapter. A thousand might be written. When we had first learned of the wealth that lies hidden within the folds of Arizona, we might think it was neglect on the people's part, and ask the question, why has it not been worked ? But when we learn of its history and former conditions, as explained in this chapter, any stigma is cast aside, and we forget the past, in our eagerness to grasp the brilliant present and future.

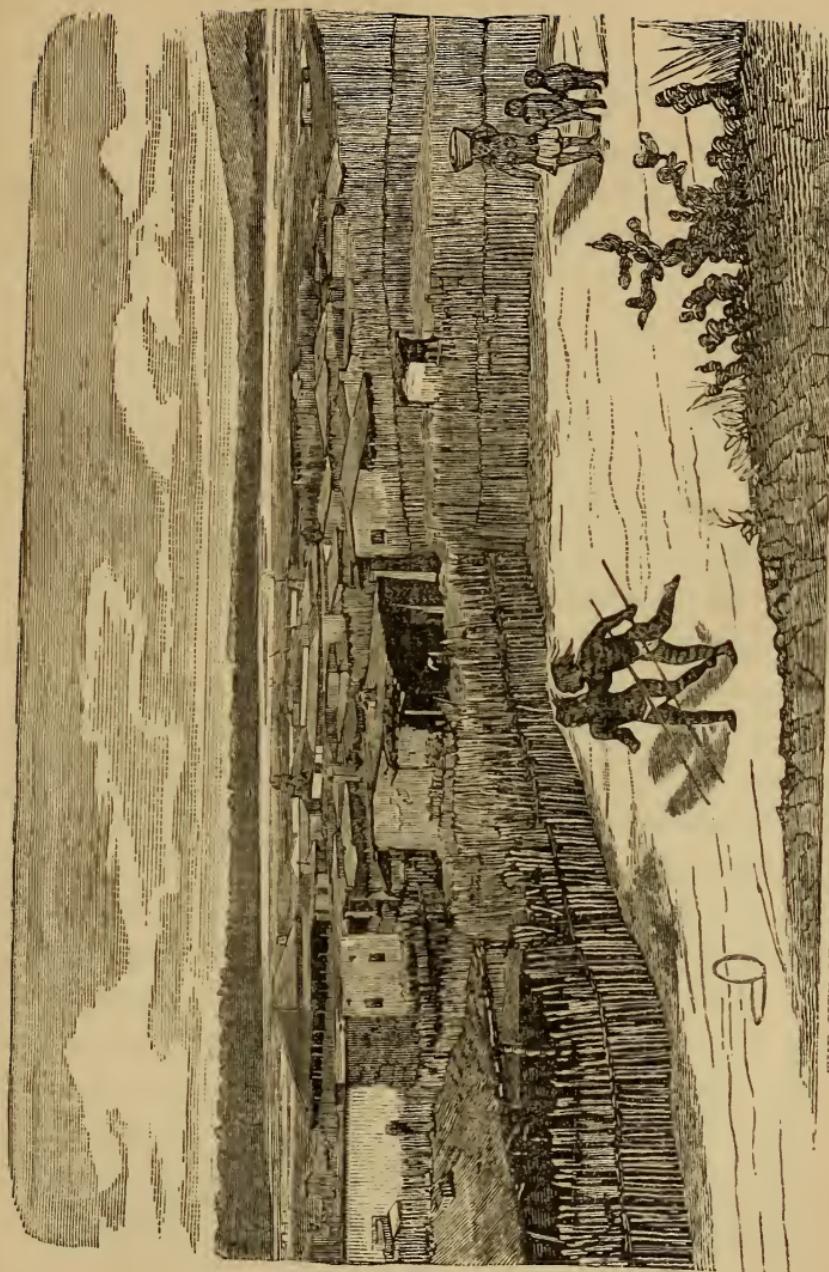
## CHAPTER XI.

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EHRENBERG—A LONELY “VILLAGE OF THE PLAIN”—PAINFUL THOUGHTS—CORONATION PEAK—THE GODDESS OF THE VALLEY—NO ENDOWMENT POLICY—INTEREST, CONTRAST, AND BEAUTY—TO THE LAND OF HEMP, COTTON AND RICE.

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FOR some distance back from the Colorado River, to the east, and on the California side, there is a dense cluster of willows, greasewood and timber of smaller growth, which lines the banks of this whimsical stream. On the opposite or Arizona side of the river, you greet the town of Ehrenberg—a unique settlement to those not accustomed to Mexican huts. On the occasion of my arrival there, hosts of Indians were down to push the boat off the shore after the stage had driven upon it. One front of a row of low flat adobé structures, constitute the material town; with a population of five hundred Indians, Mexicans, and a general mixture of a little of everything else—the Indians predominating. Breakfast taken here again, we pushed on. From the river, evidences of



THE CITY OF EURENBERG—LOOKING UP THE COLORADO RIVER—INDIANS AT PLAY.



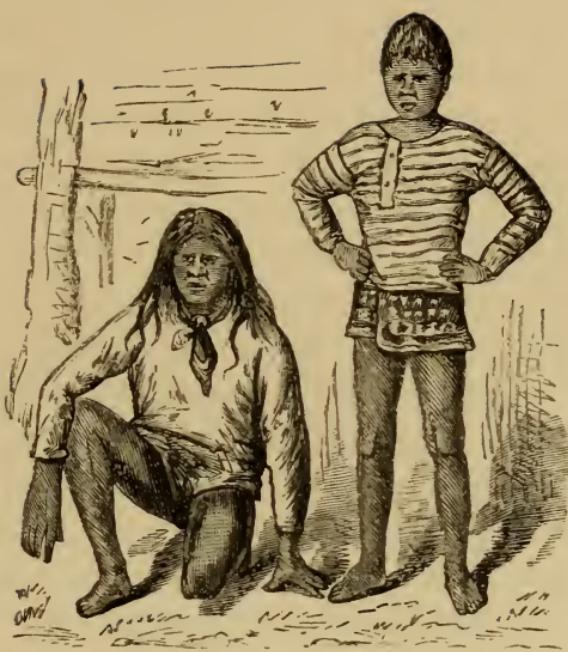
fertile soil began to show itself in the constantly increasing growths noticed as we progressed.

Desert riding at its worst, in our country, has only an ideal in the minds of the many. Many people of course, have suffered and died on these very deserts, the result being attributed to the desert, but in reality the desert is not wholly the cause. Ignorant of the nature of their trip many an emigrant has started out without water sufficient to carry him but a very few miles, or having carried perhaps water enough for his journey, but not being acquainted with, and having no one to direct him in his right course, he has wandered and strayed indefinitely at his own risk and peril. We would not recommend any one to attempt uncertain courses, out of beaten tracks. Arizona is not civilized enough to trust to meeting of fellow travelers for guidance, and the natural causes of delusion in distance and direction; the beautiful but deceptive mirage, and the effect of unaccustomed altitudes, all make it dangerous for those not to some extent acquainted with causes or with the country, to trust themselves to their ordinary common sense.

Apart from the beauties which actually do lie in these deserts (so called) the interest all seem to find in them, is noticeable. They are interesting. The diversity of our desert lands is very broken, both as regards safety and beauty. One may have the beau-

ties here, without the necessary perils. Imagine riding over a sandy desert mesa, and all the horrible visions of skeletons and starvation, and reptile bites, choking from thirst and the like, forcing themselves upon you until nerves are unwittingly wrought to the highest pitch of terror; and then by a sudden reversion of the mind, you realize that a canteen of water which is at your side, is ample to support you from one station to another. On our trip from Yuma to the Santa Rita Mountains these effects were pleasingly realized. With one of our feet on a box filled with canned oysters, and the other on a case of jelly, while our eyes fell upon a choice quarter of fresh lamb or a heap of quail which some of the party had shot on the way. On one occasion we passed a few bones scattered on the sand a short distance from the road. Our driver informed us that they were the remains of a party of two men, a woman and child, who attempted to cross over certain mesas and plains to reach Phoenix, without going on the round-about road to Wickenburg first, and so on down to Phoenix. They lost their way; and getting out of water (which would have lasted them until they reached Wickenburg had they gone the accustomed way) perished.

Thirty miles inland from the Colorado River, and the Gila valley showed unmistakable signs of the richest fertility. Galetta, Gramma, Sacaton, and other



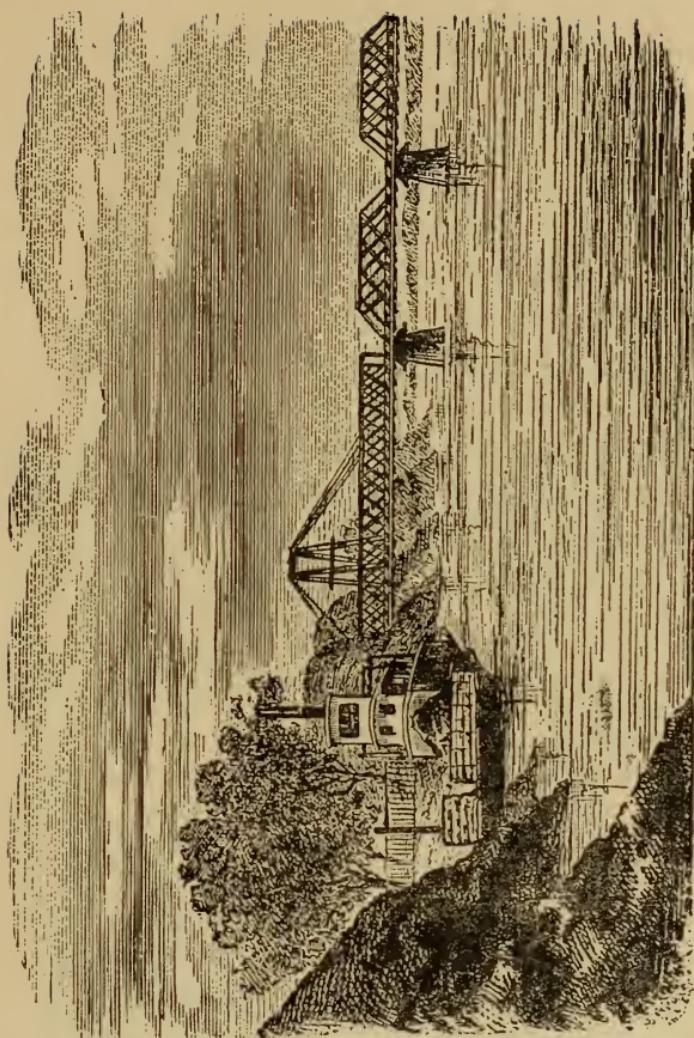
A MOJAVE INDIAN AND BOY AT EHRENBURG.



grasses, together with the more ponderous and harder growths of the mesquite, and palo-verdè trees, could but suggest a rich soil. Dr. Allen, the well-known geologist, upon examining the soil on one occasion, gave it as his opinion, that in a very large majority of cases that which seemed to condemn the lands here as desert, was simply an over crust of a salt formation that rather enriched the ground than otherwise, and that the other sub-soil was a rich loam upon which all products of a semi-tropical (and in many cases of a tropical clime) would excel in production.

Forty miles from Yuma, east from the banks of the Gila River, we had a gorgeous sight of the object known as the Coronation Peak. Our party all dismounted here, to roll and stretch their limbs on the lawn-like meadows that line the river's edge, and to catch the inspiration which this peak throws out to all who will seek her society. There is a spirit in her that speaks to every human soul. The name is derived from the resemblance the top of the peak has to a crown. The tip aspiring heavenward, and playing with the brilliant tints of the clouds, contrasts beautifully with the blue waters of the Gila at the base. The "shades of evening" cast over here, with robes of crimson and purple, made poets of us all. I was a poet while I lay sprawling on the ground in the presence of this goddess of the valley. But the trouble is,

I lost the gift of poesy when I parted with her. She doesn't believe in the endowment policy. She has no regard for those who wont stay with her alway. The scenery of Arizona is marked. Her features are peculiar to herself. One does not here see the "El Capitan" nor hear the clashing waters of the Niagara. But at neither Niagara nor in the Yosemite do we see the mirage, nor do we see it anywhere on the earth, perhaps, except in the famous *Fatamorgana* of Italy. The artist may get his subject in the mountains of California or in the rocky mountains; but for his light and shade, let him go to Arizona. In the trip of which I am in part giving a narrative, several of the members often alluded to the fact that if this or that effect were to be truly pictured on canvass the observer would say that it was "forced"—*exaggerated*. Arizona's interest, next to her great mineral wealth, consists in her contrasts. Contrasts beget beauty; and interest in a thing makes that beauty lasting. We have known of many a pretty face, that lacking interest, has lost its charm in a very short time; while we have known of many a homely face whose interest has captivated man for a whole life time. Whereas for general and prolific productiveness, the more southerly part of Arizona may perhaps excel; the more wonderful phenomena must be accredited to the northern portion.



A VIEW OF THE COLORADO AT YUMA.



Traveling up the Gila River there is a very pretty series of mountains and valleys, the mountains hemming the valleys in. But you travel and travel and travel without ever meeting with any obstruction. You continue in one broad, extensive valley unto the end of your journey. For a distance of two hundred and fifty to three hundred miles this unbroken stretch of rich farming land urges the husbandman to share its virtues and merits. As you journey eastward, signs of agriculture increase rapidly until, arriving in the neighborhood of Florence, which is in a direct line east from Yuma, and about one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles from it, the country assumes a charming and cheerful aspect. Professor Wheeler estimated in his reports of Arizona, that, under irrigation, thirty-seven per cent. of the lands of Arizona could be made agricultural, and sixty per cent. pastoral. Rice, hemp, cotton, wild poppy, and opium flourish in the southern portions of the State, while to the east, in the Viego and other of the many rich valleys which lie between the isolated and broken mountain ranges so common in Arizona and the southwest, the cereals thrive wonderfully. Our observations all through the Gila valley forcibly showed this large extent as grazing lands. In some cases even the mesas may be used for pasturage.

Beyond the station at Maricopa Wells, is located the

Pima Indian Villages. In all the distance from here to Florence may be seen crops of corn, grain and the smaller vegetables, cultivated by the Indians. The Pimas are notable for their industry. With the Indian, has always been associated the idea of a people identified only with scalping knives, tomahawks, and a formidable display of feathers and fantastically ornamented robes of skins for clothing. But the word Indian has as wide a range of signification as to say white man. To say white man may mean a Grecian, an American or Mexican; an intelligent man, an industrious man, or a lazy good-for-nothing who may scarcely be worth any thing, be he either white or black. This is about the significance one should get of the present term *Indian*. There are as great differences to be comprehended in the one term as in the other. Comparisons between the different tribes will show this. Not only either, does this show itself among different nations, so to speak, or locations alone, but between the tribes of one section of the country. Nowhere, in my experience in Indian countries, are these facts more thoroughly demonstrated than in the southwest of our country—including the different classes known under the head of “The Indian.”

## CHAPTER XII.

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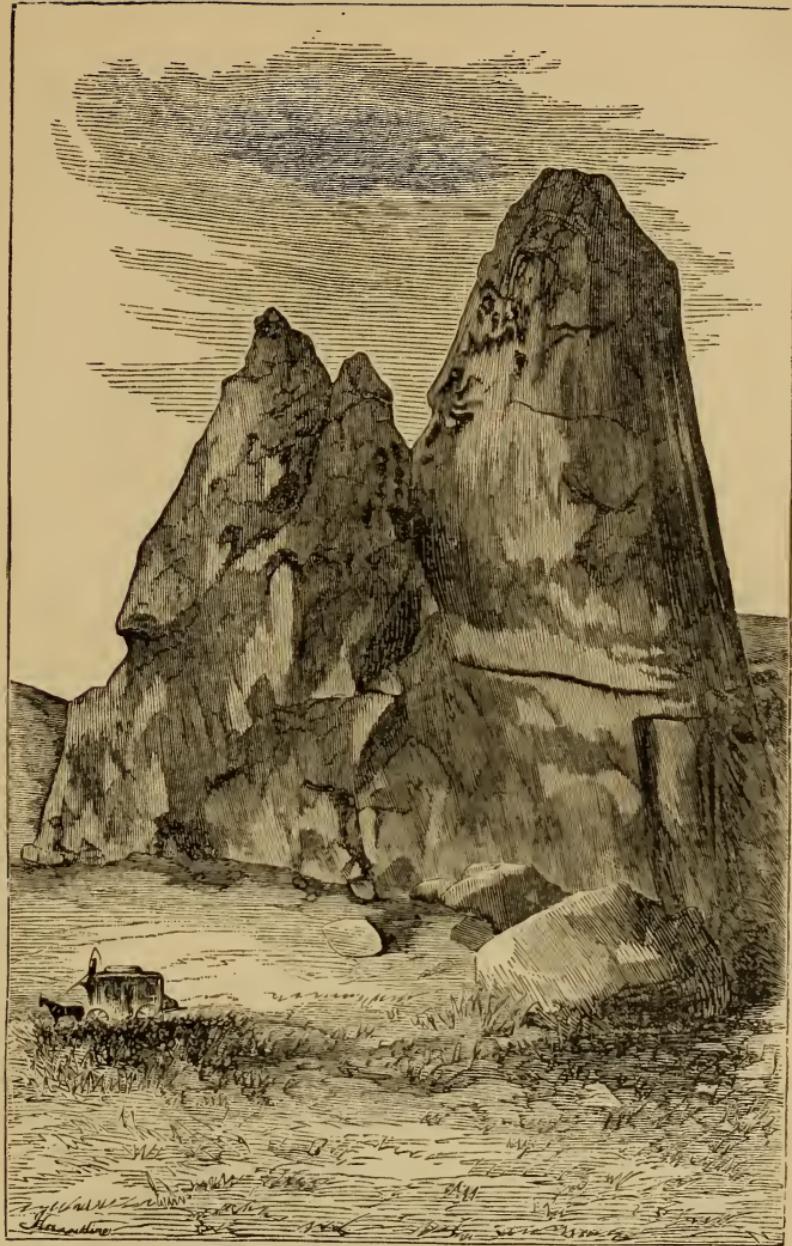
ANTELOPE PEAK—A NIGHT'S COMPANION—"LONE PEAKS"—  
A GOLD STORY—OATMAN'S FLAT—FREIGHT TRAINS OF THE  
DESERT—"PEDROS PINTADOS."

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THE second night out brought us to "Antelope Peak," a famous camping spot, and so named from a high towering peak jutting up from the ground in magnificent and haughty style, and shrowding you and the camp grounds surrounding, with its casting shadows. An adobé building for the stage company's office, and a corral for the protection and care of the horses, and the graceful flow of the Gila River o'er-shadowed by the towering "Antelope," constitute the main attraction for the camper. It is a very refreshing and cooling retreat for the traveler, who has had just enough of the sand and sun of Arizona by this time, to appreciate and enjoy it. This peak, instead of being called a peak, having the features of so much of the Arizona mountain scenery, would be better comprehended by being termed an *Isolated Mountain*; jutting, as it does from the very level of the plains, and throwing itself grandly up to a height of hundreds of

feet into one single conical shaped formation. There are several of these entertaining fellows over the plains of the Territory relieving the eye of monotony, and without which the deserts and the traveler on them, would yearn for some society. Their extreme contrast with the surroundings, exalting them to a glorious standard. One of the most bold and pleasing of these peaks is to be seen on Stewart & Pearson's stage road from Ehrenberg to Prescott. After riding for miles and hours over the broad sandy plains, with the distant mountains forming a pleasing enclosure to a vast natural stage upon which many a weird and midnight scene has been enacted, to come boldly upon these two lone peaks (there are two of them) standing side by side, is a scene worth the whole ride. As the stage passes by close to their base, they look down frowningly upon you; and were you superstitious, would almost think they spoke to you in the starry stillness of the night.

The occasion on which I first saw these peaks was in the middle of the night. It was a bright moonlight one, and the hazy light of the moon from behind, throwing the shadow far over our stage coach, produced a sombre effect. I was seated on top of the coach alongside the driver, and strapped on to prevent me from falling off by the sudden jolts in passing over the gulches where the miners had been to work, and



"LONE PEAKS," ON THE ROAD FROM EHRENBERG TO PRESCOTT.



so that I might sleep and nod to my heart's content without being dashed beneath the wheels. I had fallen asleep as my driver could assert to this day, because he had tried his best to keep me awake for some one to talk to. In passing over a small stream which runs close by the peaks, the thump of the wagon fairly forced my eyelids apart; and, beholding these two giant figures o'er-spreading me as it seemed, I was held with awe for a few minutes, and then said to the driver, "What are these?" at the same time holding my face up at right angles to see the top.

"Oh! those?" said he, in a quiet unconcerned voice,—"Oh! those are stones that grow here in Arizona," I named the peaks "Lone Peaks," as agreeable to the circumstances and conditions, as well as the sentiments of both myself and my friend the driver.

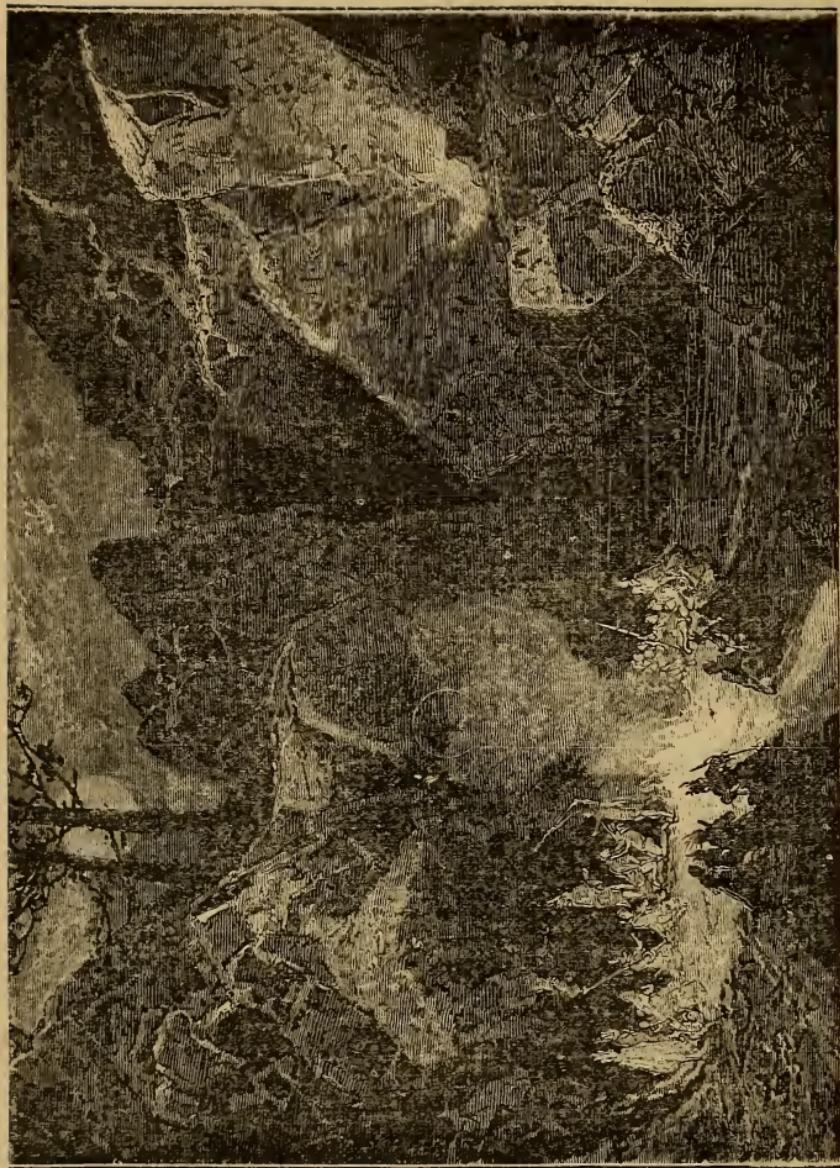
In regard to my waking up by the *jolt* of the wagon, I am not sure to this day whether it was the jolt of the coach, or due to some mechanical or other contrivance of the driver. These drivers do not like to have you go to sleep in the night while at their side. They want you to talk to. Besides, if there is going to be any Indian relays, or a meeting of any of the road "agents" who often come out part way to relieve the coach or the passengers of any extra money they may have on their persons, he wants you to see the

*modus operandi* with which it is done. I do not know then, whether it was the thump, or a pin being poked into my leg, or a pinch that woke me up. And the driver will "never tell you."

The Antelope peak of the Gila Peak of the Gila must not be conflected with what is known as the Antelope Mountains seen on another part of Stewart & Pearson's stage route, which is some distance north of the Gila River, where a man by the name of Poebles took out seven thousand dollars in placer gold one morning before breakfast, and during three weeks following, it is known, found eighty thousand dollars in gold nuggets. This is a California gold story of '49 over again, and verifies what we say elsewhere concerning the part of '49 being again played, in Arizona. We may emphatically, look for this. The era has already dawned.

Urging our mules the next day we made a beautiful run of forty-six miles to a station known as Stamvix Hall, famous for its mud springs which, one of these days will be celebrated far and wide for their medicinal properties. In the morning we pass a station that reminds us that we are not too far away from home to be partiotic, by a flag hoisted in rude style over the corral and composed of three white stripes, two red stripes and two blue stripes and forty-five stars. We had seen flags larger, and we had seen





A MIDNIGHT CAMP OF THE APACHES IN THE PELONCILLO MOUNTAIN, ARIZONA.

flags less pretentious; but I don't think any of us ever took off our hats with a more hearty and vigorous "Three cheers!" than did the Aztec party; and we excused the presumption of the forty-five stars on the grounds that perhaps the inserter of them candidly thought Arizona was worth enough in herself to make up the deficiency. That afternoon brought us to the sad and tragic landmark of the Oatman's Flat, where they have named the station after the victims of this tragedy, to keep perhaps, fresh in the memory of the white man the recollections of one the most atrocious massacres ever perpetrated by the Indians.

This story is well known and has been often repeated by many writers. We will simply quote a few of the more important features of the affair as graphically described by J. Ross Brown. Early in January, 1851, Mr. Royse Oatman and his family entered that portion of the new Mexican Territory now called Arizona, in company with an emigrant party of which he was a member. \* \* \* \* \*

He had seen no hostile Indians, and had heard of no recent depredations on the way. \* \* \* On the 18th of March, they spent a dreadful night on a little sand island in the Gila River. A terrific storm blew the water up over them; their scanty supply of provisions was damaged, their blankets and clothing were wet through, and the starving animals driven

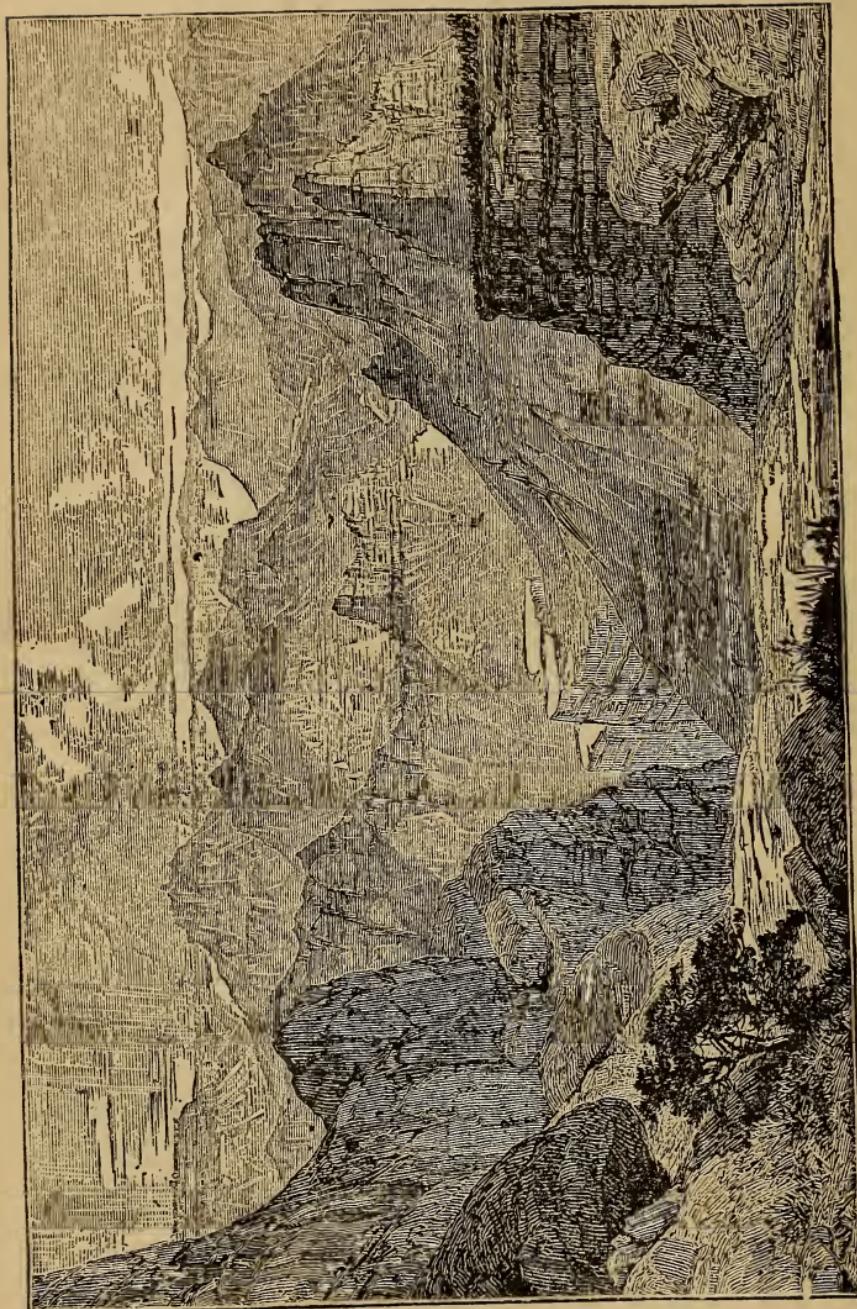
nearly frantic with fear. It was a wild and desolate place, many days journey from any civilized abode.

It was starvation to stay, and almost inevitable disaster to go forward. Mrs. Oatman, the noble wife and mother, always patient, hopeful, and enduring, busied herself in attending to the wants of her children and in uttering words of encouragement to her husband. He, however, seemed utterly overwhelmed with gloomy forebodings, and continued to look back upon the road, till suddenly an expression of indescribable horror was observed in his face, and the next moment a band of Indians was seen leisurely approaching along the road. The children perceiving instinctively that their father—to whom they had always been accustomed to look for protection—was agitated by no ordinary emotions, became alarmed; but he succeeded by a strong effort in maintaining an appearance of composure, and told them not to be afraid, that the Indians would not hurt them. It was a favorite theory of his that misconduct on the part of the whites was the cause of all trouble with Indians, and that by treating them generously and kindly they would not prove ungrateful. Strange that one who had lived in frontier countries should so fatally misconstrue the character of that race!

When the Indians came up Mr. Oatman spoke to them kindly in Spanish, and motioned to them to sit



ROCKY CANYON AND MESA LANDS OF ARIZONA.



down. They sat down, and asked for tobacco and pipes; which he gave them, and they smoked awhile in token of friendship. Then they asked for something to eat. Mr. Oatman told them his family were nearly starving—that they had a long journey before them, and could ill spare any portion of their scanty stock. However, he gave them a little bread, and said he was sorry he could not give them more. After this they stood off a little and talked in a low tone, while Oatman set to work to re-load the wagon. It was observed that the Indians looked anxiously down the road as if expecting some approaching party. Suddenly, with a terrific yell, they jumped in the air, and dashed with uplifted clubs upon the doomed family. Lorenzo, a boy fourteen years of age, was struck on the head and felled to the earth the first blow. Several of the savages rushed upon Oatman, and he was seen for a moment struggling in their midst, but soon fell a mutilated corpse at their feet. Mrs. Oatman pressed her youngest child to her bosom, and struggled with a mother's heroic devotion to save it, shrieking in piercing accents, "Help! help! Oh, for the love of God, will nobody save us!" A few blows of the murderous clubs quickly silenced the poor mother and her babe; and in less than a minute the whole family, save Lorenzo, Olive, and Mary Anne, were lying dead or moaning in their death-

struggles upon the ground. Olive, a girl sixteen years of age, and Mary Anne, a frail child of eleven, were dragged aside and held in the iron grasp of two Indians. Lorenzo, the boy, was stunned by the crushing blows which had fallen upon his head, and lay bleeding by the edge of the precipice. In his narrative he states that he soon recovered his consciousness, and distinctly heard the yells of the Apachés, mingled with the shrieks and dying groans of his parents. The savages seeing him move, rifled his pockets and cast him over the precipice. Upon a careful examination of the spot—as shown to the right of the road in the accompanying sketch—I estimated that he must have fallen twenty feet before he struck the rocky slope of the mesa. That he was not instantly killed or maimed beyond recovery seems miraculous. Strange discordant sounds, he tells us, grated upon his ears, gradually dying away, and then he heard “strains of such sweet music as completely ravished his senses.” \* \* \* \* \*

As soon as the Apachés had consummated the massacre of the Oatman family and plundered the wagon of its contents, they fled across the river, taking with them the two captives, Olive and Mary Anne. These unfortunate girls had seen their parents, brothers, and sisters cruelly murdered, and were now dragged away, bare-headed and shoeless, through a rude and desolate

wilderness. Ferocious threats and even clubs were used to hurry them along. Their feet were lacerated, and their scanty clothes were torn from their bodies in passing over the rocky mesas and through dense and thorny thickets. Sometimes the younger sister faltered from sheer lack of strength, but the savage wretches, unmindful of her sufferings, beat her and threatened to dispatch her at once if she lagged behind. She said it was useless to try any more—she might as well die at once; A brutal wretch of the tribe seized her as she sank to the ground, and casting her across his back started off on a trot. \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* Through the services of Francisco, a Yuma Indian, the purchase of Olive from the Mojavés was effected by Mr. Grinnell, in February, 1856. She was brought down to a place on the Colorado at an appointed time. Here Mr. Grinnel met her. She was sitting on the ground, as he described the scene to me, with her face covered by her hands. So completely was she disguised by long exposure to the sun, by paint, tattooing and costume, that he could not believe she was a white woman. When he spoke to her, she made no answer, but cried and kept her face covered. It was not for several days after her arrival at Fort Yuma that she could utter more than a few broken words of English. Subsequently she met her brother, and was taken by him to

his residence near Los Angeles. After that they lived awhile in Oregon.

Since this account of the unfortunate girl was given, I learn she came to New York State, and afterwards died in an insane asylum.

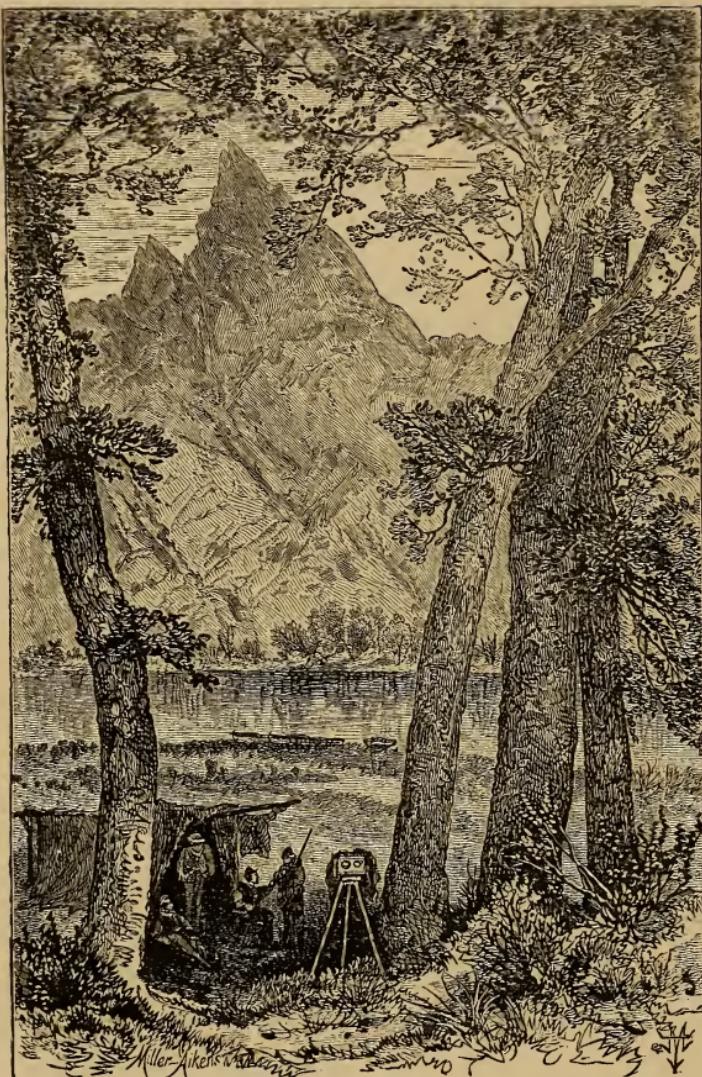
Surrounding the Oatman's Flat, is a very good specimen of the different peculiar formations of the mesas so common in Arizona. These mesas are the bug-bears, the temper-agitators, the *malin-esprits* of the desert to a *class* of people in Arizona vast in numbers, but more important than vast. These are the freight drivers of the plains. "Freighting on the plains," is a term that arouses a deep interest to any one who has seen and contemplated it in all its bearings—vicissitudes and benefits alike. To see a freight team on the plains tugging up one of these mesas is a sight which would arouse the sympathies of any one at all sensitive to toils and pains. The wagons (shall we call them wagons?) will sometimes carry as high as seventy-five thousand pounds freight, and require anywhere from ten to twenty mules; which, in Arizona parlance means horses, mules, donkeys, and even in some cases oxen all harnessed together in one team. The effect is rather ludicrous at first sight; but when we observe the "happy-family" instinct with which they assimilate, one begins to believe in the millennium, and is relieved of his grating spirit in the hopes

that this order of things will tend equally to *leaven* the many diverse conditions of Arizona society and hasten the assimilation of the Mexican, the Indian, the white man, the black man ; the murderous Apaché and the indefatigable "road agent. On many occasions several of these wagons (generally two or three) will be linked together, and a comparative force employed to haul them. And when the traveler meets, as he often will, with several of these combinations, making up one long train, it is a sight to behold. The drivers like those of the passenger stage coach, like company, and will strive to travel as many together as possible.

The first intimation you have of the approach of these teams, is a cloud of dust in the distance, which, as you journey on assumes the proportion of a mountain. Then you will see a black speck in the centre of it. This will disappear and reappear as rapidly again through the dense clouds of dust which are being as rapidly supplied by the stir of the animal's hoofs. Occasionally you will hear a deep smothered voice as if from the distance ; or from some enclosed place ; and during the continuance of the echo a vast number of intonations will be reflected by the rapidly increasing changes of dust clouds. You become interested in the coming spectacle. There is a spirit sent before it that tells you it is something a little different from anything you have seen before. Still nearer and nearer these

dust clouds appear, until you can see the volumes of dust like volumes of smoke from a conflagration, roll and play about their common victims, man and beast alike, as majestically as the clouds at the foot of some mountain range. Now the yells and shouts of the teamsters spurring their animals on under their weary load, will become more and more audible. Perhaps they will just be ascending some side of a steep mesa; in which case, if you happened to have got near enough by this time to distinguish the sound, you will hear the crack of their "snake," accompanied by vociferous yells. You will now, too, for the first time, be able to learn the cause of all this commotion. The yells become fiercer and louder, and the lash of the whip upon the struggling animals more frequent and forcible. Sounds too, which to a delicate ear will heighten the interest, if not elevate the spirit of a person, like hail stones in an April shower. The tinkle of bells fastened around the animals' necks soften like sweet sounding timbrels, the gushing, grating noise of the heavy laden wheels over the rocky mesa. After having reached the top of the mesa and crossed it, the descent on the other side to valley, plain, and desert, is wrought with the same uproarious commotion as the ascent had been before. The load is equally as difficult to hold back now as it was to haul up. Some of these freight wagons carry at a time from seventy to seventy-five thousand





THE CONTINENT STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY'S  
ARTIST VIEWING IN ARIZONA.

pounds of merchandise — from thirty to thirty-five tons.

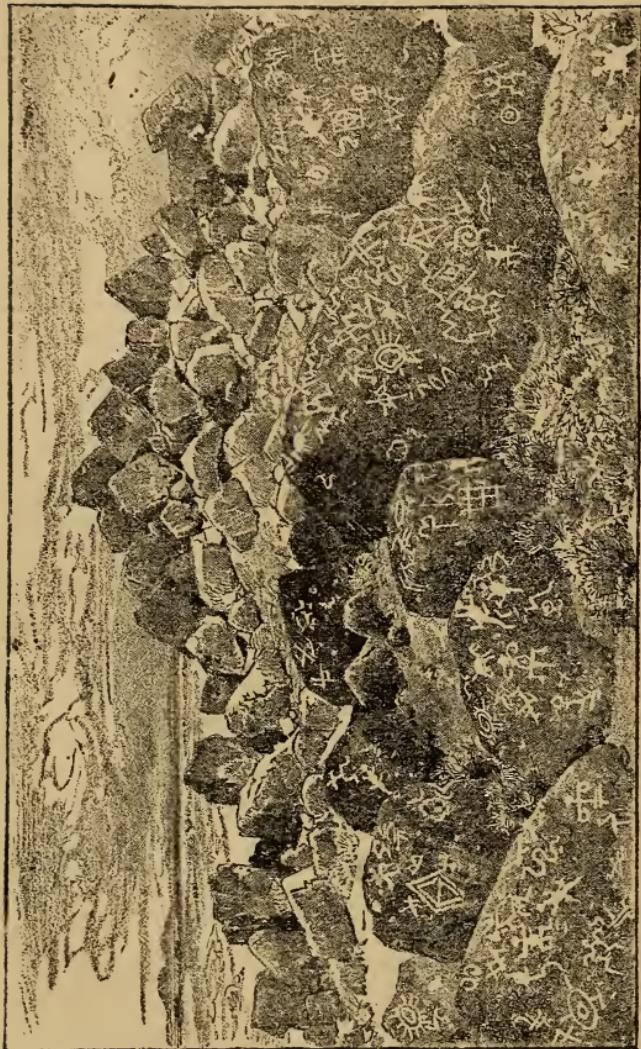
One of the leading features of interest to the traveler in this Mesa land is the system of pre-historic landmarks he is constantly coming in contact with on all sides. Man has as yet, however, derived very little positive knowledge of them from any research or investigation, and they remain to this day a source of speculative interest to the traveler, from the time he leaves the Colorado, at Yuma or Ehrenberg, until he completes his journey. It is in these features that Arizona presents herself as the land for the Archaeologist, the Psychologist, and all curious minds. Among the foremost of these are the "Painted Rocks" (Pedras Pintados).

About six miles from Oatman's Flat, on an extensive plain, encircled by the famous Arizona Mountains, is to be seen the largest and most perfect specimens of these Painted Rocks (Pedras Pintados). They are in the Gila valley one hundred and twenty miles from Tucson, Latitude,  $33^{\circ}$ , Longitude  $113^{\circ}$ . To stop and examine these wonders of the pre-historic age, is only to enhance the great enchantment that waylays the traveler in Arizona on every hand. They are a mass of rocks, evidently piled by some physical power, ages ago. They are massed together in a heap about fifty feet high with a proportionate base; and while some

are of a size that may be lifted by a man, others might be ranked with boulders. On these rocks or stones, are various figures and images. Figures, geometrical, conic, and anatomical. A figure on one of the stones particularly attracted my attention. It was that of a man or woman. It reminded me of my first attempt to draw a man on my slate at school. A big round "O" for a body, a little round "o" for a head, two little straight lines for arms, and two big straight lines for legs. This I classed among the comical. Squares, circles, triangles, crosses,—snakes, toads, and vermin; men without heads, and dogs without tails.

In comparing them with some sketches I made of the Aztec Calendar Stone in Mexico, they show some variations, though a similarity. The figures are slightly indented in the rocks; and whether it is the result of force at the time of application, or whether the chemical effect of the substance used, eating into the rock, are questions with me. I found it to be a common tradition with the Indians that they were put there in the time of Montezuma, to record treaties with the different tribes. This would make them four hundred years old. Some geologists claim the inscriptions to be only one hundred years old. Comparing them again with my photographs of the Aztec Calendar stone, the similarity would seem to support the theory that they might have been the chronicling of



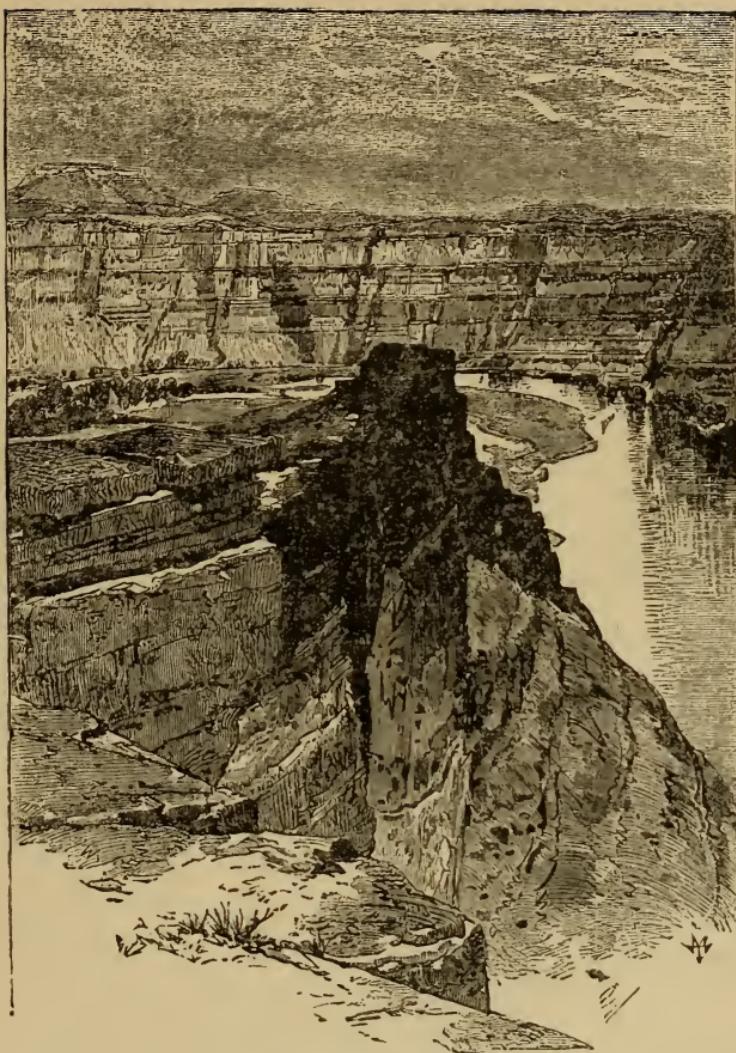


THE PAINTED ROCKS (PEDROS PINTADOS) ON THE PLAINS OF ARIZONA.

that age, and the variations suggest, by perhaps different tribes or sects of that age. This would seem to have some weight, as the stones are of an indiscriminate collection and the paintings are as indiscriminately distributed as regards the size of rock, in proportion to the amount of chronicling to be done, I should imagine. Opinions, however, are as varied as in other cases concerning the archaeology of this most wonderful country. In regard to the rocks, it has been suggested that they were monuments of boundary lines between the different tribes' lands. It is the reader's turn to go forward and add his investigations to the yet meagre knowledge of the stone.

The morning of our visit was on the Sabbath. We sang requiems to the departed souls of—of many unknown beings; made and drank two or three gallons of lemonade, (for the desert was warm) reveled among the antiquities, taking notes, making sketches, copying inscriptions, etc., etc.. One of our party finally suggested that we read a chapter in the Bible, it being Sunday. With the consent of all it was done; and when he came to the last clause "Rise and go hence" we were reminded that we were encroaching on our time by the influence of allurement, and that the great Prompter was with us even in the desert. I am glad to be able to record this little circumstance; for a man is known by the company he keeps, etc., etc.

A want has heretofore been felt for a true and accurate illustration of many of Arizona's out-of-the-way wonders. But the Continent Stereoscopic Company of New York has very materially supplied those wants during the past year, by photographs taken at many of these interesting points. Many of these I have secured for illustrations in this book. The picture of the Painted Rocks on page 205 is from a photograph taken by this company, and the first one that was ever procured.



A SCENE IN THE SALT RIVER VALLEY.



## CHAPTER XIII.

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THE SALT RIVER VALLEY—LOST ON A DESERT—“HAPPY CAMP”  
A DOLLAR DRINK—WATER TWENTY-FIVE CENTS—THE BED  
IN THE MANGER—MULE VERSUS MAN—IMPORTANT CONSID-  
ERATIONS—MONTEZUMA OR WASHINGTON, WHICH?

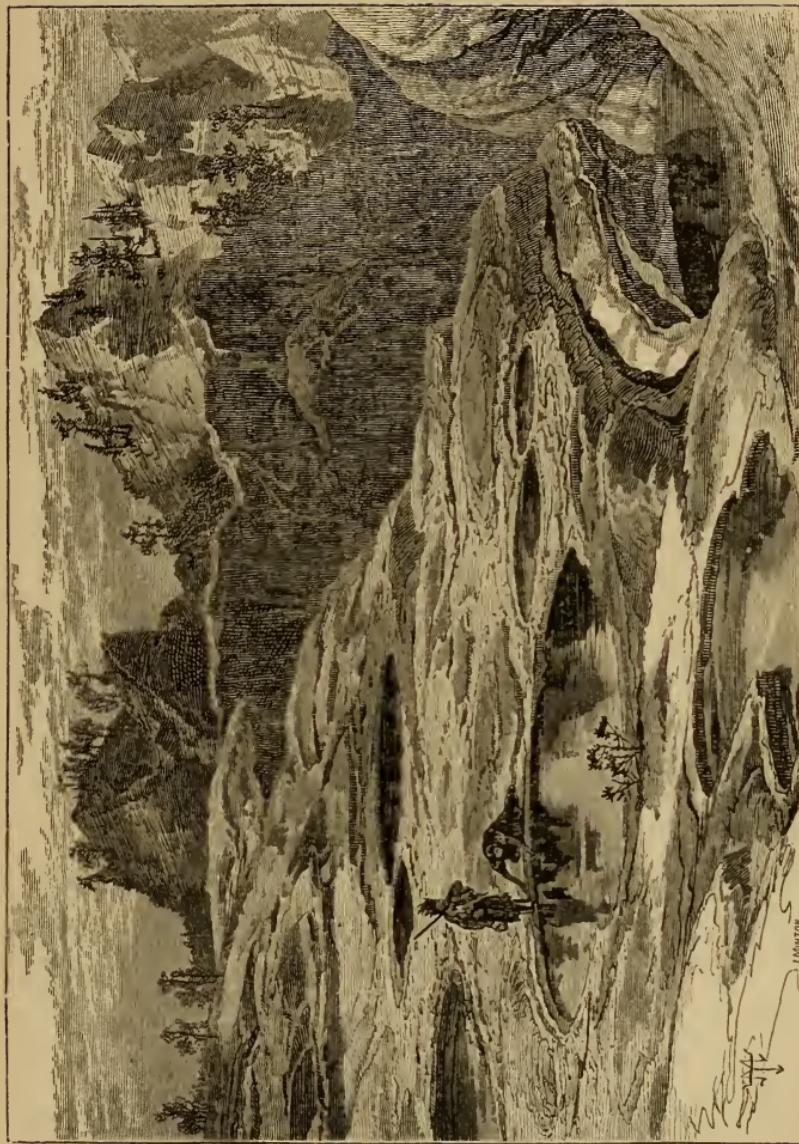
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WE had left the Gila Bend, where the Gila makes a bold sweep from its eastward course—turns north and emerges into the Salt River—where it furnishes one of the richest valleys in the State. Our course now was to be over a section of country differing very much from our former travels along the Gila, and resembling in character the land similar to that left by the receding of some portions of the great sea. For miles, the land is composed of a rich sandy loam which, when irrigated, produces largely. There are nine thousand acres of land under cultivation in the Salt River valley alone. This character of land continues for ninety miles to Florence, from which point going eastward still, you enter a more mountainous country. This description of the land applies to the section from the Gila Bend to Florence with the exception of the first fifteen miles, which is spread over

as desolate a waste as any one would wish to see, and which brings us to the famous "happy camp."

On the 10th of December at 10.30 we arrived at the famous "Happy Camp"—or rather a portion of our party did. We had intended pushing on that day across the desert to Maricopa Wells, but a mishap befel us, so we were compelled to remain the rest of the day on account of the loss of one of our party. The case was after this wise :

Before arriving at the camp we lost sight of one of our wagons. We were not alarmed at this, however, thinking they had got on faster than we, or that they had taken another road, there being two. We arrived at the camp but the other portion of our party had not. We waited until twelve P. M. and then our fears began to be agitated, and a consultation being held by our party on the spot an hour after our arrival, it was declared that the other wagon must have been lost, and when those words "lost on the desert" fell upon my ear, a chill ran through my whole frame. Visions of the skeletons on the great Mojavé desert in the north, and the wayside graves along the Gila, came up before me and I felt lonely. We despatched at once a son of the station agent, who was experienced in all Indian trails and roads to seek after the missing party and guide them aright. At two P. M. cheers arose from our party at the camp, at the sight of the missing wagon



THE REGION OF THE "THOUSAND WELLS," ON A HIGH ROCKY MESA.

J. MONTON



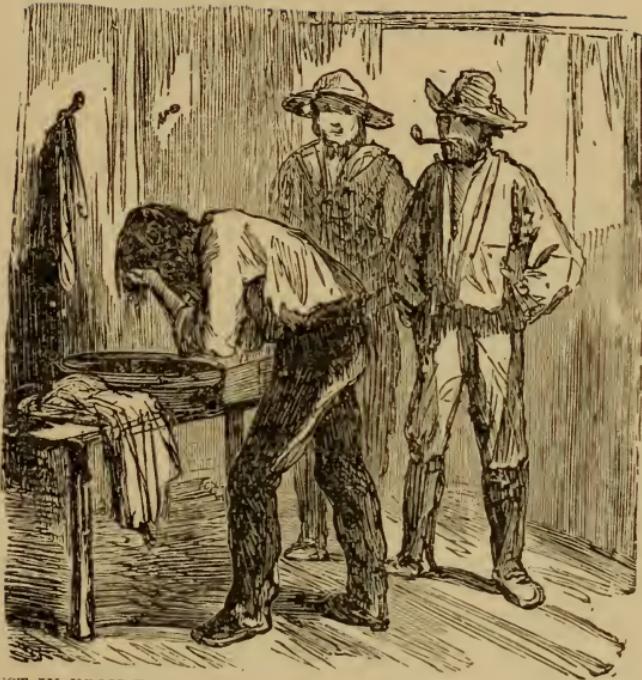
coming around a stony mound a short distance from us. Many congratulations met the youthful guide of the plains who had safely guided our straying party to its haven and its friends, together with something of a more solid and substantial nature.

“Happy Camp” is an anomaly in its nomenclature; and yet the happiness we experienced in meeting our lost companions threw some light upon what might have possibly been the incentive to the title it now enjoys. How do we know what succor some wayfaring, depressed or perhaps, starving pioneer had received from a more successful traveler at this particular point. Or how from beneath the Apaché’s club, or the Navejò’s tomahawk, some helpless one has been snatched by the timely arrival of some mountain trapper or mining prospector. It must have been some such condition as this that gained for this sterile, gloomy place, its “happy” name. It is situated on a barren tract at the foot of a scattered, diminutive range of mountains, where the presumptuous cactus (*Saguara*) like a vaunting egotist, rears its haughty head and reigns supreme where it has no competing foe. Stretching far away over the crested billows of the rolling valley of the Gila can be seen the crested sentinels of the hills and plains.

Contrary to the name then, this spot is a dreary one, and yet the marvelous and extensive valleys that one

sees again after crossing the one ridge of mountains to the east verifies the assertion of Prof. Wheeler, that a large portion of the lands are or can be made agricultural.

At this station water has to be brought fifteen miles from the Gila River, and the charge of twenty-five cents per head is made for watering horses. I think the price was formerly one dollar; but from some advanced facilities in fetching it,—it has recently been reduced. "Happy Camp," like many of the "Hotels of the desert" is nothing more than a camping spot, and combines all the vicissitudes as well as the ecstatic diversities of life on a frontier. The scenery around is dismal and the character of the little mountlets, mounds and peaks that hem us in close by, give the whole a dreary effect. But if interest alone, makes beauty in a thing, then this place would deserve emphatically the name of beautiful. One little event experienced here, I would not sell for any other one of the trip. When night came, always having the same interest in that great natural restorative sleep, as I have in the more material one mentioned by Artemus Ward of the "stumik," became somewhat anxious for our place of repose. On this open, fruitless, barren, even grassless spot, we found no place to equal that of the corral where the mules had already been placed for shelter and repose. They had of course been put in



JUST IN FROM THE DESERT—GETTING READY FOR A SQUARE MEAL.



the most pleasant and comfortable stalls in the corral, made for their protection from the tornadoes or sand storms that sometimes blow across these wasted plains in a very reckless manner to say the least. The corral, as most all do, throughout this land, consisted of trunks of small trees for the corner pieces, and the rest made up of an association of reeds or stalks of the different cacti of the location, and the top had a pretended covering of the coarse hay or weeds of the desert around. However, this did not prevent you from seeing the stars at will, nor of enjoying the refreshing spatterings of the rain if it should come.

The propriety of turning the brute animals out was first considered; but some one who had evidently acquired the spirit of a "Bergh," protested. Stating that if one of our party should be taken sick, or catch his death of cold, or die, it would not make so much difference, as we could really go on without him. But if our mules were to meet the like fate—"What would we do?" to be sure. We of course admitted the argument. As I write this, the thought suggests itself, how singularly the condition of things, or circumstances, will transverse the whole aspect of a case. At all events, as time progressed, it became more and more apparent that our lot was to be a bed in the manger; and as the fact forced itself upon us the novelty of it became more prominent. To humble our

selves then the more, got by degrees, to be the ambition of each and every one of our party. There were several old broken stalls, with mangers torn down, or delapidated, which had been decided, by the firm protest of our Berghite, we must make the best of and use. Not the best now, but the very worst of these, each one wanted to claim, either to immortalize himself by his sufferings, or to the more thoroughly contradict his previous selfish impulse. It was a solemn procession that night as we all walked from the crude built depot on one side of the road, to our "lowly cots" on the other. Yes! we were to sleep "in a manger" that night. As vividly was the story of our Maker brought to our minds as ever was done by the communion table, or the cross. As we lay there watching the stars twinkle one by one, no one will or can ever know perhaps of the sentiments that occupied many of our minds, until far into the night. I singled out one large and brilliant star and named it the "Star of Bethlehem." I almost fancied I could see it move. On all occasions, however, will one have thrust into his ear these misnomic allusions about the Arizona deserts. One man, apparently an intelligent gentleman, said to me in riding over one of the stage lines on the Colorado basin:

"I tell you sir, these lands will never be worth the paper the deed may be written upon. Never! Let

anybody have them that wants them. I would give them for the asking."

He was emphatic. He knew it all, evidently—or thought he did.

"But! My dear sir," said I, "How do we know what may develop to prove that these lands may be good for something yet?"

"I don't care," said he a little irritably "they never will be worth the paper the deed is made on. Besides," said he, endeavoring to retain a little respect for his temper, "you can only argue for a thing by what you know."

He could not have said anything that would have given me better ground for my argument. The barometer for argument was rising in me. His last remark stirred an old theme, and I said; "Yes, true, my dear sir, but here is just where your great error lies, and where man lacks a great mental scope; where acting upon what he knows only, he lays down theories, and allows no license for what he does not know. He unwittingly and virtually asserts there is nothing beyond what he does really know, which is the worst of all egotisms."

The old fellow gave me a penetrating glance for just a moment, and then said, "Ah! you're too intricate, young man."

"Yes! and it is this ignorance of these 'intricate'

things that often work the greatest harm, and keep the world back in all its practical philosophy."

The argument ended here. I learned afterward that this old man was dyspeptic, and had eaten nothing for either breakfast or dinner but a glass of cold water and a cracker. I had eaten on each occasion two beef-steaks, a broiled chicken on toast, about a quart of frejòles (Mexican beans), and all other things in proportion. He had to pay his dollar, however, as well as I, this being the price of a meal in Arizona, whether it be a "square meal" or—or a meal at all. He was jealous of me. While I had paid due reverence to Artemus Ward's admonition to "always look out for your 'stumik.'"

At Maricopa Wells there is an oblong isolated mountain range—known as the *Sa-de-la-Estrella*—one end of which shows a most beautiful and perfect profile of the old historic chief of the Aztecs, Montezuma—so recognized by the tribes throughout the country. It is on the southern spur of the range. The mountains are named the Montezuma Mountains from this fact. I have never been able to see profiles with any accuracy or readiness; but I must confess that this profile of a human face carved or hewn in this rock by some gigantic power will show itself readily to ninety-nine out of every one hundred people. But if accuracy in detail of a mountain is to govern the

name, then to my mind these would command the name of Washington. I for one, am less acquainted with the physical appearance of Montezuma than of Washington; and from that stand-point come to my decision. Here, as bold as life, between heaven and earth, stands the Father of our country. But I must give up my prejudices. We are dealing with Aztec land now, as identified with our own. We have spoken of this profile as a "beautiful" profile. At the hour of one of Arizona's setting suns, it supports this appellation emphatically. Here, with its golden hair emblazoned with the fire of the setting sun, and the tinted nose of a dark shadowed blue, and with a more perfect light on his breast showing a continental ruffled shirt-front, Washington (Montezuma) faces the west in all the boldness of outline relief, and with a positive and admiring air that would seem to re-echo the words to all the world, "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

The Indians have a tradition that the famous Montezuma is buried in this mountain, and that some day he will come forward to deliver and redeem his people. This superstition extends south, way into Mexico. Not a stone of this mountain will any of the Indians in the neighborhood touch upon any consideration. So far does this legend of this natural statuary extend that even in Mexico I was told, when there in '74,

that some fires which I saw kindled by the Indians, and over which I noticed some formal and solemn performance took place, was in anticipation of the coming of their great chief Montezuma down from the north, where he was resting in his happy hunting grounds. In some locations I understood, these fires were kept burning almost constantly at certain seasons or on certain occasions, to hasten or invoke his coming, evidently feeling their depression which has been a national calamity with them for time immemorial.





PAPAGO INDIAN WOMEN GOING FOR HAY.

## CHAPTER XIV.

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THE INDIAN—THE PIMO, THE MARICOPA, THE PAPAGO, THE ZUNI, THE MOQUI—THE APACHE—THEIR DIVERSITY.

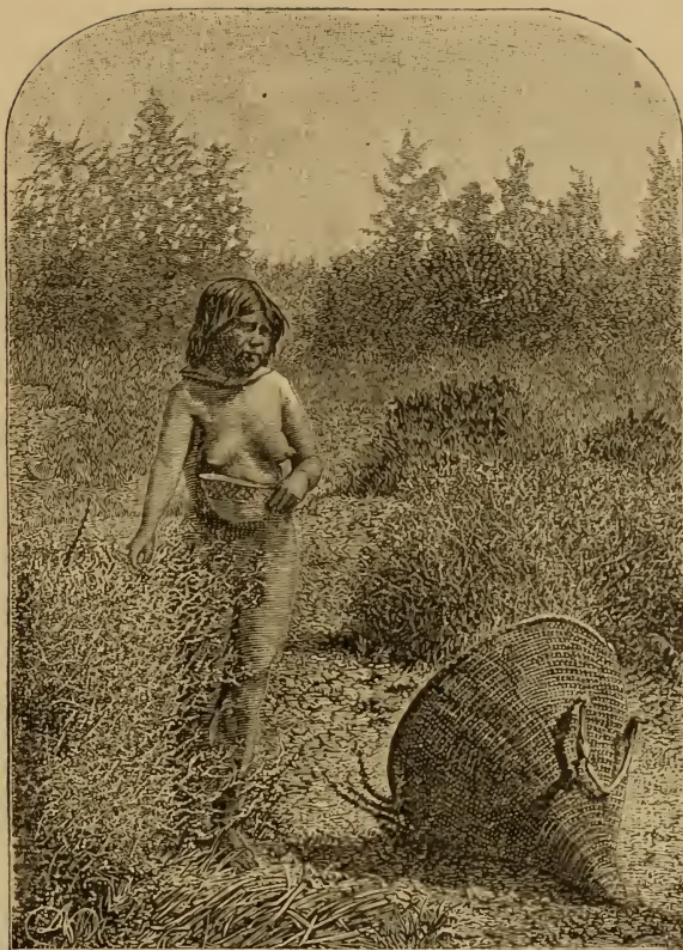
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SO divided and sub-divided are, and have been the various tribes of Indians in the Territory of Arizona for the past few decades, that it would take a volume in itself to enumerate and describe them. Many of these too, are so insignificant in numbers as well as unimportant in history, and are so thoroughly on their "last legs," that it would be useless, had we both time and room.

So interested had our party became with Indian life; and so much in excess of anything we had yet seen, in point of numbers, and in permanent settlements were the Pimos, that we made a stop here longer than usual, and had our ideas of Indian life very much exalted by doing so. The Pimos are located on a rich and fertile strip of land two hundred miles from the Colorado River, east. Although to a man just from the Yosemite the plain might seem a

little tame, the back-ground of picturesque mountains that jut up and relieve the valley plain, with the little Indian village of dome shaped dwellings scattered along the foreground is interesting. They number a little over four thousand, including the Maricopas, who, about the year seventeen hundred and sixty, allied with the Pimos. The genial character of this tribe (or these tribes) must be well established, they having held strongly to their alliances to the present time. Their little huts are built with reeds of various kinds, nearly upright, slanting a little toward the centre with a domed top. The height will average about seven feet and the whole is covered over with a layer of mud plaster. A description of the Pimo Indian will disappoint the school boy who starts at the word Indian with visions of scalping-knife and tomahawk, and a head ornamented with flying feathers. But he must wait until he comes to the Apachès to have his fancies realized.

All over this village may be seen the Pimo women going to and fro, on some active mission of labor; while over the whole sunny reservation may be seen patches of peas, beans, pumpkins, melons, and vegetables of all kinds; while vast fields of wheat, barley, corn and the larger crops may be seen further off. Sorghum has proved a profitable crop in this valley. In 1863, they sold seven hundred thousand pounds of wheat and



A MARICOPA INDIAN GIRL PICKING BERRIES.



flour to the government garrisons and travelers and miners through the southern Gila valley. One might say this looks a little like business, and have a curiosity to see this people. Nor can the people nor the government in its Indian policy claim any credit for this condition of these Indians. As early as the sixteenth century Father De Nica from Mexico found these people cultivating the soil. For three hundred years they have been known then to cultivate this land. How much longer we have no authenticity to show; and I was informed by good authority while in Arizona, that during that time it is pretty well established the land has never been manured in any way, and that two crops a year is the accustomed yield. These facts speak well both for the Indians and for Arizona lands. The average yield of wheat is twenty-nine fold. The crops are planted in December and July.

The morality of this Indian is deplorable, while the social customs are interesting. The mode of courtship is, that a young Indian approaches the hut of his sweetheart. He does not reach it at this stage of proceedings, but selects some comfortable rock for a seat or some tree or bush, and there remains in anxious repose for a certain length of time—an hour or so we believe it is, while his horse he ties to a tree near the house. This he does for three days. If the maiden favors him she will feed his horse, and the jig is up.

He goes any time after the three days and claims her. When a husband dies the wife is offered to any man who wants a wife. This is done at the grave, after sufficient mourning has been made to satisfy their grief. There is no law, however, to prevent the widow from continuing to mourn a reasonable length of time. It being a custom among these tribes for the women to do all the toiling, while the men are considered to have ample on their hands in hunting and attending to the cause of war; a well and able-bodied woman does not want long for the protection and love of a man. This matter of the apportionment of work to the males and females seems to be identical in all the Indian tribes of our country. They seem to think the trials of war, and the vigilance required in hunting to keep the household supplied with meats, is sufficient to offset all other labors of whatsoever sort or kind, for all others are heaped upon the women. It is somewhat saddening to a person used to the civilized world's regard for women to see these creatures trudging along the trail or road, with a ponderous basket strapped on her back, packed with many pounds burden, while alongside of her rides her husband on a horse with nothing in his hand but his gun. In many cases the person will be her son; while the mother will be an old and feeble woman. In one case, I actually saw one of these old women, a cripple with a staff. The young man rode



PIMO INDIANS AT HOME.



along with as unconcerned a smile as though he had just shot a dozen quail on the wing with one shot. Well! perhaps he had.

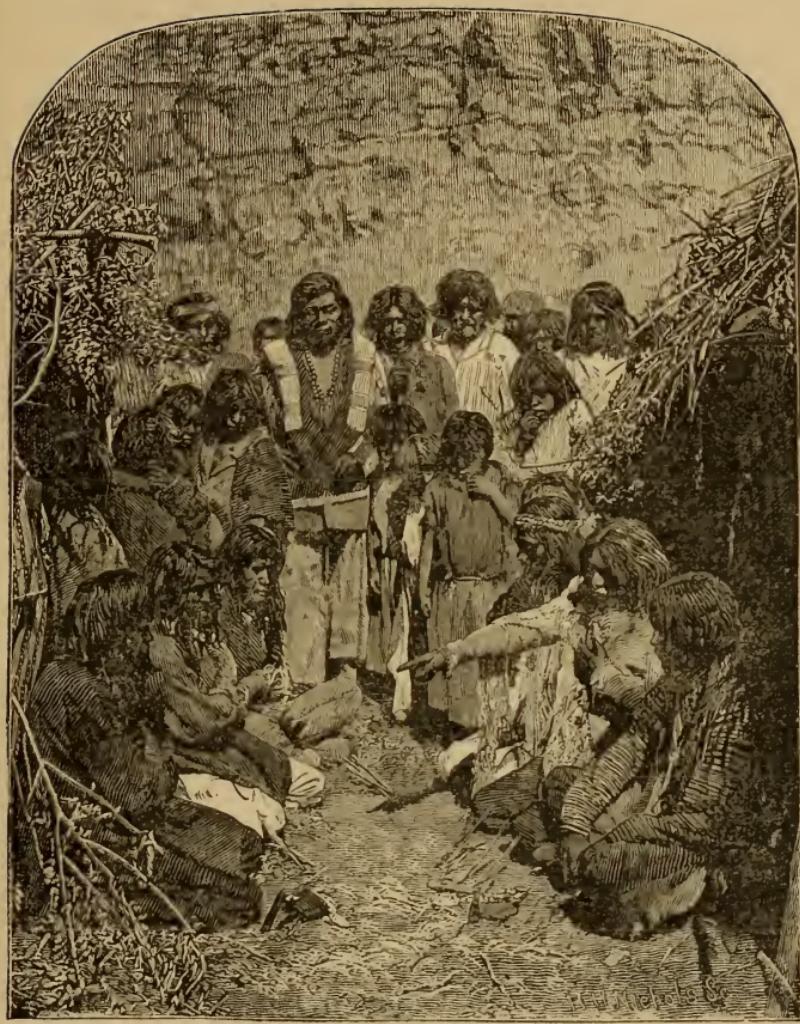
The morals of these Indians are bad. The missionary labors for seven years, have been, apparently, absolutely lost. Not one convert is reported to have been made, and licentiousness is becoming more and more prevalent. In their native state and before the influence of the whites, however, the Pimos are reported as strictly virtuous, not tolerating any incursions whatever, upon the marriage system.

Southeast of the Pimo reservation one hundred miles, is the Papago reservation. These together with the Pimos may be considered the model Indians of southern Arizona, except the Moqui in the extreme northeast, who are the best in the State. Their reservation consists of over seventy thousand acres, and their industry is proverbial. Being nearer to the mountainous or elevated portions, they are inclined to pastoral pursuits rather than agricultural, although both are represented well. The Papagos resemble the Pimos with some few traits peculiar to themselves. They once belonged to the tribe of the Pimos, and speak the same language. As far as records show, these tribes, which number over ten thousand in all, have sustained themselves by civil pursuits, and have always been friendly to the whites, and anxious

to learn of, and pattern from them. Had it not been for these Indians, which constitute the larger share of all others in the Territory, the white man would not to-day be able to travel with safety from the Colorado River across the plains to Tucson and to the rich mines to the east.

Contrary to the Pimos and Papagos, the word Apaché has for many years been identified with scenes of bloodshed and murder, theft and treachery. These comprise six separate tribes, and occupy the eastern and southeastern portion of the State. It is hard to conceive of so close a proximity of two classes of people, recognized under the head of "Indians," and yet so thoroughly different, occupying the same land at all. It suggests, however, that though peaceful in nature they were war-like and brave in spirit when necessity required it. The most warlike and desperate of all our American Indians save the Sioux, they have never-the-less been driven back and held at bay by the other and more docile tribes. Numbers and bravery of course were in their favor.

The following constituted the force of the Apaché in '76; under the following chiefs:—Is-kilte-shy-law with twelve hundred Warriors; Ma-guils with four hundred Warriors; Pedro with three hundred Warri-



A SQUAD OF INDIANS AT A GAME OF CARDS.

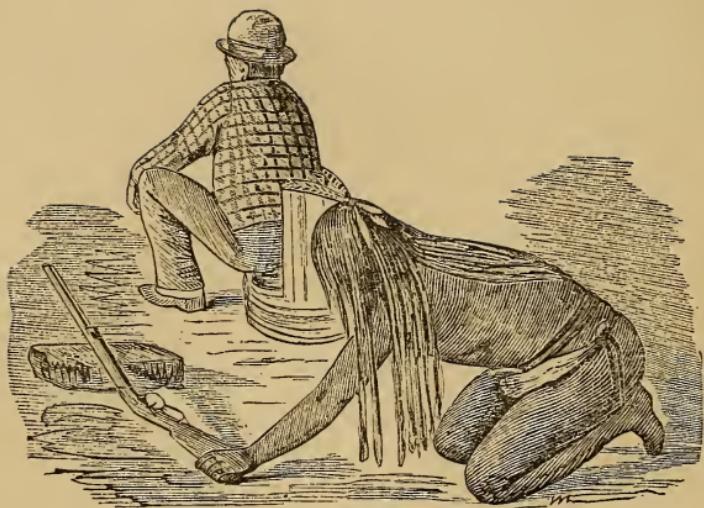


ors; Es-ki-min-i-gui with — Warriors; Diablo with three hundred Warriors.

By this it will be seen that their whole force could not have exceeded two thousand available warriors. Their success too, was founded more on their treachery and stealthiness than on their bravery. They were, in fact, what the name of one of their chief's would imply—"Diablo" in Spanish, meaning *Devil*. Their warfare consisted in murdering innocent men, women and children, as many a grave, and skeletons of wagons, horses and human beings throughout the Territory will attest. So sly and cunning were they, and so skilled in their art of trickery, that their depredations would almost amount to sleight of hand. While sitting and talking with them, they would steal a hat from off your head and you not know it. They occupy the eastern portion of the State; but their incursions extended throughout the whole Territory until '74, when their chief—the remarkable Cochise, died. This Cochise was the terror of the country. His many strongholds were almost impenetrable to any but Indian experts, and always commanded some public highway. Often in traveling through the Territory men would drop from their horses, ignorant of where the cause came from; or would be in an instant and without any warning beset by these "devils" who would seem to rise right up from the ground. \* \* \*

But no matter what the diversity may be in these different nations and tribes of Indians, the most interesting are those of the Zuni and the Moqui inhabiting a section of country in the extreme northeastern part of Arizona, and extending into New Mexico; The Moquis are in Arizona, while the Zunis are in New Mexico; and while our party are spending the night with this interesting people, the Pimos, I will give some entertaining facts concerning the Moquis and Zunis of the northeast.





AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

## CHAPTER XV.

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THE ZUNI AND MOQUI—THE MODEL AMERICAN INDIAN—THEIR VILLAGES—MODES OF LIFE—MORALS—REBECCA AT THE WELL—GAMES AND PASTIMES—A SACRED RITE—SHREWDNESS—HOSPITALITY.

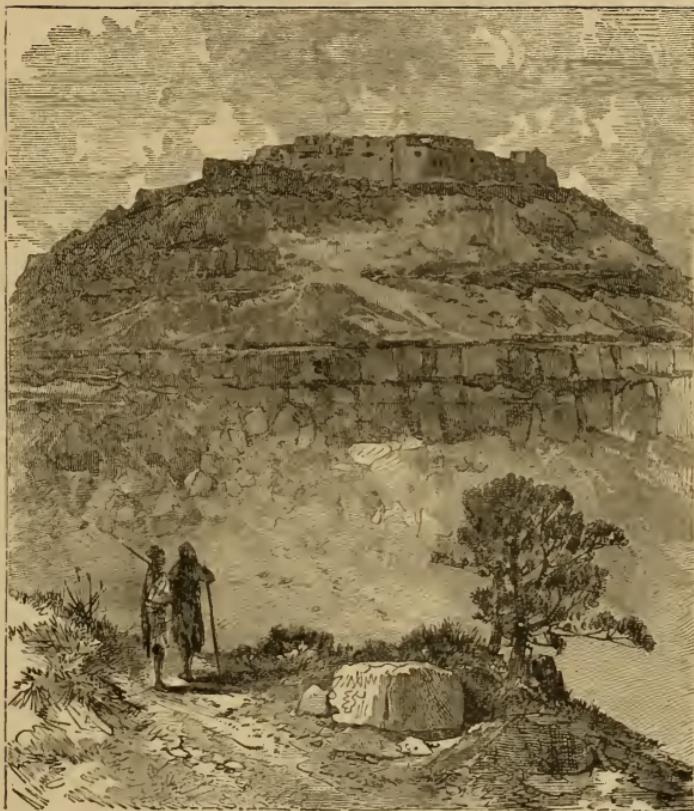
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ALTHOUGH not existing wholly in Arizona, the proximity of the Zuni and Moqui villages and its people, the Territory together with its associate interests, prevent us from passing this wonderful people unnoticed.

The old tribe of the Zuni inhabit a region extending on both sides of the line between Arizona and New Mexico. They are destined to prove, or, perhaps, are the most interesting of all our aborigines, probably on account of our ignorance of them. The habitation of these people comprise seven cities—three of which are known as the Moqui villages, and are in Arizona. The main *Pueblo* or village is situated in the fertile and picturesque Zuni valley.

The first and leading feature in a visit to this people is their village, or the system under which they exist as a community. The whole tribe of the Zuni, which

in '76, numbered about three thousand people, live in one settlement. Their houses are not detached as in ordinary cities, but are a system of houses massed together in one grand structure, in the following manner. An elevated section of country which overlooks the surrounding lowlands and valleys, is selected. A position on this elevation, where portions of it gives a slope of perhaps  $45^{\circ}$  or more, is also chosen. Up this incline, the houses, or the sections of the one grand house, are built—the one over-lapping the previous one to about a quarter or a third of its area. The one in the Zuni valley is six stories high, commencing at the first house, or at the bottom of the hill, you approach by a ladder, to the top of that house, and there you find the entrance (or the front door) of that house, in the place where the skylight of an American house is situated. From the roof of this house you approach the same way, by the ladder, the top of the succeeding house, or section of the great house, and proceed to enter it as you did the previous one. So this system is carried on throughout this communal condition of life. The size of the whole may be comprehended when we say it covers twelve acres. The second leading feature is the type of some of the subjects. A few have nearly white hair, resembling generally what is termed an English tow-head. It is only occasionally you will see one; and whether these are a



MI-SHONG-I-NI-VI.—A VILLAGE OF THE MOQUIS IN  
NORTH-EASTERN PART OF ARIZONA.



phenomena in the one race, or a remnant of another, is as yet, a query to the ethnologist. Also, specimens will be found exhibiting pink or blue eyes. Both of these classes are however, rare. In the absence of any method of chronicling events being found among them, they afford ample scope for the culture of the historian. Where they came from is as anxious an inquiry of the ethnologist as the question "Where are they destined to go to?" is with the psychologist or religionist. It is supposed that the style of dwellings is the result of necessary protection of by-gone times. Whether Cortes and his allies; whether more subsequently, the treacherous Mexican desperado of which at no distant day this country, was infested, perhaps either of these could best tell us, or whether the unmerciful persecutions of a more formidable tribe of Indians, is a question perhaps the ancestors of the war-like Apachè of Arizona could answer. I am of the opinion it was some condition of the latter. All the region of country included within the limits of New Mexico and Arizona already traveled over or explored, brings to the surface new evidences of persecution, annihilation or submission.

One body of ruins covering an area of many acres on the east side of the Colorado, between Yuma (Arizona City) and Ehrenberg, exhibit one of these interesting sections, where nothing remains to trace the

origin, duration or occupation. Whether it was an extensive camp of permanent miners who were murdered by Indians, or ransacked or annihilated by outlaws, is likely to remain a secret. In the absence of positive knowledge we are apt to concede it to the rapacity of the more fierce and warlike Apachés.

Although void of any system of chronicling events, like all the Indians of our West, the Zuni are in all other respects far superior, from the Anglo-Saxon stand-point of civilization. They are thrifty and frugal. Their lands extend for a distance of ten miles east and west of the boundary line between Arizona and New Mexico, and seem to have been chosen with good discretion as they embody some of the finest agricultural lands on this region. For the distance of upwards of a hundred miles south of the Zuni village there is an arroya embracing a series of small valleys, watered by mountain streams and a system of natural springs which, could the device of man cause to share their lot with the otherwise fertile soil of the so-called deserts of the western part of the State, would cause that emblematic desert rose to assume all its brilliancy. The little valley of the Zuni is about six miles wide at the longitude of the Zuni village, and runs just here, almost due east and west. The Zuni village is located on the north side of the Zuni river, which runs directly through the centre of the

valley. The valley is dotted here and there with mesas, on one of which the Zuni villages are built; and from the elevation of which, ranging from twenty-five to a hundred feet, a most charming view may be obtained for three miles each way across the valley. It reminds one somewhat of the cheerful views in many of the upland valleys of Mexico. Valleys, hills and dales, nooks, rocks, and the like, present here that necessary diversity that pleases the sight, and which characterizes the Territory of Arizona as the traveler goes eastward.

The crops of these people are raised without irrigation. Their principal products are corn, wheat, barley, pumpkins, melons, beans, and most of the vegetables; and in importance and quantity range in about the order given—corn being the largest crop. Over the mesas and in the beautiful valleys may be seen handsomely arranged garden spots equal in neatness and attractiveness to those of the Teutons. Peach orchards varying from a quarter of an acre down. Red pepper, garlic and the smaller vegetables are raised in gardens of various dimensions, and the gardens are symbols of symmetrical neatness and cleanliness. They are attended and cultivated by the women and children. Although in this respect, they would seem to resemble the Indians in custom; but from the fact that the men give their energies and time to the

field products, they would seem to be a medium between the aborigines and anglo-saxon element. They reminded me in this respect very much of the German. The gardens do better with some little irrigation, and the women and children do this by carrying water in vessels resembling the Mexican olla, placed on their heads. The ollas are of all sizes, and hold anywhere from one quart to ten gallons. The wells are of an original plan. They have no windlass or a means of a "drop." The ground is first dug until water is reached. An incline is then dug down to the bottom of the well, from a point sufficiently distant from the mouth of the well, to give it an angle for easy walking, digging out all the earth, and leaving a complete roadway to the bottom of the well or spring at the lower end of the hill. One of these wells I saw, measured forty feet deep and twelve square and had an incline approach of one hundred feet. It is an odd and pleasing sight to watch these "Rebeccas" trotting down to the well with their vessels on their head, and from their neat appearance and docile manners one has a profound respect and an exalted opinion of Indian life, after having come from the land of the greasy "Digger" or the rapacious Apaché. In their gardens one will scarcely find a weed.

In the morning the men may be seen going in files to their fields—that is, provided you "turn out" at five

in the morning. The division of work and rest for the day is very similar to the most semi-tropical countries. They go to the fields at early dawn, return to breakfast at ten o'clock (having taken a small morsel of something before going out, the same as they do in the West Indies). They do no work again until about three in the afternoon, avoiding the broiling sun, then they return to the field at that time and work until sun-down.

The country being a pastoral one to a very large extent, much stock is raised. The principal of which is sheep. On one occasion in 1872, one of the Caziques made his daughter a present of three thousand head of sheep.

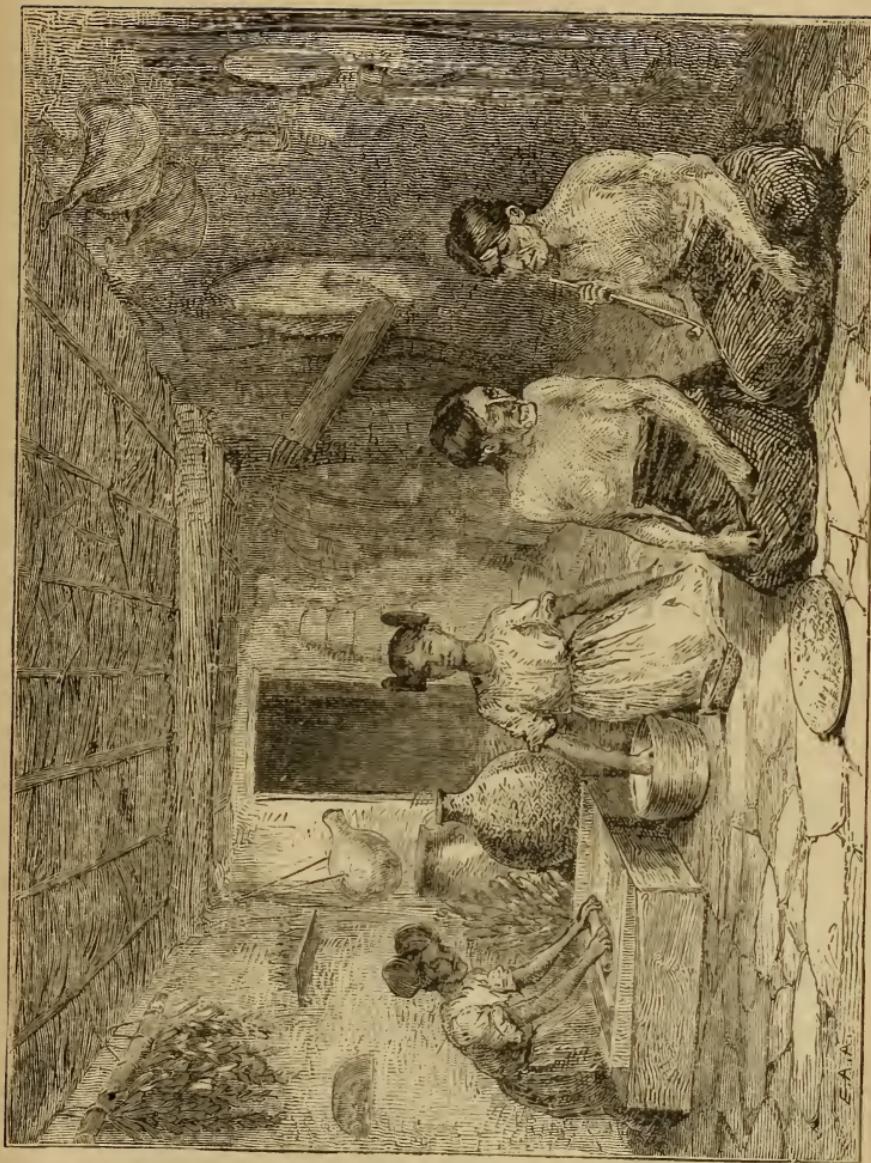
Goats, cattle, horses, mules, burros, (a species of the jackass) hogs, chickens etc., form no small part of their possessions. These people are very domestic. The men do not gamble nor become as a rule, intoxicated; a condition that has become almost identical with the most of American Indians.

The chastity of the women is proverbial, and the morality of the men is beyond reproach. In the Zuni villages, women are as fair as alabaster, and as pure as virgin marble. Even to this very day it cannot but be gleaned, by an association with them, that any one who would tamper with their sacred virtue would meet with the fate of the famous guide, Ester-

van, who suffered death for having secretly made love to their women.

Their pastimes consist in music and dancing, and games, the chief of which is that known among them as *paleto*. It is curious to see them exert themselves at this game. It is the national game. One might sit for some time and watch them, and then have a longing to join them in their skip, hop and a jump. It is performed after this fashion:—

A line of men and boys are formed, in their bare feet. Any number may join in the game. The head one takes a stick (the *Paleto*) between his big and second toe. With this he starts off, giving two hops and a jump, at each jump, allowing his right foot to touch the ground, giving him a powerful spring. All the rest are now following close behind. Their course is round a common circle. If the *paleto* man drops his stick, the next, without stopping, picks it up with his toes, placing it in the same position as the other between his big toe and the next. If he misses, he drops out of the line while the next Indian behind tries his luck. If he picks it up he continues on until he drops it and then he drops behind to the rear, as the one who previously had done. And so they keep up, he only dropping out of the line who fails to pick up the stick when the leader has dropped it. Thus it keeps up until all but one has failed to pick up the



INTERIOR OF AN ORANI HOUSE IN THE MOQUI VILLAGES.



*paleto* when dropped, and he is claimed the victor. This is witnessed by a large gathering of the women, who, clap or shout at any great alacrity of the performers, and the last one is hailed as a sort of King o' the day; has a wreath placed upon his head, and is the recipient of honors, and of presents occasionally.

This game is performed on a larger scale on fêtes or holidays, and is a source of great merriment. Many a maiden will watch her lover with the most selfish anxiety for his success, and many such lovers will "lose the *paleto*" from the simple fact that the maiden is watching him. On fête days these games or performances generally end in grand processions. They have many fête days in which many historical events are commemorated. On the evenings of these days a sort of religious feast or entertainment is usually held. It is performed with great pomp and reverence. A performance which was enacted with grand ceremony attracted our attention. Some animal, usually a quadruped of some kind, this time a rabbit, was placed on the ground with his head toward the east. In its fore-paws, which are stretched out before him, is placed an ear of corn. Before this, the spirit man takes his position with a bowl of meal and with language and gestures the stranger does not understand, consecrates this meal. This being done, the animal and the ear of corn are sprinkled thoroughly with it,

and a solemn exercise of prayer and consecration is gone through with. After this the animal is allowed to remain one day, and then taken up and eaten as a consecrated feast of thanksgiving for an abundant harvest. On these occasions no Mexican is allowed to enter their domain and see their processions.

The men and women alike, pet, idolize—fairly “worship” their children. Their abodes are superior—in fact, cannot be compared with what we understand as Indian huts. In style and material they resemble Mexican buildings except their houses are built as we have described, *en masse*, communal—one and each supporting the other. The principal room where the members of the tribes receive friendly visitors, are on an average nine feet high, with seats running around the structure generally covered with some unshorn skin of an animal such as a goat, sheep, wild cat, etc., making it preferable to a hard board for the sitter. The floors are of stone, and the rooms are as a general thing, neatly whitewashed; which is more than we can say of the average Mexican residences met with in Arizona. They are clean and neat always. One singular thing exists. No vermin are to be found in the whole town; neither rats, mice, roaches nor bed-bugs. A species of head lice is the only thing in that line, that ruffles their temper or destroys the equilibrium of their nerves. They are



THE FREE INDIAN GIRLS:—AN-TI-NAINTS, PU-LU-SU  
AND WI-CHUTS.



keen in trade—never getting excited or in a hurry, and “drive a bargain” with all the shrewdness of a Chatham Streeter. With an anglo-saxon training, these people, I should judge, would become one of the greatest *policy* people in the world. The spirit is innate in them; for, until the break of friendship between you and them is made flagrant, no outward manifestation is made of any slight antipathy that may exist between you upon slight provocations, that could be detected by an outside observer. The same hospitality, provided you are admitted within their limits at all, is extended to all: another evidence where the brain power has control of, and keeps the sentiments and impetuosity at bay. Let your visit be at any hour of the day or night they welcome you with this spirit. If in the night even, the same invitation for you to partake of refreshments, or to drink some of their beverages, is extended.

## CHAPTER XVI.

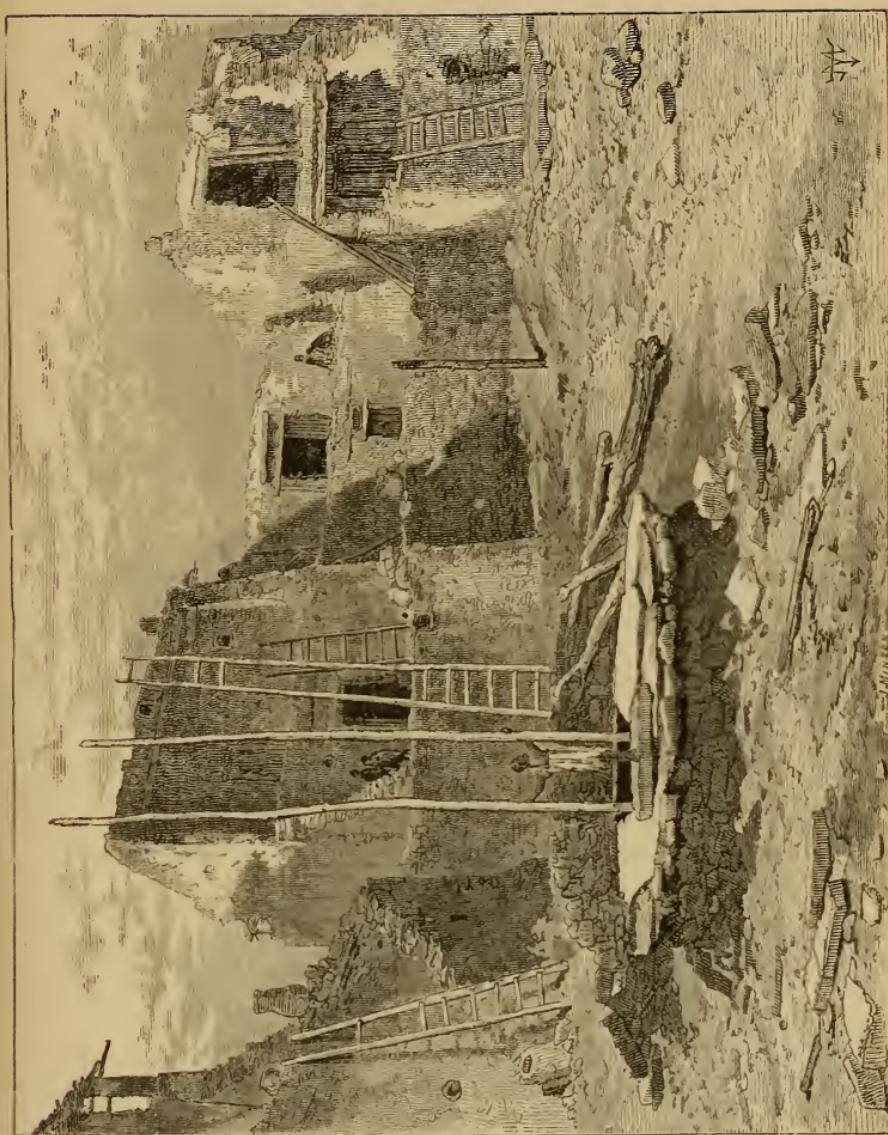
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THE MOQUI AND ZUNI CONTINUED—THEIR DRESS—MANUFACTURES—GOVERNMENT—THE SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA—THE ARK AGAIN—A PRESENT FROM PRESIDENT LINCOLN—THAT PERSISTENT MISSION—MAJOR POWELL'S DESCRIPTION.

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THE dress is of a cotton tunic, with a loose girdle, extending to the knees. In cold weather a blanket, made more generally by the Moqui tribes, is worn. Some of these blankets are of the richest designs, and will last a life time. They are mottled with all colors and devices, and resemble, and would make very fashionable and serviceable lap robes as used in American metropolitan life. Some travelers have been known to pay as high as one hundred dollars for one of these blankets, and it is estimated that to some of them a whole life time has been devoted. Col. R. J. Hinton has one of these blankets or shawls for which I think he said he paid forty dollars, but for which he would not take one hundred dollars cash. It puzzled the whole party to decide how the different colors were blended. The thread seemed to be a tightly

THE TERRACED HOUSES OF ORAIBI.





twisted or "water-twisted" one, of fine wool—a thread which among our modern manufacturers, is considered of the greatest durability. Remembering the primitive modes possessed by the Indians, it is a marvel how they can produce such perfection. The women wear an outer garment falling from the neck to the ankle, girded at the waist, with tassels hanging from the girdle to the feet. Woolen leggins and high moccasins of different designs ornament their feet. The arms of the women are generally allowed to go bare, (except in such cooler days or parts of the year when they wear the wrapper or blanket spoken of above) exhibiting an arm and hand that many a so-called belle would be proud of, except that the hand will show the effects of a little closer intercourse with the material things of the world—dish cloths and slop-pails—for instance. When they conceal those arms under the wrapper, however, it seems to be with as much grace as the best of 'em. Their hair is black and thick like the ordinary Indian, but they wear it with more taste, and something after the fashion of the Chinese women.

Their government is more after the civilized code than Indian. It consists of a governor; and what might correspond to our Lieut. Governor. An *Alcalde* (or Mayor). Three *Tenientes* (or Police commissioners)

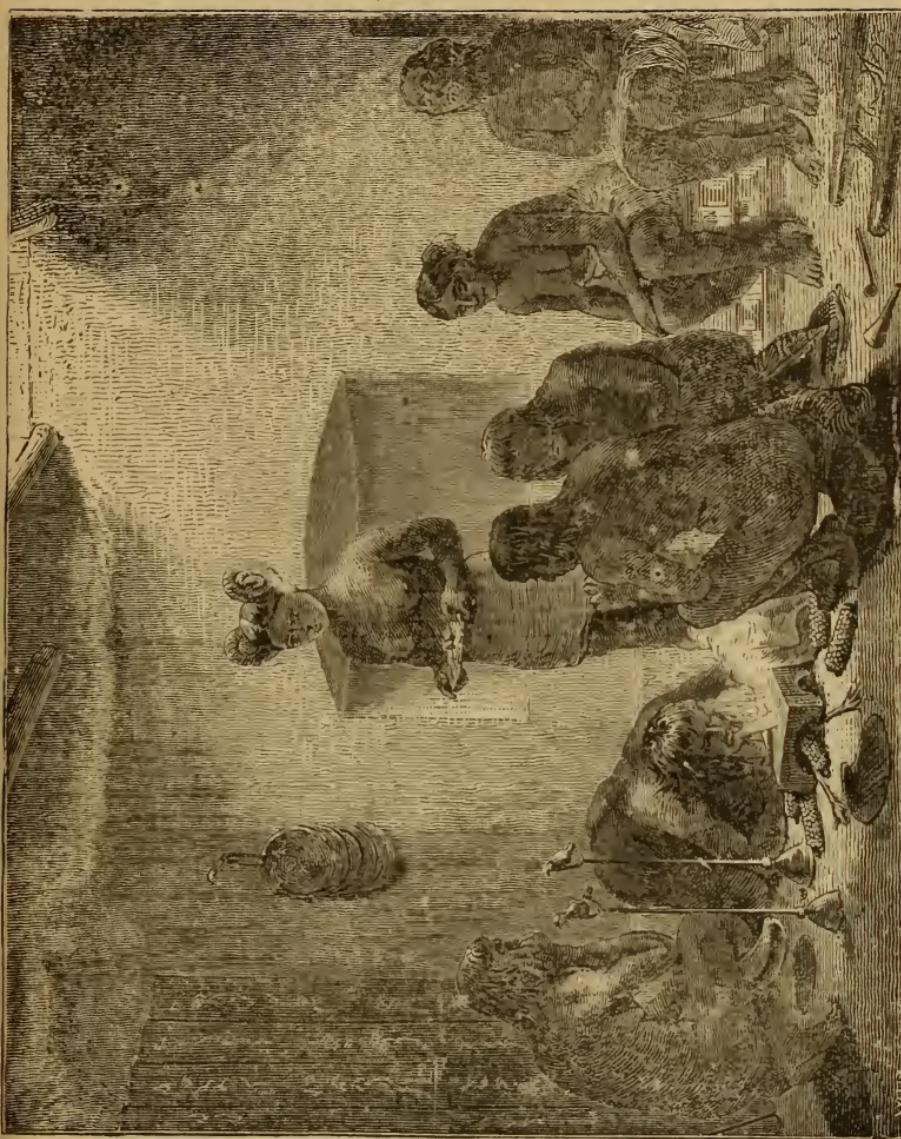
who are responsible for the good behavior of the people, and twelve *Caziques* (or councilmen).

The head *Cazique* serves during life, and is called the *Wakamano*. The Governor also serves for life. The others are all elected yearly. The war chief during peace conducts the different kinds of hunts.

All orders—for the government and control of the tribes are given by the Governor in person from the top of the central house to his *Caziques*, and the orders are then distributed in the different locations or different sections of the grand house by them. They walk over the different places crying at the top of their voices, the order as given by the Governor—the story of the town cryers of old resuscitated.

In times of threatened raids from the Apachés or Navajoes, or impending dangers of war, they will not only congregate *en masse* in, and around their aerial city, but will drive up all their stock on the mesa, and once there they can bid defiance to an armed foe much greater in numbers than their own. It is supposed that these are the seven cities of Cibola which Coronado, with an armed force of Spaniards went, in 1540, from Mexico to conquer. It will be remembered how the inhabitants, although with primitive utensils of war, and with vastly inferior numbers, conquered the Spaniards. This was done by rolling huge boulders from the height, hurling missiles, arrows etc., at and down upon

PRAYING FOR RAIN—A RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCE OF THE MOQUIS.





their foes, as they would endeavor to ascend the mesa.

"These people too, have their tradition of the flood. They say they have lived in these mountains and among these valleys ever since the world was destroyed by a great flood. Their ancestors got into a floating log which happened to be floating along. This log in the course of due time, and as the waters "soaked into the earth," landed on a high peak of the San Francisco Mountains. Shortly after their numbers increased rapidly, and the Apachés attacked them, killing the most of their tribe, and the remainder journeyed north to where they now live. Since this time, with their natural fortresses of defence, to be found in the mesa, together with their watchfulness, they have defended themselves against all odds. The old Governor—Governor Pino by name, can be often seen walking through his little city with the air and spirit of a truly modest guardian. On special or state occasions, the Governor carries a gold-headed cane which was given him by President Lincoln.

"In the centre of the town stand the remains of the old Catholic mission. It has not been used for worship for over one hundred years. How old the mission is, I am not possessed of sufficient facts to say. Some records date back as far as 1732,—some older records, being obliterated. Two old bells which remain still in the belfry are stamped 1689 and 1751.

From some cause the priests of the church were banished from the place by the Zunis about one hundred years ago and have not been permitted to return since.

We give a few additional interesting extracts from Major J. W. Powell's letters to *Scribner's Magazine*, in relation to this people:

"By day the men hunted and the women gathered berries and the other rich fruits that grow in that country, and at night they danced. A little after dark a fire was kindled, and the musicians took their places. They had two kinds of instruments. One was a large basket tray, covered with pitch inside and out, so as to be quite hard and resonant; this was placed over a pit in the ground, and they beat on it with sticks. The other was a primitive fiddle, made of a cedar stick, as large round as my wrist and about three feet long; this was cut with notches about three inches apart. They placed one end on a tray arranged like the one just described, placed the other end against the stomach, and played upon the fiddle with a pine-stick bow, which was dragged up and down across the notches, making a rattling, shrieking sound. So they beat their loud drum and sawed their hoarse fiddle for a time, until the young men and maidens gathered about and joined in a song:

'Ki-ap-pa tu-gu-wun,  
Pi-vi-an na kai-va.'

(Friends, let the play commence; all sing together.)

Gradually they formed a circle, and the dance commenced. Around they went, old men and women, young men and maidens, little boys and girls, all in one great circle, around and around, all singing, all keeping time with their feet, pat, pat, pat, in the dust and sand; low, hoarse voices; high, broken, screaming voices; mellow, tender voices; but louder than all, the thump and screech of the orchestra.

"One set done another was formed; this time the women dancing in the inner circle, the men without. Then they formed in rows, and danced, back and forth in lines, the men in one direction, the women in another. Then they formed again, the men standing expectant without, the women dancing demurely within, quite independent of one another, until one maiden beckoned to a lover, and he, with a loud, shrill whoop, joined her in the sport. The ice broken, each woman called her partner, and so they danced by twos and twos, in and out, here and there, with steadily increasing time, until one after another, broke down and but three couples were left. These danced on, on, on, until they seemed to be wild with uncontrollable motion. At last one of the couples failed, and the remaining two pattered away, while the whole tribe stood by shouting, yelling, laughing, and screaming, until another couple broke down, and the champions only remained. Then all the people rushed

forward, and the winning couple were carried and pushed by the crowd to the fire. The old chief came up, and on the young man's head placed a crown of eagle's feathers. A circlet of braided porcupine quills was placed about the head of the maiden, and into this circlet were inserted plumes made of the crest of the quail and the bright feathers of the humming bird. I have said that the ceremony was in honor of Mu-ing-wa, the god of rain. It was a general thanksgiving for an abundant harvest, and a prayer for rain during the coming season. Against one end of the kiva was placed a series of picture writings on wooden tablets. Carved wooden birds on little wooden pedestals, and many pitchers and vases, were placed about the room. In the niches were kept the collection of sacred jewels, little crystals of quartz, crystals of calcite, garnets, beautiful pieces of jasper, and other bright or fantastically shaped stones, which, it was claimed, they had kept for many generations. Corn, meal, flour, and white and black sand were used in the ceremony at different times. There were many sprinklings of water, which had been previously consecrated by ceremony and prayer. Often the sand or meal were scattered about. Occasionally during the twenty-four hours a chorus of women singers were brought into the kiva, and the general ceremony was varied by dancing and singing. The dancing was performed by single persons or by

couples, or by a whole bevy of women, but the singing was always in chorus, except a kind of chant from time to time, by the elder of the priests. My knowledge of the language was slight, and I was able to comprehend but little of what was said; but I think I obtained, by questioning and close observation, and gathering a few words here and there, some general idea of what they were doing. About every two hours there was a pause in the ceremony, when refreshments were brought in, and twenty minutes or half an hour was given to general conversation; and I always took advantage of such a time to have the immediately preceding ceremony explained to me as far as possible. During one of these resting times I took pains to make a little diagram of the position which had been assumed by the different parties engaged, and to note down, as far as possible, the various performances, which I will endeavor to explain.

“A little to one side of the fire (which was in the middle of the chamber) and near the sacred paintings, the four priests took their positions in the angles of a somewhat regular quadrilateral. Then the virgin placed a large vase in the middle of a space, then she brought a pitcher of water, and, with a prayer, the old man poured a quantity into a vase. The same was done in turn by the other priests. Then the maiden brought on a little tray or salver, a box or pottery

case, containing the sacred jewels, and, after a prayer, the old man placed some of these jewels in the water, and the same ceremony was performed by each of the other priests. Whatever was done by the old priest was also done by the others in succession. Then the maiden brought kernels of corn on a tray, and these were in like manner placed on the water. She then placed a little brush near each of the priests. These brushes were made of the feathers of the beautiful warblers and humming-birds found in that region. Then she placed a tray of meal near each of the priests and a tray of white sand, and a tray of red sand, and a tray of black sand. She then took from the niche in the wall a little stone vessel, in which had been ground some dried leaves, and placed it in the centre of the space between the men. Then on a little willow-ware tray, woven of many colored straws, she brought four pipes of the ancient pattern—hollow cones, in the apex of which were inserted the stems. Each of the priests filled his pipe with the ground leaves from the stone vessel. The maiden lighted a small, fantastically painted stick and gave it to the priest, who lighted his pipe and smoked it with great vigor, swallowing the smoke, until it appeared that his stomach and mouth were distended. Then, kneeling over the vase, he poured the smoke from his mouth into it, until it was filled, and the smoke piled over



AN INDIAN HUNTER.



and gradually rose above him, forming a cloud. Then the old man, taking one of the little feather brushes, dipped it into the vase of water and sprinkled the floor of the kiva, and, standing up, clasped his hands, turned his face upward, and prayed. 'Mu-ing-wa! very good; thou dost love us, for thou didst bring us up from the lower world. Thou didst teach our fathers, and their wisdom has descended to us. We eat no stolen bread. No stolen sheep are found in our flocks. Our young men ride not the stolen ass. We beseech thee, Mu-ing-wa, that thou wouldest dip thy brush, made of the feathers of the birds of heaven, into the lakes of the skies, and scatter water over the earth, even as I scatter water over the floor of the kiva; Mu-ing-wa, very good.'

"Then the white sand was scattered over the floor, and the old man prayed that during the coming season Mu-ing-wa would break the ice in the lakes of heaven, and grind it into ice dust (snow), and scatter it over the land, so that during the coming winter the ground might be prepared for the planting of another crop. Then, after another ceremony with kernels of corn, he prayed that the corn might be impregnated with the life of the water, and made to bring forth an abundant harvest. After a ceremony with the jewels, he prayed that the corn might ripen, and that each kernel might be as hard as one of the jewels. Then

this part of the ceremony ceased. The vases and the pitchers, and jewels, and other paraphernalia of the ceremony were placed away in the niche by the mother. At day-break on the second morning, when the ceremonies had ceased, twenty-five or thirty maidens came down into the kiva, disrobed themselves, and were reclothed in gala dress, variously decorated with feathers and bells, each assisting the other. Then their faces were painted by the men in this wise: a man would take some paint in his mouth, thoroughly mix it with saliva, and with his finger paint the girl's face with one color, in such a manner as seemed right to him, and she was then turned over to another man who had another color prepared. In this way their faces were painted yellow, red and blue. When all was ready, a line was formed in the kiva, at the head of which was the grandmother, and at the foot the virgin priestess, who had attended through the entire ceremony. As soon as the line was formed below, the men, with myself, having in the meantime reclothed ourselves, went up into the court and were stationed on the top of the house nearest the entrance to the kiva. We found all the people of the village, and what seemed to me all the people of the surrounding villages, assembled on top of the houses—men, women and children, all standing expectant.

"As the procession emerged from the kiva by the

ladder; the old woman commenced to chant. Slowly the procession marched about the court and around two or three times, and then to the centre, where the maidens formed a circle, the young virgin priestess standing in the centre. She held in her hand a beautifully wrought willow-work tray, and all the young men stood on the brink of the wall next to the plaza, as if awaiting a signal. Then the maiden, with eyes bandaged, turning round and round, chanting something which I could not understand, until she should be thoroughly confused as to the direction in which the young men stood. Then she threw out of the circle in which she stood the tray which she held, and at that instant, every young athlete sprang from the wall and rushed toward the tray, and entered into the general conflict to see who should obtain it. No blows were given, but they caught each other about the waist and around the neck, tumbling and rolling about into the court until, at last, one got the tray into his possession for an instant, threw it aloft and was declared the winner. With great pride he carried it away. Then the women returned to the kiva. In a few minutes afterward they emerged again, another woman carrying a tray, and so the contests were kept up until each maiden had thrown a tray into the court-yard, and it had been won by some of the athletes. About ten o'clock these contests ended, and

the people retired to their homes, each family in the village inviting its friends from the surrounding villages, and for an hour there was feasting and revelry. During the afternoon there were races, and afterward dancing, which was continued until midnight."





A SCOUT OF THE NAVAJO INDIANS IN NORTH-EASTERN ARIZONA.

## CHAPTER XVII.

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THE ANTIQUITY OF THESE INDIANS—ARIZONA'S VICISSITUDES—  
CONQUERED AT LAST—AMERICA'S DARK AGES—A COSTLY  
BONFIRE—PRESCOTT — HUMBOLDT — BANCROFT -- TO THE  
LAND OF ANCIENT LORE BY RAIL !

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IT is a well-known fact that the antiquity of these people is one of the many subjects connected with Arizona that is ; and has been ever since the time of the Spanish conquest, taxing the investigation of man. As Governor Safford once said : "There is probably no portion of our domain where such a variety of Indians live, speaking so many different dialects, as in Arizona." And we might add of so many different customs and natural characteristics. In regard to the Zunis and Moquis it is now asked, "Are they Aztec, Toltec, or what ?" The nearest we have got to it yet is that they are "whatever" they may be. They may be the descendants of the remnants of some particular tribe, or the remuants of a score of tribes that suffered the incursions of the sixteenth century, consequent upon the invasion and conquest by Cortez. What a revolution was there ! What a turn-

ing upside down of institutions of a civilized, cultivated and refined people, who are now forgotten and almost obliterated by the lapse of time. A people, perhaps, scientific in the extreme, and whose institutions in many respects equalled, if not excelled, some of those of our own civilization. With the opening up of Arizona, the reward to us may be commensurate with our difficulty and delay of getting a practical admission to her. More obstacles, and perhaps oftener, have been thrown in the way to retard the opening up of Arizona than perhaps any other portion of our country. In addition to the most formidable and desperate tribes of Indians that ever combated the approach of civilization, the position of Arizona, subjects us to the incursions of the treacherous Mexican banditti, who are as ready and willing to profit by any misfortune or weakness of his neighbor as the most ruthless Indian. Its position too, subjected it to a great drawback in 1861 and '63 by our civil war; and at a time when she was again budding with success.

Some men, like communities are often found in their egotism, congratulating themselves on the advance—the progression they are making, having an infallible belief that progression, is a magnate taking no back tracks, and meeting with no diversions; that we never lose, but always gain. That we did not lose



A NAVAJO INDIAN BOY.

YQ8



AN ANCIENT WAR DANCE OF THE APACHES.



anything in the destruction of the Alexandrian library, or that if we did it was chaff compared to what we gained immediately after, or by the very destruction itself. Or that by the dark ages, although admitting they were irksome and disagreeable in themselves nothing was lost. Others there are who claim to see a complete revolution in all things; who claim a comprehensive distinction between progress and change; who rather glory in finding that which was lost, claiming nothing new under the sun, and who concede that the dark ages are the great Machiavels of time who cunningly and stealthily crowd themselves in to baffle the philosopher in his course, and who simply cover up—hide, things for a limited period, for our employment and amusement in finding again.

From 1520 to 1530, then was the “dark age” of the North American Continent. Enough was covered up during those ten years to take all the science, work, and philosophy of centuries to unearth. This we know. But we do not know but that there is much that will never be discovered, nor even dreamed of. The most of these belong or are connected, in some way with the people of whom we have barely made mention, and of whom if volumes were written, which has already been done, one could scarcely do more. To what extent these facts exist may be made clearer

by reference to the historian, Prescott. Prescott says: Book VI, Chap. 8 :

“ Yet the Aztecs must have been in possession of a much larger treasure, if it were only the wreck of that recovered from the Spaniards on the night of the memorable flight from Mexico. Some of the spoils may have been sent away from the capital; some spent in preparations for defence, and more of it buried in the earth, *or sunk in the waters of the lake*. Their menaces were not without meaning. They had, at least, the satisfaction of disappointing the avarice of their enemies.

“ Cortez had no further occasion for the presence of his Indian allies. \* \* \* \* \*

They carried off a liberal share of the spoils, of which they had plundered the dwellings—not of a kind to excite the cupidity of the Spaniards—and returned in triumph, (short-sighted triumph!) at the success of their expedition, and the downfall of the Aztec dynasty.”

The memorable night alluded to above was that which is the present patron saint day of Mexico,—the day of St. Hypolito—and was selected and handed down as such from the circumstances connected with it.

Prescott also says, in speaking of the great quantities of the fine arts that is known to have existed

among the Aztecs at the time of the Spanish conquest:—"The first archbishop of Mexico collected these paintings from every quarter, especially from Tezeuco, the most cultivated capital in Anahuac, and the great depository of the national archives. He then caused them to be piled up in a 'mountain heap,' as it is called by the Spanish writers themselves, in the market place of Tiate loco, and reduced them all to ashes."

Humboldt said:—"The Mexicans (Aztecs) were in possession of annals that went back to eight and a half centuries beyond the epoch of the arrival of Cortez in the country of Anahuac."

Bancroft tells us also, that the Aztecs retained many traditions and systems of the Toltecs "whose written annals they also preserved." He also says that at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards, there were great quantities of manuscript treasured up in the country.

A recent correspondence to the *Philadelphia Weekly Press*, says:—"At the time of the conquest of Mexico, Cortez found in Mexico a people millions in number, according to his account, enjoying a high order of civilization. Their government was a confederated empire of many states, a rather highly organized system, implying large political knowledge and practical statesmanship. Their religion was one of peace and love, if their temples filled with flowers and birds and fountains, and their daily life and conversation and

the many virtues transmitted to their descendants to-day—if these works are any evidence of their faith. They had wealth of gold and silver, and artistic workers in their precious metals. They had fine houses and great public works, temples, aqueducts, roadways. They had a calendar measuring the solar year more accurately than ours, and requiring readjustment not every four years, but only once in half a century. They had full records of their own civilization and history, but they were richer yet in the possession of ample and authentic records of the races before them."

All these annals and paintings met the same fate. All things in short connected with this people that fire would destroy, was obliterated from the face of the earth. It eclipsed the decline and fall of the Roman empire, and the worst features of history repeated themselves in the new world.

Science has heretofore been confined to the ancient recesses of the old world. But only a short space of time will elapse when the steam car alone will lead us to a new field of labor in this channel; curiosity and pleasure will follow closely in the wake of ambition's stronger impulse; and Arizona, New Mexico, and our southwest generally will resound with notes of the choicest ancient lore. The tide of pre-historic study, will be suddenly transferred to our very doors, and the flash of our ignited torch cast a lurid glare on even a pre-Adamite existence.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

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THE GREAT CASA GRANDE—IMPRESSIONS—A PALACE, CASTLE OR WHAT?—A BILLOWY SEA OF GREEN—THE PUZZLE OF PUZZLES.

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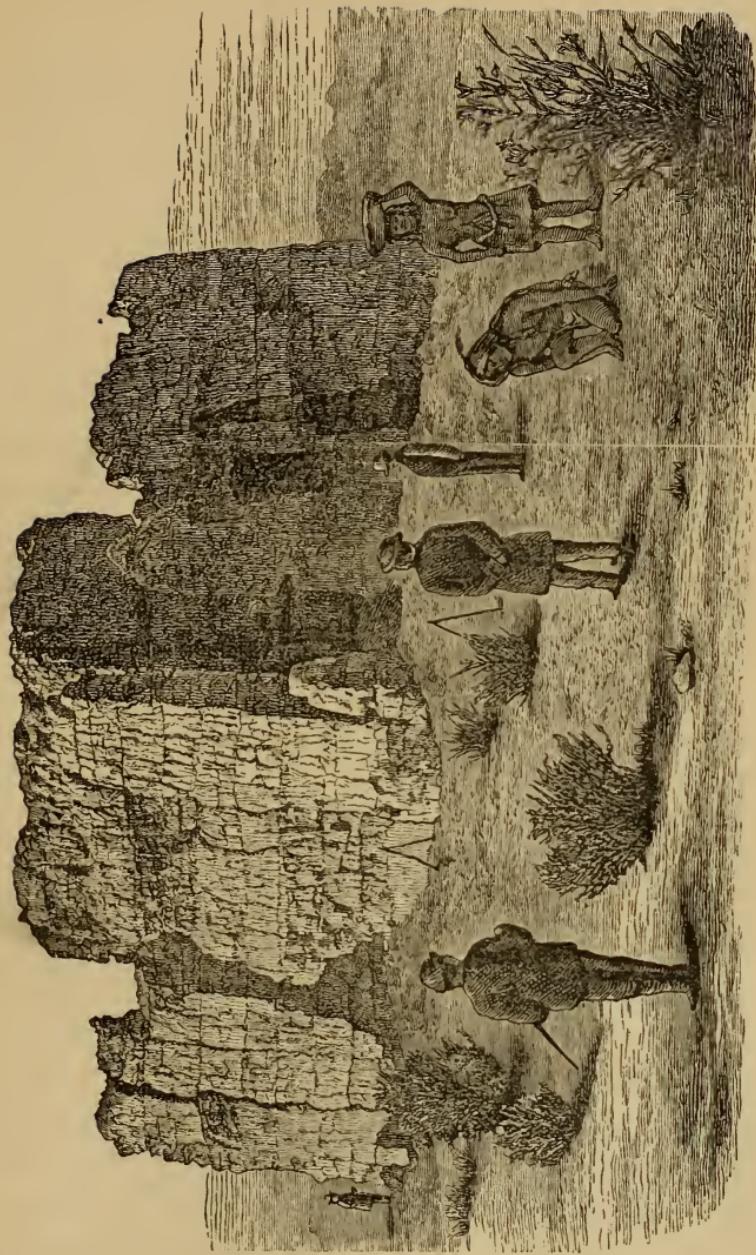
ALTHOUGH in the mines and in their mining lies the chief value and support of Arizona, if not of the nation so to speak, the pre-historic land-marks that exist on every hand in our southwest—and not only these, but the actual existence of the pre-historic people (in their descendants) that yet remain in a goodly number, constantly attract an additional class of people, in our scientists, archeologists, travelers and tourists.

In the east as well as the west—in the south as well as the north, many evidences of these have been already discovered. Major Powell, in his recent explorations on the upper Colorado River, reports ruins along its banks and on its Plateaus; and Gov. A. P. K. Safford tells of some in the nearer northwest.

A little to the southeast of the Pimo Indians, about ten miles off lies the ruins of the great Casa Grandé of Arizona. It would seem modesty and good taste in

me to refrain from an extended description and reference to these ruins, except so far as to give a general idea of their appearance, and to complete the important features of the Territory ; and then to say to the reader, there they are. Indeed in this, have we told all we know. Since the year 1694 when Father Kino from Mexico gave the first account of them every writer or narrator has drawn largely upon his imagination and still harder upon his knowledge, to throw some light upon these somewhat ancient structures. But we know nothing. The whole is mere conjecture.

After having driven a distance of ten miles southeast of the Pimo villages (or the same distance southwest from Florence), the traveler strikes upon a vast open land, slightly undulating, and backed or encircled by picturesque mountains. The land here for miles is just diversified enough with growths of different kinds, as well as by the peculiar contour of the land to make the perspective pleasing; the undulation in some cases, amounting to small hills. If an observant traveler, you will notice in passing over some of the undulations, that they are oblong, and are remains of an *acequia* or aqueduct. This conflicts a little with the sentiment under which you have been traveling, and flattering yourself that you or your people were the first civilized or intelligent beings that ever trod this soil; you are amazed when by mathematical demonstra-

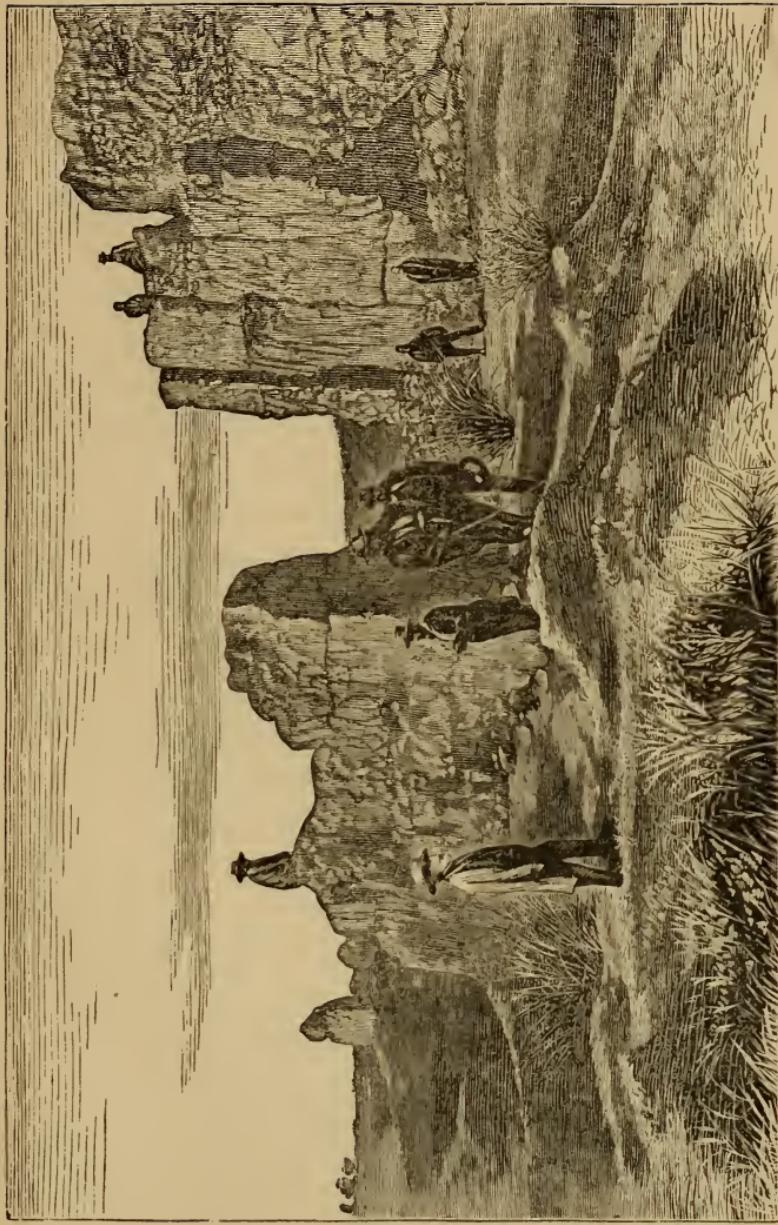


RUINS OF THE GREAT CASA GRANDE IN SOUTHERN ARIZONA.



tions, you find the grading and building of these *acequias* to be based upon practical principles equal to any our present science is able to conceive. You are now ascending a gentle grade, and a few rods bring you face to face upon a high ruin of—you don't know what; but suppose from its shape, an ancient house, supplemented on all sides by smaller ruins, of perhaps smaller houses, or of sections of the main house. Then all your energies of imagination and conjecture are strained, and the interest in the surroundings has increased. The spirit that often looms up in mute objects, holds you fast and talks to you of things you know not of, and yet tells you not of them. All that interest, enhanced by mystery, wells up in you, and you are riveted to the spot. You are standing on an elevated plateau from which you look out upon a very gentle decline, rolling in its nature, and covered with thousands of known and unknown plants and shrubs. Over this billowy green your eye is carried to the mountain outlines, and beyond. Beyond the mountains even, in the translucent atmosphere, your eye seems to wander, and if the weather is especially clear, or the time of day late, the halo, of which we have spoken in connection with other mountains, will lend a beautiful back-ground to an already grand perspective. The scene is a beautiful one, and the outlook commanding. You are standing now close by, or

leaning against the walls of the great Casa Grandé. You turn and look upon them. You step back and lift your head to comprehend the whole structure more at a glance. The structure, or rather the main ruin, as it remains now is about sixty feet high on an average, by about forty by fifty in area. We notice apertures on the ground level which we suppose to have been door places, and above we see the square openings for windows. As we do so and comprehend these as an outlook, we turn about again and behold the grand stretch of country around on all sides, for many, many leagues. Allowing our imagination to supply the extra distance from the ground, or actually climbing up with some difficulty into the breaks, we take a second survey of the land we would crave to call our own. As we do so we are compelled, contrary to our egotism, to admit that at least, beings with some art and poetry in their souls, whether they be born of God or of the devil (as an early explorer suggested) had selected this spot for their castle. The extent of the smaller ruins around, also, and the remains of an *acequia* or aqueduct running around the grounds for nine miles, suggests the existence, at some previous day, of a potent city; and from the strength and duration of their walls, a well made one. We descend again from within these dumb and tantalizing walls. They will not speak to us. We have to shake



RUINS NEAR THE GREAT CASA GRANDE.



hands with ourselves for what we know. The Indians have a tradition that these ruins existed five hundred years ago. Down and outside, we turn and look again at the remnant of centuries.

You have by this time been worked up to a pitch of the highest interest. Who were these people? you ask. Where did they come from? and what was their end? And, like all before you, you have to answer them for yourself. No one can tell you. History has beaten itself. Now comes the Arizona problem again! Were they Aztecs? or, were they Toltecs? Did they live in the inglorious age of the Spanish conquerors, and were they crushed and annihilated by them? or were they of the earlier Toltec age, and swept off the face of the earth by the more warlike and ferocious Aztecs from the north in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries? You try to throw some light upon your ignorance by the character of the neighboring country and its human life. Now you *are* puzzled. To the south, you trace the native Mexican Indian, a personification of laziness, and intermixed with the inglorious elements that perhaps was the destroyers of the very light you crave; producing a race whose energies would scarcely build a single wall, much less a palace. To the north you have the Pimos, and Papagos; docile, industrious and affectionate in peace; brave and fearless when at war, yet slow to

anger and merciful. To the east, a little way off, the murderous Apaché looms up with all the horror of murder and death. A little further to the north again are the Moqui and Zuni people, as much different from the former as the soul from the flesh · whose habits of life and industry, are proverbial for integrity and prosperity ; who embody all the finer sentiments of a truly cultivated soul, whose love for one another is only equalled by their bravery and nobleness. In all these I say, we see such a vast diversity of the human race, we ask to which can we ascribe the descendancy of people who once inhabited these ruined structures. Were they so scattered by some crushing power that each fragment has become an isolated portion, in a framework that has created a separate and distinct race ? Were they the Toltecs crushed by the Aztecs ? or, were they Aztec crushed by the ignoble—the inglorious Spanish crusaders of the sixteenth century ? Were they objects born of the devil against whom the Christian was in duty bound to carry on the work of extermination ? If so, nobly did that Christian do his work !

These interesting, and perhaps valuable relics to the unearthing of some lost or pre-historic knowledge, are fast going to decay. Even the little knowledge we have of them, should with a possibility, compared to a greater, warrant the government in protecting and

preserving them. It is estimated that upwards of one hundred thousand people inhabited the Gila valley in Arizona at one time.

## CHAPTER XIX.

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FLORENCE — ITS UNIQUENESS — ANXIETY FOR COL. GRAHAM —  
FALSE ALARM — MODERN RUINS — THE OLD MISSION BUILD-  
INGS — SAN XAVIER DEL BAC.

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OUR party was in good spirits when we left the Pimo villages; and our reflections of the experience with the interesting people and their dwellings often recurred to our minds. The recollection of their many quaint narratives concerning their relation with the whites, and of their peculiar life, has often entertained me in solitude since. A half day's travel from the Pimo villages brings you to the quaint old town of Florence. I say "quaint" and "old" town. You can hardly say old or new. It is a little of both; and the two extremes are more forcibly met with here than perhaps anywhere in the Territory, except, perhaps at Tucson, which town is beginning, under the American ambition, to aspire to something more than one story adobés. But the very combination of these

extremes makes it quaint. Here you will find the primitive Mexican or half breed Indian adobé hut; the log cabin; the Anglo-Saxon American cottage among a cluster of cotton-wood or willow; and the aborigines' *tepis*. The slight elevation of this place with its cooler bracing atmosphere over that of the hotter valleys of the Gila or Colorado, is a promising feature for its growth. It also has a beautiful valley bottom contiguous to it, which will at no distant day open up a fine farming country. The elevation is about five hundred feet. The pattern of the city resembles very much, Salt Lake City, Utah; having its streets cheerfully cooled by running streams of living water, brought down from the Gila by artificial means, and having these streams edged with a growth of cotton-wood or willow.

We had not to drive far from the Pimo villages to the next *hacienda* or station. Here we learned for the first time on this tour, of one of those entertainments common on highways and especially on our frontier—a stage robbery. Like all traveling parties over our new West, our own had passed many a moment in conversation on this subject while wending our way over mountain, plain and mesa. We had decided just what we would all do in case of an attack. One of us would grab the fellow by the hair; (if there happened to be two, we bind the other one—or choke him);

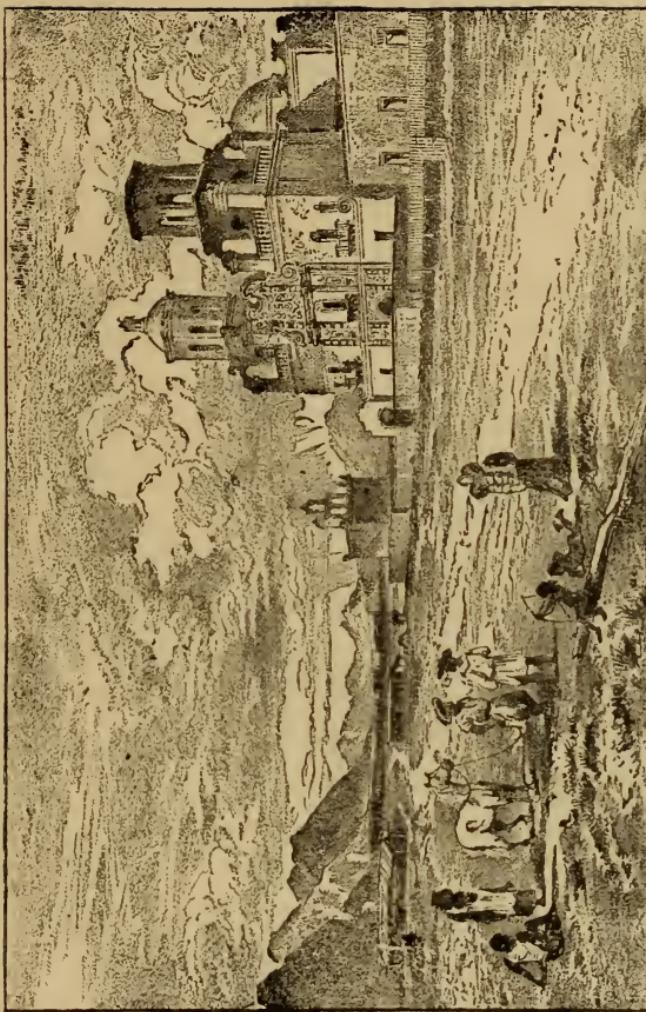
and if more, we would shoot the whole lot of them—with compassion of course, but as a matter of self-defense and protection. There were two of our party, however, not participants in the conversation, and they enjoyed hugely, the good will and determination of our friends to rid the desert of its unpleasant visitors; but as well did we enjoy the credulity of these self-same deliverers. The whole secret was, we two had "been there before;" and knew that in case of an attack, their good intentions would fail as completely as had their bravery given impulse to their threats. The stage from Tucson that morning, had been robbed. Col. Graham had left our party on that morning and gone ahead to Tucson just before we learned of the affair, to make additional arrangements for our further travels into the southeast. We felt a little anxiety on his account. He was naturally, in lieu of his mission, laden with more or less of just such "trash" as would have been acceptable to these "road agents." Had I myself been aware of the experience with these agents that lay in store for me on my subsequent return—my interest in the affair could not but have been vastly greater. Subsequent knowledge, however, relieved our anxieties, and the preparations we found at Tucson, on our arrival there, for our further progress, was sufficient evidence that not hide nor hair, nor the pocket, of our fore-runner had

been disturbed. It was the incoming stage that had suffered.

Directly south, about seventy-five miles, lies the now ambitious town of Tucson, the metropolis of the State, and at one time the capital. In visiting Tucson, one has virtually visited the phlegmatic Mexican condition of life, as completely as though he had been to Mexico, or to some hamlet of suburban Spain. The American traveler spends just time enough here to find out how many of his own countrymen have found a home within its limits, and congratulates them upon their hopes of meeting their reward in the future. Perhaps he will stay long enough to get drunk; to see a cock-fight, or go to a *bailie*—a Spanish-Mexican ball. To the south of Tucson, nine miles, lies the old Mission of San Xavier Del Bac, in a remarkably good state of preservation. The missions of our southwest, many of which are now in ruins, constitute a feature of attraction. They might be known as the *modern ruins*, as distinguished from *ancient* ruins applied to the evidences of unknown structures everywhere to be found over the lands of southern California, Arizona and New Mexico. Although being in a good state of preservation, and yet being opened to service for a half civilized, remnant of a mixture of the Mexico-Indian blood, it is virtually a ruin. It is, however, the best preserved in the Territory. It was founded

in 1690; but the present edifice was erected about the year 1785, as near as I have been able to determine by data. This would make the establishment of the mission nearly two centuries old. A description of these buildings, with their dimensions, etc., although elaborate, bold, and conspicuous in themselves, might lack interest, resembling, as they do, any grand and gorgeous Catholic church in our thickly populated cities. But contrast makes both interest and beauty. Associations make in fact, the thing itself. Take away the associations of a thing, or the condition in which, or upon which, the thing exists, and you have changed it to all intents and purposes, to something else. To ride miles and miles then, across a level country, seeing nothing but what you might conceive consisted in just the bare platform of earth placed there by the hand of nature for subsequent use, to see as if by magic, one of these structures, equal in all its metropolitan adornments, planted where it would seem there was no fruit to nourish, strikes you curiously.

All over this land you come in contact with these modern ruins of the religious zeal and fervor of the Jesuit Father of the seventeenth and eighteenth century; and in noticing the few and beggarly squads of a people who are neither Mexican, Indian or what is commonly known as an American, you see the tenacity with which religious fanaticism holds fast to itself.



THE MISSION OF SAN XAVIER DEL BAC, LOCATED NINE MILES SOUTH OF TUCSON.



Approaching one of these edifices, a person ignorant of their presence, would give vent to surprise and awe. The deserts over which he has been riding has given no sound, nor shown the work of any hand, and you have seen, in nature's almost *nothing*, the greatest something. In your long travels and your long absence from home and civilization, new and original thoughts have crowded upon you. You have thought as you never had thought before, and dreamed of things you never saw. Why should you not? the mental, like the mortal man, is on new soil; and is the mind not a plant? Does it not grow? Aye! and what a sad growth is this growth of the mind; for if it grows athwart, and yet, for what, nor how, the common growth knows not, 'tis hewn down, to rot, but really manures—enriches the soil for subsequent better growth. In this is its glory. On! On! you go over the vast stretch of country before you, unmindful of hidden merits and virtues. Your mind has become dreamy. You have come within the pale of some gently rising slope unnoticed. You have skirted its gentle slope unawares, when, turning suddenly some abrupt side, one of these missions—bold in contrast; asserting in spirit, and gorgeous in display, stops you short. Peace and quiet are its only companions. You go 'round it, and are anxious to confront it more boldly, and urge to get on the side which designates

its front. You are weary for some communal spirit. You would talk with it. But when in front, you find the doors closed, and often barred with the bolt of time and decay. But presently, while standing mute and writing your own brief history on the pages of your thought, one of the doors quietly, stealthily opens, and a solitary Peone or half breed Indian emerges from the place in all the solemnity of a person celebrating mass. Perhaps he has just finished this, or some as solemn a rite. The door is softly closed behind him. All is yet the embodiment of a perfect quiet. In the soft spongy earth, not even the tread of the worshipper is heard. Perhaps in the tower or some secluse corner of the building, there is a remaining bell which you had failed to find out. One! Two! Three! its peal breaks suddenly upon you as if moved by spirit hands. In the penetrating stillness, you had heard a sound. It re-echoed the plains and deserts wide; and in its familiar notes formed a connecting link between you and your home. Nothing could stop you from walking around and gazing for awhile upon that bell.

Each toll was a wail for broken power—each knell a cry for sympathy. Presently the door re-opened and there emerged from within a modest retiring priest with downcast head, nor looking to the right nor to the left, but keeping the “straight and narrow path”

to the hut of some benighted inhabitant of the plain I shall never forget an experience of this kind in a visit several years ago, to the old mission San Juan Capistran.

## CHAPTER XX.

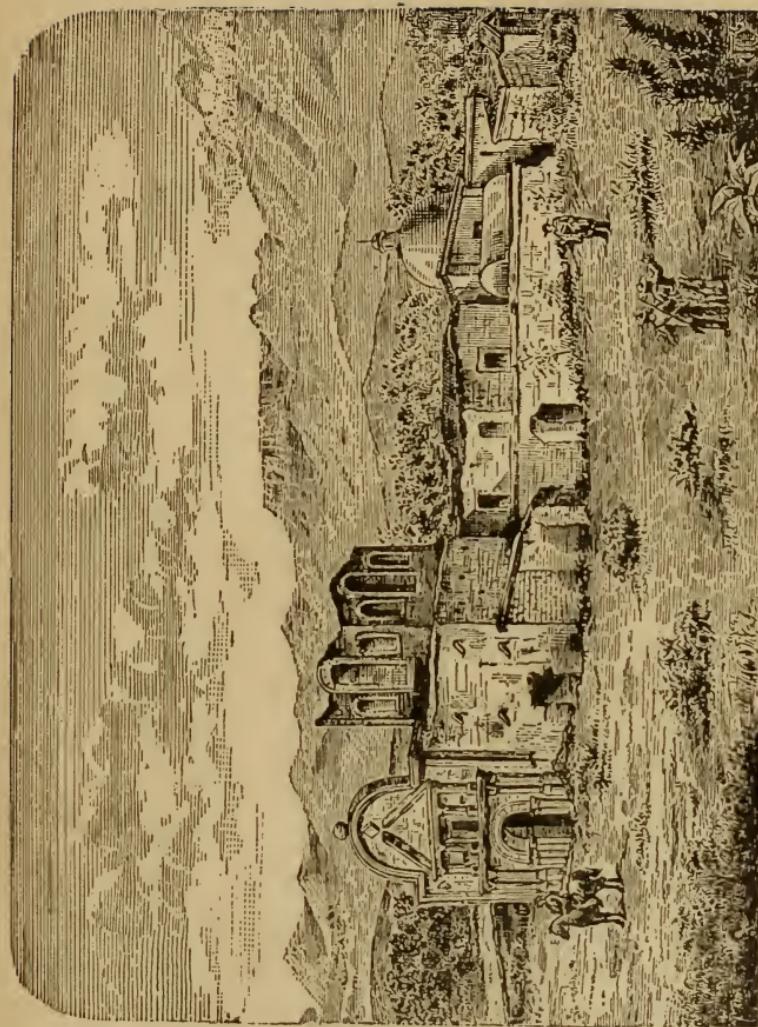
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THE KNELL OF PARTING POWER—THE TOLLING OF A CONTRITE  
BELL—ALONE WITH THE SPIRITS OF CENTURIES—TUBAC—  
THE MISSION RUINS OF SAINT JOSEPH—TUMACACORI—THE  
SANTA CRUZ VALLEY.

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TUCSON is the northern limit to these old missions in the Territory of Arizona; but to the west, in California, they may be found as far north as San Francisco, where the mission Dolorés is located.

One does not have to go far from the mission San Xavier Del Bac, before he comes upon another of these modern ruins. South, a few miles from Tubac, is located the old mission ruins of the Saint Joseph Mission of Tumacacori. Many matters of interest are connected with this mission. The interests in all are very diversified. Some will tell of frightful obstacles at the time of the establishing of them, and others will tell of a series of constant tribulation. The history of them as far as the church is concerned, is but comparatively little known except by that church. The



OLD MISSION RUINS OF TUMACACORI.

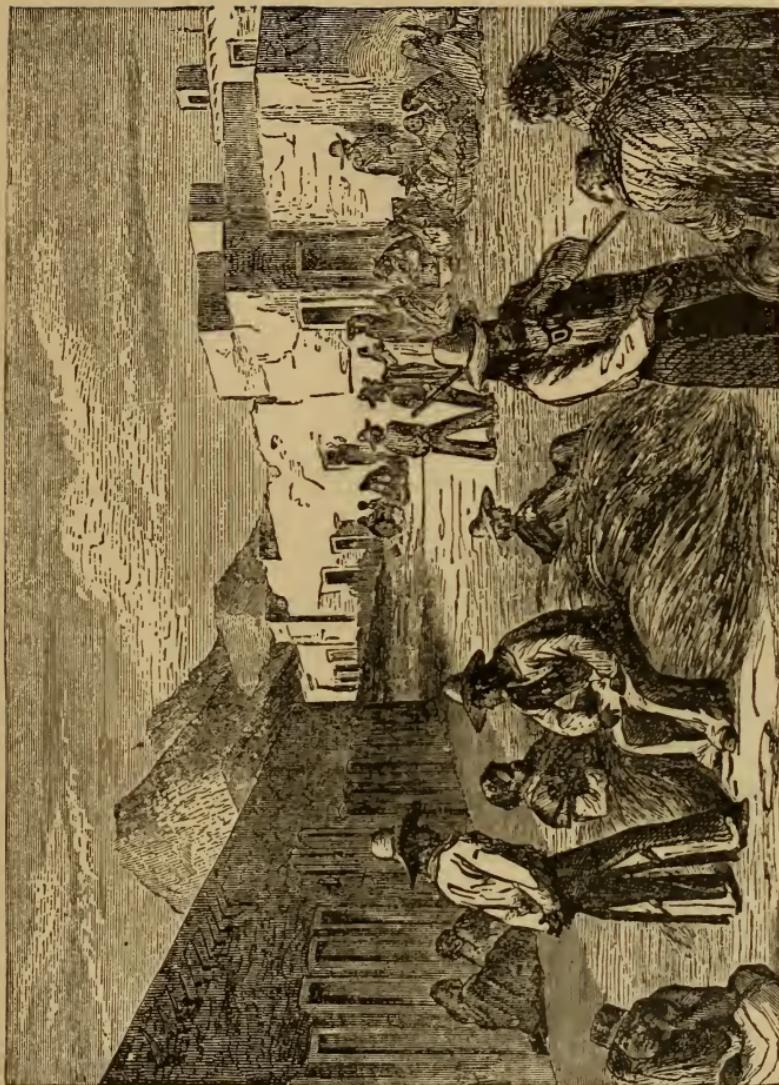


church of Tumacacori is in total ruins, it having been effectually destroyed by the Apaché Indians some years ago. The ruins stand about three miles back from the town of Tubac, in the valley of the Santa Cruz: and the history of this mision can perhaps only be equalled by the interesting facts that exist concerning every section and every object in the whole valley. These missions, or the place of their location has always been selected with some special interest in point of rich mineral or agricultural lands—perhaps for the better pecuniary support of the cause. This is particularly the case with this region of the Santa Cruz. This valley and its surroundings have been dwelt upon for both its richness and beauty, by all writers; and perhaps none the less for the diversity of its changes and hardships, than for its riches. Perhaps the very richness was the cause. It is this region that the story is told of the Padré and the salt-cellar, in exemplification of the vast silver deposits in the mountains about. The Padré had received a fellow Padré on a visit. Everything had been gotten that it was thought would please and show respect. At dinner one thing was missing, however, that attracted the guest's notice. This was a salt cellar. He made known his grievance to the host. The host being much mortified, apologized for not having one in his possession. Stopping to think for a moment, he fin-

ally said he would have one in a very few moments. He immediately despatched one of his subjects to the mountains near at hand to procure some silver ore. The man returned in less than half an hour with a quantity of ore from which a solid silver salt-cellar was moulded, and the fastidious of the sacred guest satisfied. It is well known that years ago, there was, within a radius of sixteen miles, one hundred and fifty silver mines. Broken remnants of the furnaces, crucibles, etc. etc., used in smelting, may yet be seen in and about the ruins.

The valley of the Santa Cruz cannot be over-estimated for its beauty and fertility; and when conditions become at all stable in this country, it will rapidly assume to one of the *Eldoradoes* of the Territory. As varied in its beauty, and rich in both its agriculture and mineral resources, so has equally been its reversions; and as rapidly almost as pen could tell them. Cozzens, in his "Marvelous Country," says it was a "very attractive place, with its peach orchards, and its pomegranates." This was in 1860. No sooner had he these words out of his mouth, than our civil war put an end to enterprise here; turned progress and ambition into scenes of strife and bloodshed; and converted a thriving and promising present into a dark and abject future. Prof. Pumpelly describes Tubac as a "restored ruins of an old village." Tubac to-day is

A STREET SCENE OF ADOBE SPANISH RESIDENCES.





a mass of adobé ruins; but with the development of the mines in and about the region, which is promised by the Toltec Syndicate of mines, of San Francisco, we may look for a rapid transition.

## CHAPTER XXI.

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LEAVING TUBAC—THE NINEVEH OF AMERICA—SILVER-LINED AND  
VERDURE-CLAD—THE DAWN OF ARIZONA—BOLD MOUNTAIN  
SCENERY—THE SANTA RITAS—THEIR MINES.

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AT day break we were anxious for a start with a double interest in view; we were to visit the Santa Ritas; and we were to stop on our way and see the old ruins of the ancient mission church at Tumacacori about three miles from the town of Tubac. It was a brilliant morning, the rarity and clearness of the atmosphere drawing the mountains almost up to our very threshold. Some few of the Spanish-Indian-Mexican element were out basking in the morning sun. We have remarked before, what a diversity of interests and combinations and characters Arizona affords. In this place one is forcibly reminded of traveling among the ancient countries of the east. With its handful of deserted and ruined mud houses, one and two stories high, with evidences of an attempt at some previous day, to arches, pillars, columns, etc., one is reminded of a Nineveh or a Babylon. These

old ruins seem now to have no ambition but to crumble away and become things of the past. One building I noticed, larger and better preserved than the rest, had a cupola. This was the old presidio, or fort. The place is not wholly deserted, a few of the houses being inhabited by the phlegmatic Mexican greaser waiting for "something to turn up." The principal object of ambition and life consisted of a flock of goats owned by the man who kept the overland stage hotel. (The reader must be well acquainted with this class of building in Arizona by this time.) The goats, having a predilection for high elevations, will often occupy the top of the ruined walls, which gives the whole a quaint appearance to the newcomer, who views this scene for the first time.

Looking in the direction of the Santa Ritas we realized we were approaching a section of country more diversified and picturesque. As we neared the foothills and crossed ravines and gulches, we mounted plateaus stretching for miles away, and abounding in prolific growth, choking themselves with each other for the very ground's sake, on which they thrived. Here we would cross an extended mesa, and there gradually wend our way up some gentle hill-side, leading up to the base of the ruder mountain. Here, we will ford some gentle running stream and finally find our way into the gorges and defiles of the mountains—

mountains silver-lined and verdure-clad. The land included in our trip from Tubac and into the heart of the Santa Ritas reminded us of frontier trips in fair California of old, when the camp and the log hut were the fashion ; but with California as an incentive, and the immigration from the east, which is already vastly on the increase, Arizona will not exist so long in embryo as did her neighbor State, California. In addition to her mineral wealth, the grazing lands of Arizona will attract remarkable attention henceforth. Arizona is full of a system of small clusters of mountains separate and distinct in themselves, thus giving throughout, a vast area of foot-hills and elevated plateaus favorable for sheep and goats. At no distant day the whole eastern Arizona—the San Francisco Mountains, the White Mountains in the northeast, and the Santa Ritas and Cero Colorado in the southeast will be a marvel of shepherds and their flocks.

Approaching the Santa Ritas the effect is a pleasing and cheerful one. It relieves the barrenness of, and forms a very consoling contrast to the sandy mesas you have traversed in the forepart of your journey. Leaving the Santa Cruz valley, you pass a pretty undulating prairie land, and to the head of you, you have a second view of the picturesque and fertile San Gabriel valley in the Southern part of California. So well is this valley reproduced in the approach to the

Santa Ritas that you almost fancy it is trying to rival its neighbor State. You look in vain for the extensive wheat fields and orchards of a Baldwin, or the rural and sanitary hotel and lovely grounds of a Cogswell. And it would not take half the nerve and judgment of either of these worthy Californians to grasp the opportunity to utilize these mountain lands to the same extent.

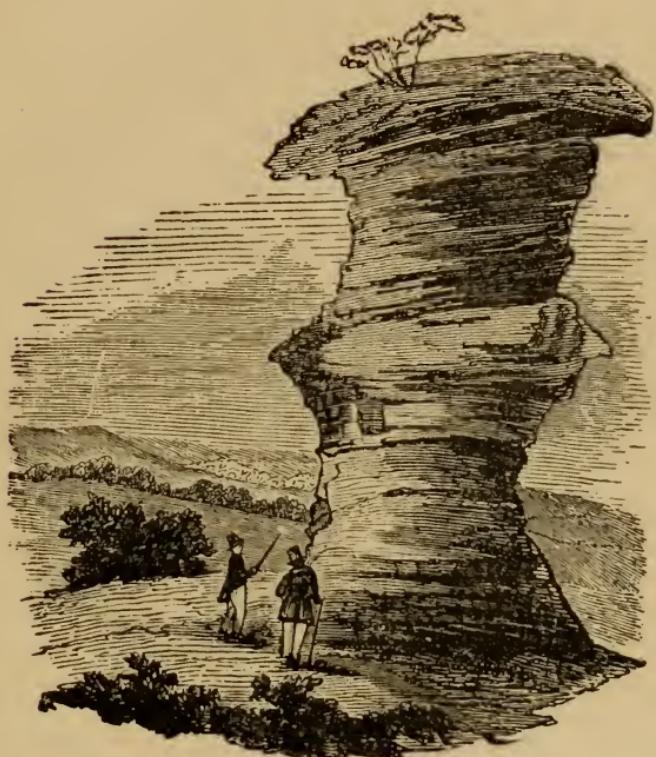
Amid the breezes wafted over this charming lea from the canyons of the Santa Ritas is destroyed the recollections of the heat of the desert and puts in one the vim of a miner and prospector. With the unlimited product of grasses, the pleasing and interesting specimens of the cacti of this capricious land, yielding everything, and the narcotic and invigorating air which was constantly wasted into our nostrils as though it was a solid substance rather than a gas; and lastly with the silver tongued Santa Ritas looming out before us, summoning us to share her opulence, is it any wonder that our spirits were allure to build air castles, or our nerves and muscles strengthened for the most arduous toil?

To the front old *Picacho del Diablo*, rolls boldly out upon the plain, capped by its commanding peak, one of the two great peaks of the Santa Ritas, the highest south of the Gila River. In and around the rugged surface and crevices, of her barren walls, we knew, was a fa-

vorite defence and fortress of the murderous Apaché. From behind these natural breast-works, many an innocent prospector and sturdy pioneer has been popped off his buro or horse, and the animal taken to add strength to these mountain devils, for further raids.

Just before reaching the immediate vicinity of the Santa Ritas a peculiar formation of rock in a deep gulch or ravine attracted the interest of all our party. Large, oval and columnar shaped rocks protruded from the banks, and others stood upright in the centre like sentinels. They were of lime and sandstone formation ; but in shape resembled some of the rock formations of the upper Colorado Canyons, or of the immense columnar basaltic rocks on the Columbia River, in Oregon. The ones in the centre reminded us of mummies capped with a prodigious flat broad crusty formation, as if they had got their custom from the huge sun-brimmed hats of the Jesuit Fathers that came up into this country in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries ; or from the *sombrero* of the more modern Mexican. Sentinel-like, these interesting objects guard one of the approaches to the Santa Ritas.

Over knoll and meadow, gulch and plain, invigorated by a dry atmosphere and brilliant sun, as alluring as one ever had in crossing over the Sierras on the Central Pacific Railroad, we traveled on, cheered by the knowledge that in two hours more ride, we would



SAND STONE FORMATIONS FOUND IN THE RAVINES OF THE SANTA RITA MOUNTAINS.



be at the works of the Aztec Company's mines, where we were to be led into all the interesting and wonderful *modus operandi* of opening up rich mining districts.

To the members of the company themselves, there was one all absorbing interest—the very one that had been the incentive to the journey itself. Recent cropings had assayed \$343,86 to the ton ; and their object was to arrange for putting the mines under active operations at once.

## CHAPTER XXII.

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THE EL PICACHOS—A LAND OF MASSACRES—COCHISE—A MOUNTAIN CABIN—TALKING MINES—A DREAM OF WATERFALLS, VALLEYS, CANYONS AND CAVES.

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ONE hour before reaching the mines of the Aztec Company, however, we were to pass the ruins of what was once the works of the old Tyndal or Santa Rita Mining Company. The stories of Indian massacres and depredations connected with this place, suggested a halt. To the one side of us reared the great *El Picacho* of the Santa Ritas; another of these "guiding stars" of the plains spoken of elsewhere. To the other, the "Teats" adds ruddiness to the scene; and the brilliant sky, the balmy air, and the sparkling sunlight, made us think, act, enjoy—with a corresponding vigor. The term "El Picacho" meaning in its literal translation, the "point of rocks," one is puzzled when he has the "El Picacho" pointed out to him in a thousand different places in Arizona. It

would be more comprehensive to say a "point of rocks" or signifying in some way that it was the Pica-cho of that particular location only, and for these reasons: The Picachos of Arizona, as intimated by our comparison of it to a "guiding star," are numerous and serve to guide the traveler in most all directions. They exist equally throughout the land. They rise to a great height above all neighboring peaks, and can be seen for a distance of from one hundred to two hundred miles distant. The one spoken of in the Santa Ritas, can be seen from a circuit of one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five miles, guiding the traveler thereby in the direction of the Santa Ritas.

We all dismounted or left our wagons here; to stand for a few moments in the midst of ruins which, could they have talked would have chilled our blood and made our hair stand on ends. We all walked around mute for a while, and as we would lay our hands on the rude adobé walls, or stumble over some loose fragment of stone, a thrill would go through our bodies something like that experienced by us when, in our school days we used to read the tales of a Kit Carson, or Velasquez; and later of the adventures of the many characters who have become identified with Indian massacres and their depredations.

One of these ruined adobé buildings, one in which the walls are the best preserved, is pointed out to us

as the scene of a most dastardly and cruel attack by the Indians a few years since. The Indians had been troublesome for some time but with great dexterity and watchfulness, the miners of the camp had managed to hold their own. At midnight a body of the bloodthirsty Apachés under their powerful leader, and numbering ninety warriors fell upon the camp with yells and shouts and whoops. The fight was a formidable one, for the Indians attacked against odds; and sweeping down in a bloodthirsty and determined assault surprised the whole camp. In the principal house—an adobé structure of three separate apartments on the ground floor—seven men and one woman held out all day against the treacherous red men, and finally beat them off. Being a strong mining camp, and the region being one of untold attraction for miners, the whole section of country hereabouts can tell more thrilling tales of Indian atrocities than most others. Col. R. J. Hinton, in his book on Arizona, in describing the Santa Ritas and its mines, says:

“To the north and west is a bold but lesser cone, which it is proposed to call Hopkins’ Peak, in honor of Gilbert Hopkins, a famous mining engineer, slain within the shadows of these mountains by the murderous Apachés. To the east and south of Mount Wrightson rises another and smaller peak, which has been called Grosvenor, in honor of another bold pio-

neer, who, in 1861, was slain near the old *hacienda* at Santa Rita, shortly before Mr. Wrightson, the manager, of the Salero Company lost his life." J. Ross Browne's account of the manner in which one of these gentlemen lost his life, is thrilling. He says: "Not far beyond the mesa, we enter upon a rugged region, abounding in breaks and arroyas very rocky and difficult for our horses. In one of these desolate places we visited the spot where Mr. H. C. Grosvenor, the last manager of the Santa Rita mines, and the last of the three managers whose fate was similar, was killed by the Apachés about two years ago. It appears that a wagon containing supplies had been sent out from Tubac and was on its way to the *hacienda*, when the men who accompanied it were attacked and killed. Mr. Grosvenor and Mr. Pumpelly had passed the wagon and teamsters a few minutes before and proceeded to the *hacienda*. As the freight party did not arrive within a reasonable time, Grosvenor walked out alone to see what was the cause of the delay. The Apachés had meantime made their murderous attack on the teamsters and plundered the wagon; and were moving up the Cañon, when they saw Grosvenor coming, and immediately formed an ambush behind the rocks and shot him dead, as he approached. His grave lies a few hundred yards from the headquarters of the *hacienda*. A marble head-stone, upon which

his name is inscribed, with the additional words, not uncommon in Arizona, "killed by the Apachés," marks the spot. By the side of this grave is another head-stone, bearing the name of Mr. Slack, his predecessor; who lost his life by this ruthless tribe of Indians. Another of the managers also killed by the Apachés, lies buried at Tubac."

Although the principal rendezvous of the formidable chief Cochise was in the capricious Dragoon Mountains, the defiles and gorges of the Santa Ritas used to serve him "on a pinch" we think, as he often availed himself of its natural fortresses, and partook of its hospitable camping grounds; many objects of a rude character, such as a cluster of stones, board, or a stick stuck in the ground, and some improvised means of informing the passer by that "here lies the body of \_\_\_\_\_, killed by the Apachés," will testify to this.

Holding converse here for a very limited time only with the spirits of some of the noblest and boldest pioneers and frontiersmen of our country, and congratulating ourselves that Cochise had gone to his happy hunting ground (as he will have more facilities there) but hoping there are no white people with him, we take a hasty departure for the Toltec camp of the Aztec Mining Company. We have arrived. And now while seated in a log cabin, after a good mountain meal of

venison and quail, my mission being to portray to all the particular and leading features of Arizona's domain, I will diverge again, and give to my reader a chapter of facts, fancies and figures, suggested by my impressions of this particular region. The party are all busy talking "mines," and planning for the prospecting and inspection of their new mines to-morrow; computing the cost of bringing machinery and supplies to the place; strengthening their confidence in their success by re-iterating the success that has already attended the McMillen, Globe, Peck and McCracken districts, and congratulating themselves on the lack of antimony, zinc, and sulphur the ore of Arizona are known to show.

I am seated in one corner of the cabin with a glorious fire of logs to my back, with a rough plank board stretched across two logs at my side for a table. On the board was a turnip in which I had dug a hole and placed a candle. The fire cast its glare of light about the room, while the candle flickered a mellow accompaniment to the sterner rays.

Until reaching this neighborhood of the 111th meridian, although whatever other interests may and evidently have bespoken a glorious future for Arizona, the traveler may claim a lack of any general system of continuous mountains with its Yosemities, its Niagaras, or its canyons of a yellow-stone. But here, about two-

thirds the distance across the State in this latitude, the general features change, and as you proceed east still further the full change has taken place. From a land of the richest meadows and plain, you ascend by a system of mountains in an altitude where snow abounds in July. Lieut. Geo. M. Wheeler, of the United States surveys, said to me on one occasion while at his house in Washington, that he had rarely, if ever, beheld a more wonderful and beautiful range of country than that witnessed from the heights of some of the mountains of eastern Arizona. What water-falls, what peculiarly wonderful valleys, what canyons exist unknown in this yet unexplored country, is difficult to conceive. What natural topographical curiosities lie hidden in this "marvelous country" can only be surmised; and the surmises be equalled only, by the suppositions founded on the most justifiable demonstrations. What there is to satisfy the more curious sight-seer and tourist in nature's realms alone, is perhaps but poorly demonstrated, compared to her sterner and more useful qualifications, and yet she is not wanting even in these.

In the more northern part of the Territory alone, the famous Colorado is known by the reports of Major J. W. Powell of the United States Geological and Geographical surveys, to possess features grand enough, and thrilling, to warrant the Territory a passport

in this respect. I will first give some of the topographical features to support my theories, and then refer to the grand canyons of the Colorado River, and to the river itself.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

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THE MEETING OF THE MOUNTAINS—ARIZONA'S NATURAL WONDERS—THE MICROCOSM OF THE WORLD—THE COLORADO—ITS CANYONS—ITS PLATEAUS—ITS CAPRICES—A HOME FOR THE “REPEATER”—THE INDIAN GUIDES OF THE COLORADO—A RIVER THAT “TELLS NO TALES.”

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IN Arizona is centered the three great mountain systems of the North American Continent. The Rocky mountains, the Sierras, and the great metal bearing Cordilleras of Mexico come together here, and cast themselves in her very midst. Here the series of metalliferous mountains to the north in Nevada, which has created so much furore over the whole country, and the mountains of untold wealth of Sonora in Mexico, come together as though they had some great difficulty to settle; and in the upheavals it seems as though they had spent all their force in the contest. What are the effects yet to be discovered, of such a clashing? In the very demonstrations of the conditions already known to exist,—that of the min-

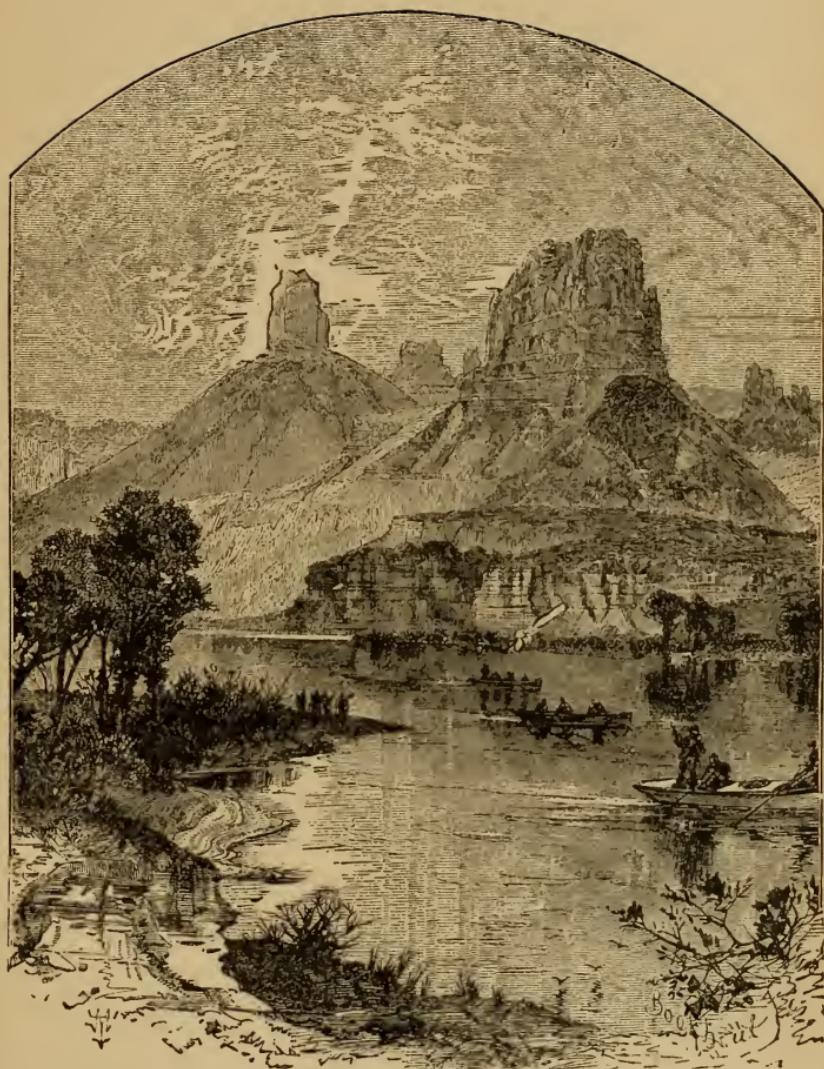
erals—will the interesting and more wonderful features of Arizona be brought to light.

By referring to a map of Arizona it will be noticed that a succession of mountainous regions find their way from the extreme southeastern part of the Territory, to the northwest where the great Colorado bends on its course east and south. In this succession or system is located the famous Santa Catarina and Santa Rita mineral districts of the extreme southeast; the great silver bonanza district of the "Stonewall Jackson" mine and the McMillen district; the rich mines in and around Prescott, in its high and beautiful mountain elevation; and lastly to the northwest, the rich and noted location of the McCracken mine, near the great bend of the Colorado, at which place, for natural wonders, Arizona may not be jealous, even of her sister State, California. In these higher regions platinum, too, is already traced.

Col. R. J. Hinton in his hand-book, says, in alluding to the peculiar and interesting mineral effects and phenomena in the highly charged electrical locations: "Similar phenomena from this cause have been observed in the Libyan desert, and on the Congo and Orinoco Rivers, which with other circumstances as to climate, etc., indicate that the Pacific slope is a micro-cosm of the world, where Italy, Egypt, Arabia, Timbuctoo, Kamschatka, Brazil and the 'gem of the sea'

can all be found within a week's travel of each other; more especially when the 'missing links' of railroad are complete."

The Colonel could not have missed it, if he had used this similitude to all conditions of Arizona alike. In the great Marble canyon of the Colorado River, is a section where the walls rise to a height of six thousand feet. Imagine yourself standing by the side of the mighty El Capitan in the Yosemite Valley, increased to double its height. Can you conceive it? Hardly; you are entering the grand canyons of the Colorado. From the summit, inland, extends an immense plateau with its meadows, lakes, etc. Being in a high altitude eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, snow can be found late in the season; and yet sections of verdant hills and meadows are found in luxuriance. Immense herds of deer rove here at will; and as well as destined to become a retreat for the sight-seeing tourists in its grand canyons and gigantic walls, the huntsman's gun will "crack" in these regions with most profitable results for ages to come. This is the land of the Rai vav-it Indians. Pine forests are abundant. It is said there is one place in these canyons, where the walls are so high and so close together, that it makes the place just dark enough for one to see the light of the stars in the heaven at day-time. It seems to me this must be the location referred to in the latter



BUTTE IN THE UPPER COLORADO CANYON—COLORADO RIVER, ARIZONA.



part of the sixteenth century, by the early Spanish conquerors from Mexico, in their explorations to the north. They reported great and wonderful rivers, "the banks of which were three or four leagues in the air." Imagine walls nine to twelve miles high. This was the report of the expedition of Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas, under direction of Coronado, in 1540. Either they, in their continued enthusiasm of the new country grossly exaggerated the height, or we have failed to retain a knowlege of the location referred to.

At one place there is a succession of these plateaus, each one of which is lower than the previous one, until from a plateau of country embracing all the climates of a temperate zone, you approach to that of a semi-tropical. Each one of these plateaus end with an abrupt break or wall descending to one below. Sometimes the drop from one plateau to the other will measure many hundred feet, and even approach to the thousands.

In one place, by a manoeuvre of the river, two plateaus are thrown in such a relation to each other that you can stand on one where snow is not an uncommon thing in July, and where pines live and potatoes grow, and throw a stone into a little semi-tropical valley where the sub-tropical plants grow luxuriantly, and the fig and the orange; and the sugar cane and rice are being cultivated now by a sparse population.

New "El Capitans," new "Fort Rocks" and "Bridal Veils," and other Yosemite freaks will, we may suppose, be opened at no very distant day to the sight-seer and the tourist.

The length of the Colorado River is two thousand miles. About four hundred miles from its mouth, the river takes an easterly course, and extending a distance of two hundred miles in the northern part of Arizona; and running up into Utah are the great Marble, Glen, and Grand canyons of the Colorado. In these canyons exist the glories of this river. The lower portion of the river is mainly on a level with the sea; but in these canyons the river and plateaus range from four to fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea; and in this distance of two hundred miles, the river falls five thousand feet. After leaving the region of the canyon the river takes a direct southerly course and opens out upon a broad stretch of alternate flat lands, prairies, and deserts. The grand gorges of the upper Colorado and its ponderous canyons have been passed, but you have entered a river, which, for its whims and caprices, can scarcely be equaled by any navigable stream. Lacking the potent, ponderous stability of its upper portions, the lower, like a man jealous of his defeat in love or accomplishments, tries how far he can hate, or what a distorted compound he can make of himself, seems to



MARBLE CANYON OF THE COLORADO RIVER.



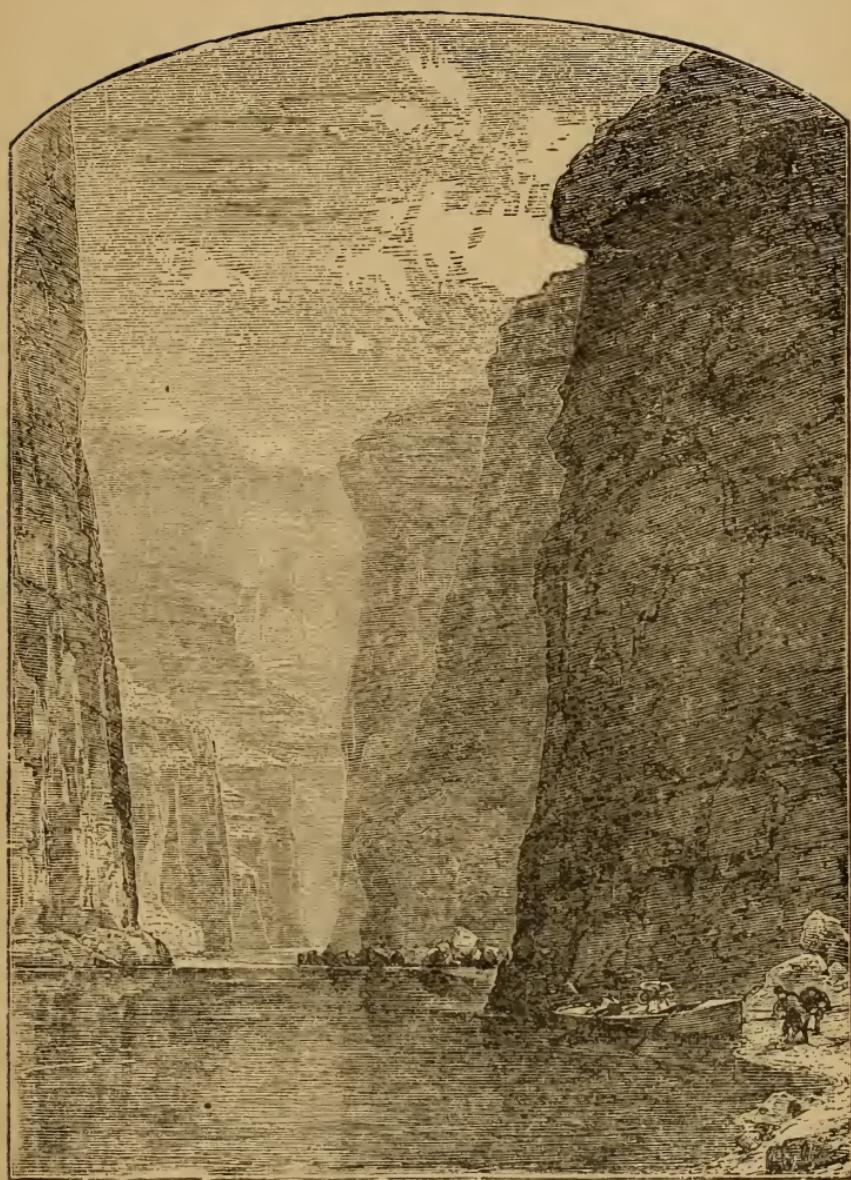
glory in its very caprice and its contrariness. Running through a region often of sands and disintegrated earth, the river will often change its entire course in twenty-four hours. Boats coming down the river this week will find, in going up next week, the channel of the river has been completely changed, and that new islands have been formed, old ones washed away; barriers, where before there had been plain sailing. To-day this or that piece or strip of land, will be in Arizona. To-morrow in California. Land speculations along the banks of this river at present would puzzle the brains of our shrewdest lawyers. To-day the river would take a sweep around a section of land upon which had settled some thrifty farmer, cutting his farm in two, taking part of his land over to Arizona, and the next day continue its incursions and take the rest of his land, house and all, over with it. One day he lives in Arizona the next in California. This would be a good place for a "repeater" to live; or a sorry place for a good honest voter.

These conditions, it will be seen, necessitates a constant changing of the course of traveling. Each successive trip is an exploration for "a new passage to the north" or south. Each steamboat, as it plys the river, and on each and every trip, has stationed at its bow, with lead and line, or pole (the river for the most part over these plains being very shallow), a stalwart

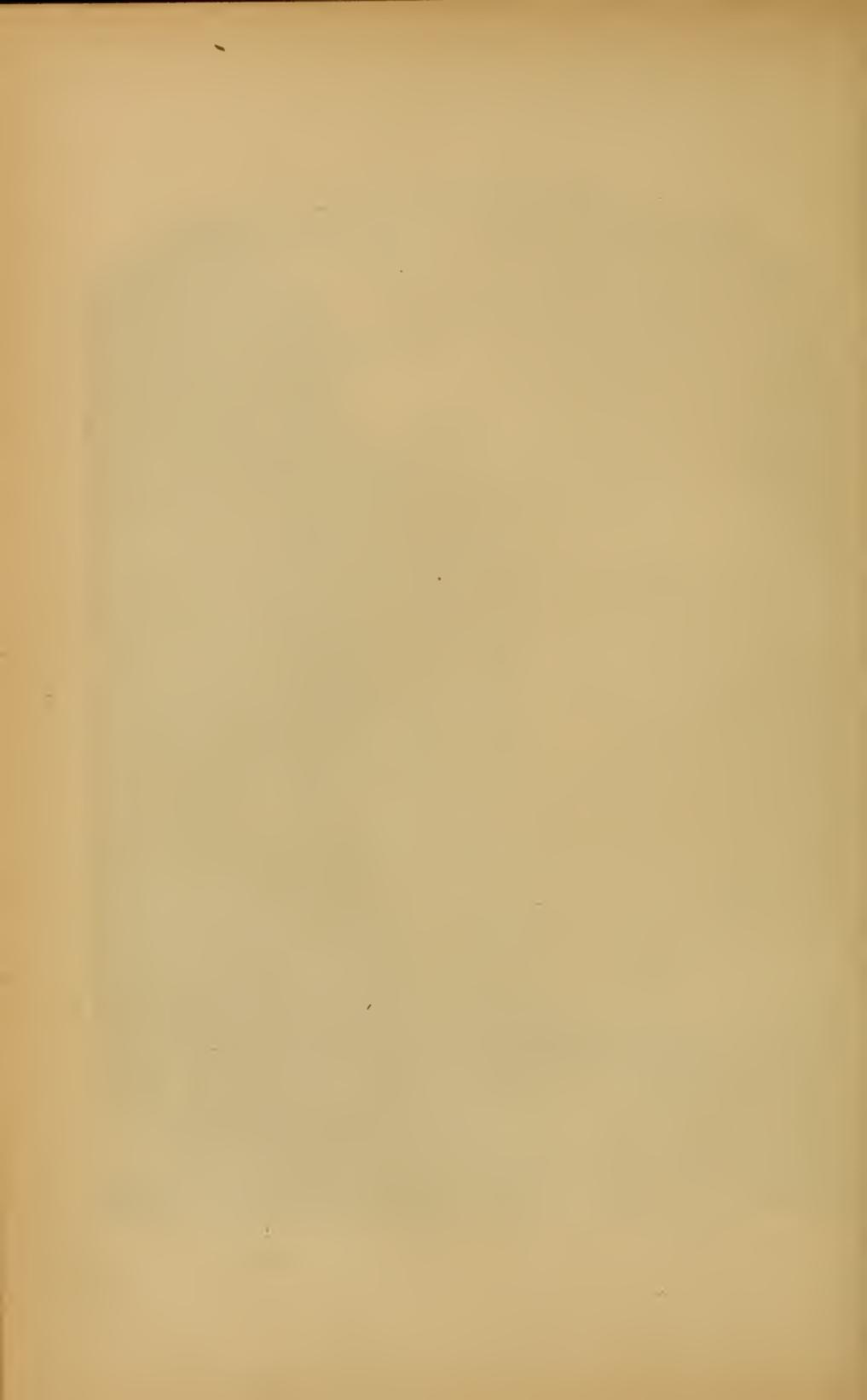
Indian measuring the depth of the water as the boat proceeds. In quaint accents of the true American Indian, and decidedly broken English, this half-clad Zuma or Apaché will shout: "Three!" "Three and a half!" "Two and a quarter!" "Two!" "Two and a half!" etc. etc. It sounds as though he said: "Thee!" "Thee 'n ha!" "To!" etc. etc.; and as his voice goes forth smothered by the deadening sound of the steamboat, and in the stillness of the surroundings, you will fancy you are on a voyage up the Nile to discover its source.

This again calls to mind the number of experiences all through Arizona, that will so thoroughly act as substitutes for distant travels in foreign lands, or among the different people and nations of the earth. Not only is this river whimsical in its course, but especially capricious in its actions. Often some new feature of its unruly nature will be told. It is a river, they say, that does not give up its dead. A story of one of its manoeuvres was told me while at Yuma.

It seems that in the river there will often appear on the top of the water a sort of air bubble; after remaining a moment it bursts with the noise of a pop gun. Then commences a vociferous action of the water, assuming a circular motion resembling a whirlpool. These are very powerful at first, but decrease as they become larger and finally die out. For a goodly dis-



THE GREAT CANYON OF THE COLORADO RIVER—ARIZONA.



tance, however, their power is sufficient to take a small boat within their grasp, when it and its freight is never heard from more, for the bodies never rise.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

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REMARKABLE RUINS IN SOUTHERN ARIZONA—THE FOUNDERS OF THE AZTEC AND TOLTEC SYNDICATES OF MINES—THE GRANDEST PECUNIARY SUCCESS ON RECORD—THE BOLLAS DE PLATA (BALLS OF SILVER)—COL. J. D. GRAHAM.

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MEXICAN tradition, relating to the Primeria Alta, being that portion of Arizona Territory embraced within the Gadsden purchase, is full of statements in relation to rich lodes, deposits and old mines, whose sites are now lost. The chief of these locations are placed in the remarkable mineral region by which on either side the valley of the Upper Santa Cruz is surrounded. The *Planchas de Plata*, or places of silver, around which has grown a well authenticated story of Mexican enterprise and Spanish greed and tyranny, has always been placed by the tradition within the borders of Arizona, but close to the Sonora line and to the east of the Santa Cruz valley, and the Oro Blanco Mountains. Within the past few months it is

claimed that these extraordinary deposits have been re-discovered, and are now being quietly worked by an American miner and his associates. Chief among the traditional mines, for the re-discovery of which, the most daring and vigorous of search has been made since the occupation of the Primeria Alta by Americans, is the famous Jesuit mine, known by the name of the Old Mission, whose ruins have been so fully described in these pages—The Tumacacori Mine. Since Charles D. Roston, Herman Ehrenberg and their comrades first located an American mining settlement at the old pueblo of Tubac, six miles from the Tumacacori Mission, there has been more of endeavor, enterprise, daring and courage displayed in the attempt to re-locate this old mine, so famous in the mission annals for its richness, than in all the other efforts made to hold the country against Cochise and his Apachés. Tradition, besides statements of its richness, almost fabulous in character, has left no other indication of its whereabouts than the declaration of one of the mission historiographers,—that the mine lay directly east of St. Joseph's Church (the Mission of Tumacacori) a morning's walk, or as elsewhere stated, about fourteen miles distant. Recent investigation in the Sierra Santa Rita growing out of the renewed activity induced by the enterprise and speculation, which organized the already successful Aztec Syndicate, and has made this

beautiful mountain range, the last stronghold of the Apaché Napoleon, Cochise—the scene of vigorous exploring efforts, opened numerous mines, established Toltec Camp and aroused a general interest in this region, has also been able to definitely establish the existence and site of the lost Tumacacori mine.

Following the *milpas*, or secondary mountain bench, from the farm of Joe King in the Santa Cruz valley which embraces the mission ruins) for some eleven miles, the traveler will reach the ruins of the old Hacienda del Santa Rita, where Wrightson, Grosvenor, Hopkins and Slack, lost their lives, and part of the defence of which in 1861, is so graphically described by Professor Raphael Pumpelly, now of Harvard University, in his book "*Across America and Asia.*" A well defined road evidently long used, and now made quite easy and accessible, is the route from the valley. To the north, Salero Hill looms up boldly, and the explorer in search of the old Tumacacori mine will follow a rough but still good road for a couple of miles to the Salero House, used by the Tyndall Company since 1875. From this point for another mile or so, the explorer will follow a rude bridle path to the Jefferson mine, one of the most valuable of those now worked by the Aztec Syndicate. To the north and east of the Jefferson for less than half a mile, an old mule track, evidently once heavily used, may be traced.



MAP OF THE ANCIENT PROVINCE OF  
TUSAYAN, ARIZONA.



It leads directly to a strongly defined lode of the same general character as the Jefferson and Georgia mines, and terminates at what is evidently an old shaft, now filled with debris, and from the mouth of which a vigorous mesquite tree may be seen growing. The evidence is abundant of old workings, and those best informed in the Mexican and Gaqui Indian traditions, like Professor Thomas Davis, who has resided and worked among them for more than a quarter of a century, have no doubt whatever, of the identity of the Bushell, as this location is now termed, with the long-lost site of the famous Tumacacori mine.

The Bushell forms one of a group of ten valuable mines now being developed under the management of the Toltec Syndicate, an organization of experienced mining experts and operators, who have already proven their knowledge of the metalliferous richness of this region, and their confidence in its development, by their successful organization of the well known Aztec Syndicate.

The Aztec Syndicate having passed into the hands of eastern capitalists by purchase, the original projectors with the added experience which their wide knowledge of the Santa Rita and its mineral treasures has given them, have selected a group of ten locations, and commenced a thorough system of development and working. This project is not set up as a speculation,

but as an investment, to be honestly developed into an affluent enterprise. The fact that Colonel John D. Graham, the successful organizer and Secretary of the first Aztec Syndicate, has been appointed Managing Director of the Toltec Syndicate, is proof sufficient to all interested in Southern Arizona, of the success that will attend the enterprise.

The Toltec mines are admirably located both for their present accessibility and the richness of the lodes on which they are situated. The Bushell and the Saint Louis Mining Companies have recently been incorporated in California, and the balance will speedily be put in the same shape. The offices of these companies and of the Toltec Syndicate, are located at No. 302 Montgomery Street, San Francisco. The first efficient Superintendent of the Aztec mines and property, John E. Magee has assumed the duties of Resident Superintendent of the Bushell and Saint Louis mines, on both of which work is being energetically pushed. He also has charge of the general interests of the Toltec Syndicate in the Territory.

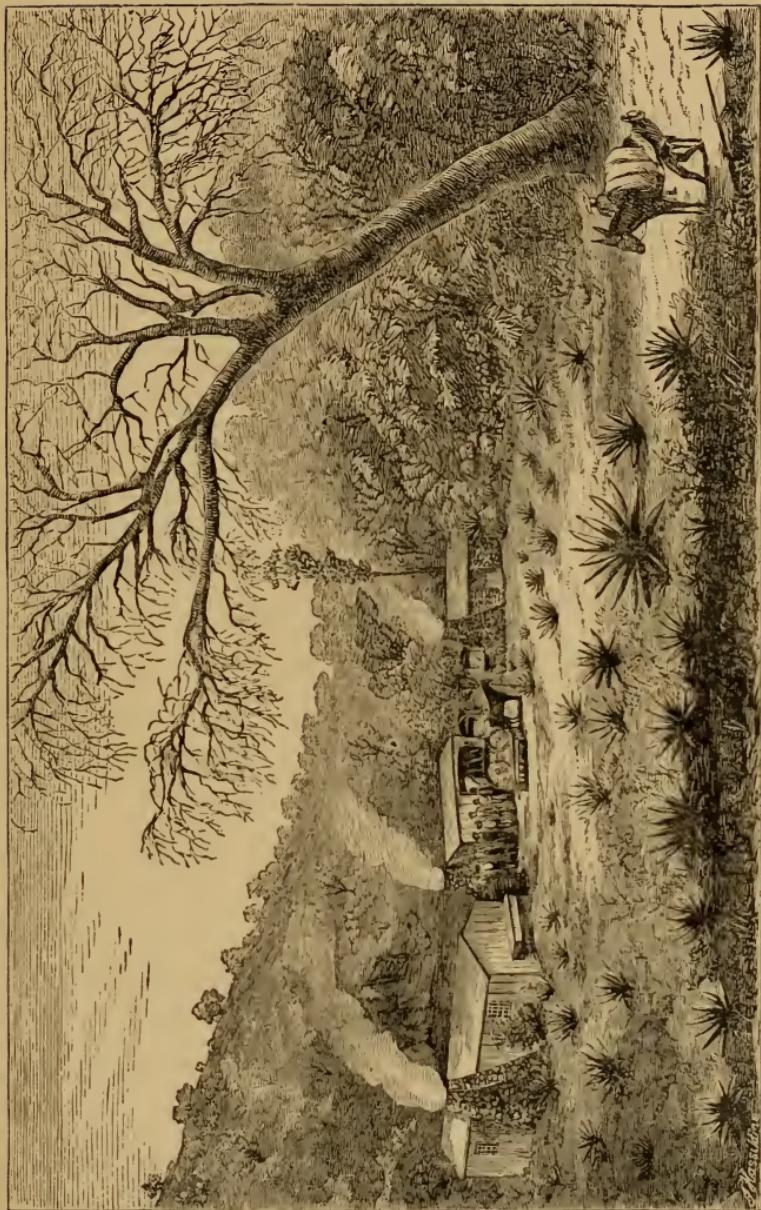
The Bushell, or old Tumacacori mine is now being opened, new shafts are being sunk, and the old one already described is to be cleared out at an early day. The ore developments are all excellent. The Saint Louis mine is located on the famous Empress of India lode, in the southern portion of the Aztec district. It

promises the richest developments of any location on that very remarkable lode. Ranging to the east and north of the Saint Louis, on the same lode and its spur, the Toltec Syndicate, own and are about to work the following locations: The Knoxville, Webster and Velasco—making a group of four valuable locations, on a remarkable lode that has been described in Hinton's Hand Book to Arizona, as "cropping out boldly, sometimes in high cliffs or with a general width of from eighty to three hundred feet. The lode is over two hundred feet wide, and shows metal the full width. In these shallow old workings, some three or four feet deep, we have picked out ore that will assay \$800 per ton. The character of the whole lode is the same, and streaks of metal can be found of green and black silver mixed with manganese from one end to the other; in some places yellow chloride. The vein matter is porphyry, gneiss and quartz, strongly colored with iron; general formation incasing the lode is granite."

To the north and east of the Empress of India lode, and of the Inca mine, (one of the best locations embraced in the Aztec Syndicate) the Toltec own the Rickard and Ojero mines, both located on bold ledges, with croppings that indicate rich veins. The Rickard, so named after the well-known English metallurgist, chemist and assayer, now living at Tucson, is located on the Rickard lode near the Colorado. The Forsyth

another valuable mine belonging to the Toltec, adjoins the famous Hamilton mine to the east of Salero Hill in the Tyndall district, while "La Purissima" is a little south and east of the Bushell mine on the northern side of Salero Hill, and on the eastern end of the great Napoleon lode. The character of these mines—The Bushell and La Purissima—can be seen in part from the following moderately worded report on the latter location made August 13, 1877, by John E. Magee to Col. Graham :

"The Purissima mine is on the Napoleon lode, one half mile from the old Salero mine. This lode crops out for over two miles showing good mineral at many places all the way. In 1875, Messrs. Ryan, Mansfield, and myself took up what we named the Jefferson mine on this lode and had some of the croppings assayed. The vein shows on the surface four to five feet, containing a great deal of galena. On the Purissima mine, tons of mineral can be taken right off the surface, which shows better than the Jefferson did. The Purissima is not so easy of access" (at that time occasional Apaché raids made it necessary for miners to have an easy way of retreat. Their rendezvous then was the adobé building known as the Salero House.) "or we would have taken it in preference. On the Jefferson we now have a shaft sixty-five feet deep" (It is now much deeper.) "with a wonderful showing of ore. The



THE "TOLTEC" MINING CAMP.



vein in the bottom is nine feet eight inches, solid good ore of fair milling quality, which assays \$187 per ton average."

This lode is all now taken up from one end to the other. It has an easterly and westerly direction. The vein in the Jefferson shaft pitches slightly south—hanging wall pure granite—foot wall syenite granite and some porphyry. A clay gorge lies along the foot-wall, sometimes against it and then again four to five inches away from it. The formation is perfect and if there is such a thing as a true fissure in mining, this vein is certainly one of them. The old Santa Rita Mining Company owned and prospected this lode under the name of the "Bustillo," and in their reports put it down as a "fine rich vein." \* \* \* Mr. Magee thinks that the ore from La Purissima "will give a higher assay than the Jefferson, for it certainly has a finer appearance." He adds that "he knows it is an excellent mine—a first class property of good average ore with a true fissure vein." J. Ross Browne described the lode on which La Purissima is located as quite rich, showing silver sulphuret and galena. Mr. Wrightson, superintendent of the Santa Rita Mining Company, writing in 1859 of the ores on the Napoleon lode then known as the "Bustillo" says:—"The ores are suited to both smelting and amalgamation. The smelting ores are those in which there is a very large

admixture of lead, or very rich sulphurets of silver and copper. The amalgamation ores—those where the culls of silver and copper predominate. \* \* \* \* The Bushell and the Ojera mines yield ores which by assortment can be treated by both processes." Of the Hamilton lode, on which the the Forsyth mine is situated, Professor Davis says in a report made May 1877, that he found thereon "four old shafts and workings from ten to twenty-two feet in depth; height from tide water at upper shaft, 4,600 feet. This is an immense vein, or rather two veins exactly parallel and nearly contiguous. Are all of a higher grade; should judge would yield two hundred dollars per ton; vein well defined, from eight to ten feet wide and growing wider as you go down—metal the whole width of the vein, and all of the works show the same."

The Toltec Syndicate property thus admirably located is bound within a short time, under the energetic management of its owners and the vigorous direction of Col. Graham to become one of the very best in Southern Arizona. I have been thus particular in describing it, because to the ability and energy of the gentlemen engaged therein, assisted by the recognized capacity for observation and statement of Col. R. J. Hinton, whose journeys and descriptions of this region are unquestioned for correctness of detail and picturesque vivacity, belong very much of the credit which is

due the influences that have so recently made the mineral wealth, climate, soil and romantic beauty of this region, a subject of interest to the whole country, and so brought about that present activity of labor, skill and capital which bids fair ere long to make the Santa Cruz Valley and the region of which it is the centre, one of the richest and most enterprising mining districts within the United States.

Persons desirous of more especial information relative to this section of country should address Col. John D. Graham at 302 Montgomery street, San Francisco Cal, a gentleman who has done more to develop and bring to the front the resources of Southern Arizona than any other living man. The author of this volume was the guest of Col. Graham in a remarkable pleasant trip—from Yuma to the Santa Rita Mountains during last December and January, and it was during this trip that the excellent views contained in this volume were taken, being the first photographs ever taken of these historic and interesting localities. Knowing Col Graham and his associates in the enterprise above spoken of we most heartily recommend all persons desirous of information relative to this subject to put themselves in communication with him, and we desire here to specially record our thanks for unlimited courtesies and very valuable aid and assistance during our memorable trip to Southern Arizona.

In dilating upon this region, it seems to me the recollections of facts and hearsays flash upon me faster, and more prominently than usual, and than I can note. In referring to this section, the versatile writer, J. Ross Browne, in describing Tubac which lies in the Santa Cruz Valley, says: "It lies on a pleasant slope in one of the most beautiful parts of the valley of the Santa Cruz, and that it overlooks two of the richest mining districts within the limits of the Territory."

Again; the New York *Mining-Record*, in referring to the same region, says:—"It is located in the heart of the extraordinary metalliferous region of the Santa Cruz River in Southwestern Arizona, where formerly the Jesuit priests, with the Spanish inhabitants and Indian neophytes mined with rich results though scarcely breaking ground, and having, as the many remains attest, but the rudest and most imperfect means of smelting or converting the ore into bullion. The fame of the 'Bollos de Plata' (balls of silver) of Arizona in the beginning of the last century was such at the City of Mexico and finally in Spain, that a royal ordinance issued from Madrid, declared the district of Arizona to be royal property as a Criadero de Plata: that is to say, a place where silver was formed in the processes of nature. There is also in existence a royal paper of Philip V. of May 1741, charging among other

embezzlements of royal mineral property in Arizona that of a mass of virgin or pure silver weighing two thousand seven hundred pounds."

## CHAPTER XXV.

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FROM CAMP APACHE, NORTHEAST—A LAND FULL OF INTEREST—  
A GREAT AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL BELT COMBINED.

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FROM Camp Apaché one hundred and twenty-five miles in a northeasterly direction, lies the prehistoric land of the Moqui and Zuni of which we have spoken. The immense tract of land enroute, promises to be one of great interest at the opening of this region in the near future to all classes of travelers—tourist, emigrant, historian, philologist.

To the tourist, for the many rural phenomena which such a diversified country must naturally open up; to the emigrant farmer, for its fertility of lands and well watered valleys; and to the historian and philologist, for the races of beings and their languages, which have but recently attracted the attention of the world. This latter class or features of attraction is in embryo. It has simply dawned, to inflame the spark of inquisitiveness in man for a further knowledge of himself, and his connection with the races of men; and inspire

him with as healthy a desire for investigation as ever possessed the brain of a Darwin.

For a distance of about seventy-five miles toward the Little Colorado which traverses Arizona in the northeast, there seems to be a country that will vie with any on the Pacific coast for attention from the farmer. It is along and through a series of valleys sloping from the many mountains of eastern Arizona and extending into New Mexico. These mountains extend in a north and southeasterly direction nearly the whole length of the State; and from my experience in the actual distance traveled, and from reports from pioneers and frontiersmen, I would conclude that the same favorable conditions characterized them throughout.

Cooling streams and shady rills where many a lively plumed Indian spears his Dolly Varden trout, beneath an inviting cluster of foliage or a hanging wall of rock, makes up the panorama. The country is dotted here and there, with numerous small valleys which form a charming contrast to the "deserts" of the western portion of the Territory. In riding along these natural garden spots, my mind was more than once taken back to the time when California herself was dead to the world, and when some were wont to discourage all her claims to merits and virtues, by a reference to the great deserts of the West. To our great trans-conti-

nenital railroads it was said, "Oh! you can't make it pay to build such a road to the coast, even if the State is all you claim for it; for look at the deserts you have to go through to get there. Good for nothing; worth nothing." The trouble to acquire, they thought, though the thing be good in itself, would not be worth the thing acquired. I claim that the valleys of just the San Francisco mountains, and those combined in the eastern third of the Territory would alone warrant the building of a railroad. It *must* come. And it will come shortly. Such articles as the one below, clipped from a periodical, seems to strengthen my assertions.

"A band of one hundred and fifty men arrived here yesterday from Boston and took the first train by the Pennsylvania Central road on their way to Arizona. At the base of the San Francisco Mountains they intend to establish a colony. Each man takes provisions for ninety days, and his personal outfit of tools and clothing to a total prescribed weight of three hundred pounds, transportation for which and for himself to the end of the long journey is furnished by the Arizona Colonization Company—a Boston concern—at a cost of \$140 per man. At the end of the railroad the colonists are to be joined by the company's engineer, Mr. G. B. Maynadier, who went ahead about a week ago to provide transportation from that point. Mr. Maynadier

was the chief engineer of Henry Meigg's Andes railroad in Peru, and is said to be thoroughly acquainted with Arizona.

“The part of the country in which the proposed settlement is to be made is said to be very rich in the precious metals and at the same time very advantageous for agriculturists. A company is forming in San Francisco with a capital of \$10,000,000, to work located mining claims on the west side of the mountain to which these colonists are going. Within about thirty days at least, eighty more men with the families of some of those who have already gone will go from Boston to join this New England Colony, whose organization was begun in August last by a company of which Judge O. W. Cozzens is President, J. M. Piper, Secretary, and S. C. Hunt, Treasurer.”

There is a gap between the western boundary of Kansas and the Colorado River, east and west and from the  $41^{\circ}$  of latitude down to the border of Mexico that the whole country should lend its aid to open up and bring before the people—not only of this country, but of those where their subjects are more oppressed. The land, in its very fatness, is gasping for *an outlet*, while the people are crying for an inlet. I have noticed that some of our greatest agricultural belts extend in an indirect line from northeast to southwest. Run from the middle of the State of Kansas,

across Iowa up into northern Illinois and Wisconsin and see this theory verified. Strike out from the Gulf of California at Guymas, run northeast through eastern Arizona and New Mexico, up through Colorado, and northeast to the Black Hills, and you have as complete a system of rich agricultural and mineral lands most harmoniously alternated together as exists within the country's domain. Give the people the railroads which rightly belong to them.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

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MY DEPARTURE FROM TUCSON—ADMONITIONS—THE JEHUS OF THE PLAIN—BEN HILL—MIND AND MATTER—A TALE OF LOVE AND WOE—ALL FOR GOLD—THE HIGHWAYMAN.

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IT was on the afternoon of the 22nd of December, '77 when I returned to the metropolis of Tucson on "the home stretch." I had left the camp of the Aztec company the day before with Col. Graham, and was now waiting for the departure of the 2 o'clock stage for Yuma on my return. The objects of my trip had been accomplished, and my note book being replete with Arizona lore, the activity with which my mind reverted to home and friends was an amazing contrast to my four months travel over mountain and desert. As I would close my eyes at dusk, visions of the home circle, of nephews and nieces crowding upon my knees with eyes sparkling with the fire of animation, eager to know of those "awful Indians" and those "great big" robbers "out there," would soften the sterner realities of life, and make the heart bow to the more

tender affections. These contrasts, I say, were very forcible. In the mining camp on these occasions I evinced some restless anxiety; and through the courtesy and generosity of Col. Boyle and Col. Graham I was escorted to Tucson where I was to await the next stage for California.

The afternoon came, and 2 o'clock P. M. saw me seated on the top of the stage coach beside the driver. There was only one other passenger—a soldier from one of the forts. The street had many spectators to our departure. Very few know, except those acquainted with such cases and scenes, of the interest attached to the arrival and departure of the overland stage in a frontier town. All ready, the mail and express matter deposited, a crack of the whip, and we drove off. As we did so, admonitions came thick and fast, not to be scalped by the Apaché nor taken alive by the highwayman. I had often had such admonitions given me before—in Mexico, and Central America they are the common warning to every traveler—but at this time they came with a peculiar grating on my ear. However, I accounted for this by the strange desert dreariness I had imbibed on several occasions during my tour, and by the knowledge that our way lay in part through the Apaché country. The start was a cheerful one.

The next thing in turn was to find out what kind

of a fellow my driver was, and to anticipate the associations of the night.

It would be a thankless task for me, or any one, to attempt to explain how one should go to work to find out what the *Jehus* of our western frontier coaches are. They are as varied as the minds and tempers of men; and one thing I might here pertinently put for the guidance and safety of all travelers with these sturdy guides of the plains and mountains. Be careful how you set about to do it; or else in trying to find *them* out, they will beat you two to one, and fathom you deeper than your own knowledge runs. They are natural phrenologists or physiognomists. Nor how, nor where, they know not; but, as one confidently said to me on one occasion, "We know a man as soon as we lay our eyes on 'im." I found my companion on this occasion, as a *Jehu*, an old and experienced one; but as a man, in the very vigor of life. His acknowledged cool and resolute character in all cases of emergency, suggested in itself, a safe-guard, if not absolute protection, and I at once set about to get his consent to ride outside all night.

"Now! Hill," said I, (Hill, was the name of the driver) "Tell me what you know of this vast country, through which you have been traveling night and day, for years, as they tell me."

We had ridden along some distance and had, from

the first, according to my recollections, and according to Hill's own words, found in each other congenial companions.

"Tell us of some incidents or experiences of your life on the plains" continued I.

The trip I was now entering out upon, being to take me away from my fields of labor and observation, my mind naturally threw off a certain load. It felt a relief from the sterner objects of my travels, and participated more of the *beaux esprit* of a careless tourist.

Sitting on the top of the coach, as it jogged along in the cool of the approaching evening, I could now see a beauty in the vast stretching prairie and desert, where before it had been an uninviting trackless waste. Mind had assumed a new relation to matter. I was verifying, it seemed, how the spirit matter made a material thing what it is. A tree is a *tree*, thought I, and yet what two entirely different things are, a willow which hangs over a mother's grave, and the willow that shades the happy angler, as he sits under its branches by some cooling stream in the joys of recreation, playing with his cunning trout. Is there not as much difference between these two trees, as between incense and gall?

"Well," said Hill, "I suppose you want to hear about scalping scenes, highway robberies, or some blood and thunder affair. I never met a traveler yet

who did not want something of this sort told to him. For my part, I've got tired telling 'em. But" ejaculated he, as if he had seized some happy thought, and then, almost as suddenly, dropped his chin on his breast and was silent for a moment. "Do you know" said he, finally, "what I have named this country?"

"Give it up, Hill!" said I.

"Well," said he, looking at me sagaciously, "I call it the country of *disappointed lovers*."

"Disappointed lovers," quoted I; and then laughed heartily. "Why whatever put that in your head?"

"Yes, Sir! 'that's what's the matter.' Disappointed lovers! Why! every other man you meet here has some story of this kind to tell you."

"I say Hill," said I, with an insinuating grin on my face, "and are you one of these 'every other' men?" Hill has not to this day, answered my questions.

I am reminded here of an interview I had with another of these frontiersmen, in the early part of my travels in this land, that somewhat borders upon this subject, and further exemplifies this theory of Mr. Hill's. We were riding out upon the plain and in referring to the grotesqueness of the houses, the following comparisons took place:

"You have noticed all through your travels, haven't you, my friend?" intervened Joseph (that was the name on the occasion) with an air of having started

with some terribly convincing evidence. " You have noticed how some of the old, broken down, dilapidated mud houses throughout this whole land have a sort of reviving spirit about them. They will have some vines nicely trimmed up against the side of the walls, or some tasty little curtain hung by one of the little holes they call windows in this country; or a few streaks of paint daubed in some conspicuous place on the outside of the building, dashed on in some original style of art, something after the Indian fashion of painting."

" Yes! I have," I answered.

" Well! Do you know what they remind me of? They remind me of some of these old bachelor codgers—these cock-a-doodles—who wanting in their old age, some congenial spirit (a wife, I mean), put on themselves all the trimmings mortal man can conceive of—yellow neckties, kid gloves, have their hair cut twice a week and properly greased—or rather improperly so, as it would soil any silk dress it chanced to come in contact with; who, with one hand in his pocket jingling his gold, and in the other, a bunch of roses, he seeks and marries a girl not yet out of her teens. A sweet sixteen as he would call her."

" Well! isn't that all right enough?" I enquired.

" Yes, of course it is," said my companion. " Of course it is, even if Cupid goes back on him; for

when a man has outlived what little sense and reason he ever had, and has never been able to find a sensible girl that would have him, I suppose it is all right enough for him to start out and allure some young and inexperienced girl, before she is old enough to know her own mind or realize the dangers of the step she is about to take."

"But I don't see what bearing this has upon the houses, or the disappointed lovers," said I.

"No! but some of these odd and ridiculously festooned houses remind me of these ridiculously bedecked human structures. As for the disappointed lovers, why they are the ones that get out and come here; for if the young girl has some one that she likes, you know, why the old fellow tells her either that she is too young to have company as young as he is; or else she must drop him, or chuck him overboard on some dark night, and that he has got money enough to heal her sorrows and hide crimes alike."

Another case still had I pointed out to me which would seem to defend both of these gentlemen in their theories and surmises. I was shown in the extreme southern part of the Territory, a certain crude log hut, in which dwelt a man of some fifty years. We were passing through the canyon in which it was crested easily on the borders of a clear mountain stream, and beneath the brow of picturesque hills. It was covered

with moss and creeping vines seeming jealous to protect their inmate's happiness. The story of this old man, as told me by the driver of the coach was, that while quite young, this "party" had under very peculiar circumstances and of necessity been placed in absolute charge of a young lady whom he thoroughly loved. As jealously and sturdily had he guarded and protected his charge, as he would his own life, or as only a person who honestly, nobly, and unselfishly loved, could have done. The girl was placed under the man's protection by her parents; but a rich uncle, under whose charge the girl afterwards was put, became so morbidly jealous of the good character the young man was known to possess, forbade the girl from recognizing him at all. The girl had learned so thoroughly to look up to and respect her companion, that she nobly refused to obey her uncle's commands. Seeking to accomplish his end, to his commands he afterwards added offers of large amounts of gold. Being thus tormented by her uncle, the girl sought refuge with her parents, who had recognized the great services rendered by the young man, and from whom she expected defense in favor of he who had been her chosen companion. But the parents being also swayed and influenced by the uncle's gold, and what they conceived to be their daughter's interest (short-sighted interest), the same dire case of "all for gold" was enacted over

again; for the girl afterwards married against her will, and died a poor drunkard's broken-hearted wife. The man it is said became temporarily deranged, but finally retired to the land of the Apaché, remarking, as it is said he often does, to this day, that the land of the savage is preferable to a society which buys and sells honest virtue with gold.

Darkness finally overcame the land, and at six o'clock, we arrived at Desert station. This meant "supper." Supper taken, and horses changed, we mounted our box seat, and, tucking our robes about us (for the nights were getting just a little chilly) we were off again. We had tucked ourselves in as snugly as those children did for a "long winter's nap" on a famous Christmas eve, although we did not expect to nap much on this occasion. Darkness was well spread over the earth. The moon had not yet risen, but the stars shone forth in all their brilliancy; and by the aid of the limpid atmosphere, lent an interesting vision to the unaccustomed scenes about us. Before us, behind us; to the right of us, and to the left of us, stretched the boundless desert, sprinkled here and there with small clumps of grease wood and bunch grass, and bordered in the distance by a gray outline of the interminable mountains of Arizona. Not a sound was heard save the smothered tread of our animals in the sand—except our own voices, which would seem to

have a ring and re-echo in the dreary stillness. Never did my own voice attract my notice so much. As we looked into open space we would sometimes be interested with the phenomenal light peculiar to Arizona, which would break the monotony of our long and tedious ride. On these occasions we would watch the slight flickering of light pass through the atmosphere. These wave-like effects were very slight and pale, resembling, somewhat, the "milky way," but seeming to be between you and the sky—not in the sky. They were often so pale that one might suppose it was some effect of the vision, passing, as they did, before you in a thin gauze or mist. I defined it to be some effect of the heat of the desert upon the cooler atmosphere of the evening.

Thus we rode along, not a leaf stirring and not a sound audible save the martial tread of our dumb beasts. What a contrast again, to our lively afternoon's conversation. The gentle jolt of the vehicle had cradled me into a dreamy mood. We had not spoken for some minutes, when suddenly: "Halt!" thundered upon our ears, accompanied with vociferous oaths and calumnies. The echo had scarcely died away when, "Hold up your hands!" "Throw down your arms!" followed the imperative "Halt!" in quick succession. All was done in less time than it takes to tell it. Our blood rushed to our faces. We

were overawed by fright, and baffled by surprise. Like one aroused from his slumber, we were for a moment lost to all senses, and did not know our bearings. In front of us stood two men—one with a rifle and the other with a large revolver—levelled directly at us. The horses had undergone some emotion, and had now quieted in a tangled harness. We had no sooner realized our position than: “Hold up your hands!” thundered forth with increased force.

We now thoroughly comprehended our situation. We were in the hands of the highwayman—perhaps of the assassin.

## CHAPTER XXVII

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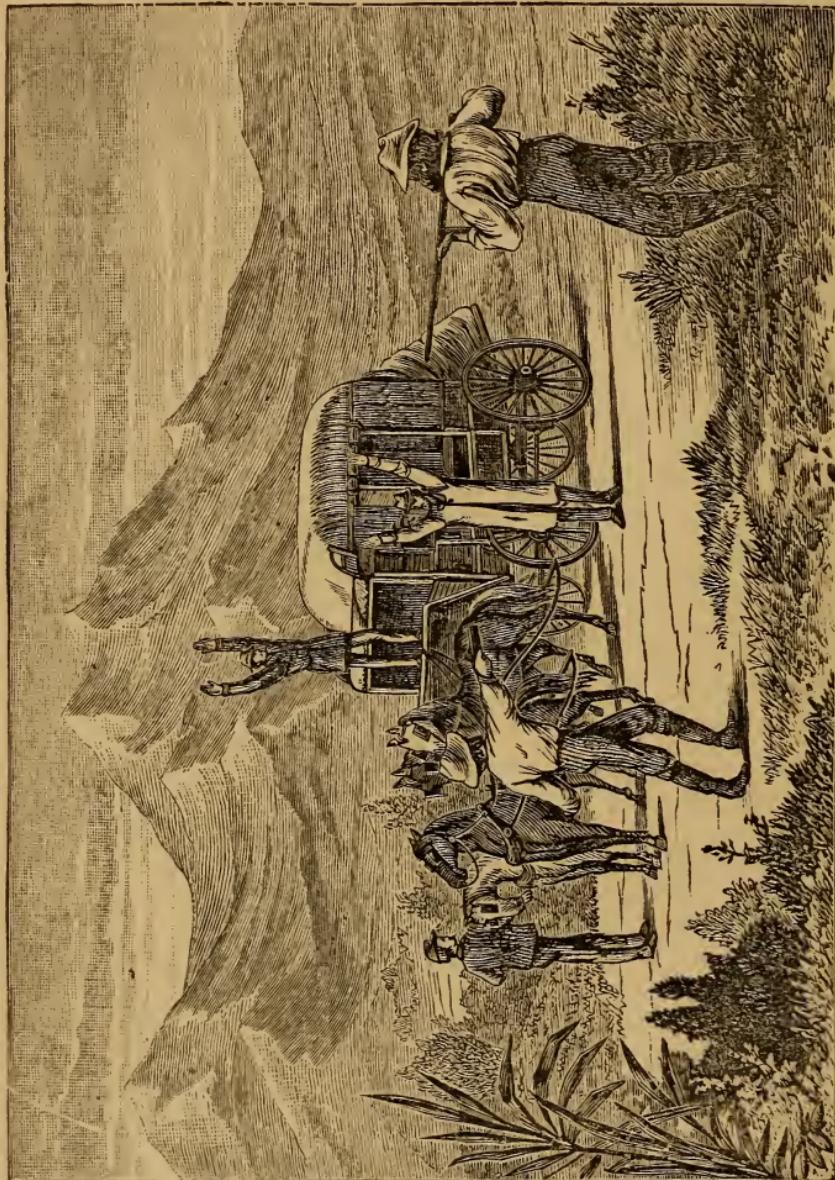
SPIRITS OF THE DESERT—THE AUTHOR ROBBED—PENNILESS—  
THE MEETING OF M'MILLEN AND FLOURNOY—THE PROVER-  
BIAL SYMPATHY OF THE PIONEER.

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WE have said the men were there. How they came there in the position we now beheld them we could not tell. Like spirits of the deep springing up from the bowels of the earth by some invisible trap-door, or dropped down from the heavens. They were simply there and that is all we knew—and enough. A very few moments elapsed between our seeing them and the commencement of the excitement which was to be the terror of our midnight ride. But in this moment a volume of horrible visions ran through my mind, the most terrible of which was that we were now in the hands of the highwaymen positively and securely, and barred out from all the world by a colossal wall of dreary mountains, upon a wide stretch of an arid, fruitless, uninviting desert.

I sat on the left of the driver. To the left of the horses' heads and facing us, stood a goodly specimen





STAGE COACH ROBBERY.

of physical man with a large revolver levelled at our heads. It was about the size, I should judge, of those used by the "Horse Marines." To the left of the stage, on a range with me, was another "six-footer" with a hat, which, had it been mid-day, I would suppose was used to keep the sun off him, spreading out on all sides, and slouched down over his face. He held in his hands, and levelled at my breast a rifle. In the next moment, what a volume, what a life of thought intervened! In the very stillness of the desert there was noise; your very soul talked aloud to you; and as for spirits—why, the whole world seemed to be composed of them. And then, breaking the silence, came the demand for "your money, or your life!" and the voices of these men seemed to echo from mountain to mountain. I was ordered to get down from the coach and stand before them; while the soldier inside was ordered "to the front" to hold the horses' heads. Being a soldier, and one of his essential duties being to "obey!" he was constrained, in his good judgment, to do so. Nobly did he perform his duty in this instance. Now, I had never been a soldier; yet, I obeyed orders in this case quite as well as he did. However, it was perhaps the stern force of "duty" that actuated him to obey, whereas mine was by force of persuasion. A rifle at your head and a six-shooter at your breast are terrible per-

suaders. I was thwarted, however, in my willingness to obey, by the "tucking in" that was done when leaving Desert station; and when I came to unloose myself from under the lap robe, it was obstinate, and I remembered that the buckle of the strap which held the robe to the seat was broken and I had tied the ends together strongly and securely. This called forth execrations from the robbers.

"Why the d——l don't you get down off that coach?"

"Gentlemen, said I, (which of course cut the grain acutely, but I swallowed it, and repeated) "Gentlemen, don't shoot! and if you will allow me I will explain——"

"Hold up your hands!" interrupted one, with which command both Hill and I readily complied. And when once in this position again, I was instructed to explain "what the d——l" I was doing. And inquired of whether I had "any arms" at my side. Upon answering in the negative, I was allowed to proceed, and after extricating myself was ordered to "get down off of there."

Of course I complied. Once down, the following dialogue ensued:

*Highwayman* — "Who are you? What's your name?"

Having told him, and after a silence of a moment, he replied :

“ Well ! I’ll take your money, and be quick about it or I’ll blow your brains out.”

I complied again ; and at this instant, and while turning my possessions over to them, a “click” from the “Horse-Marine” pistol broke the silence of the desert. But fortunately it broke nothing else. It was either “miss-fire” or the thing was done for effect—which, I am unable to say. At each interval the silence seemed to increase.

Our positions were now as follows :—The soldier at the horses’ heads to prevent them from running ; the driver standing up on the coach, and I on the sandy ground at the left side of the coach. Still further to my left stood one of my molesters with his rifle ; and in such a range that by simply elevating or lowering his piece either the driver or myself could be cleared of all responsibility in this life without it costing us one cent. In front of me and up at the side of the horses’ heads where stood our soldier, was our other facetious friend, with his six-shooter still pointed at my breast. We had all been ordered to put our hands above our heads ; and there we were, as if practising calisthenics, and waiting for further drill. This is the common mode of the highwayman on our frontier, of securing your submission. With hands up, you can of course

make no resistance; and if you take them down, nine to one, you will at the same instant be pierced with a bullet. No wiping of noses now, nor drying tears.

The first order given to the driver was to "Pass down Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express box!" The driver stooped, picked the box from beneath the seat, and threw it from the coach. It landed with all its treasures, upon the sand directly in front of me with a heavy thump, which made my frame shudder and my veins contract like a headless chicken in its last death struggle. Each hair on my head was a porcupine quill. The next order was for the "United States mail sacks." These the driver also tossed upon the ground. There were three in number. They then ordered out some pouches of quicksilver, which were in the bottom of the stage; which demand the driver also complied with. This over, and fearing their booty would not reach their desires, they made a slight change of venue, and placing me in front of the treasure heap, demanded to know again who I was, and all about me. Having told them, there was a reign of silence—a terrible reign of about thirty seconds. Imaginations concerning this silence ran through my mind as rapidly as the reflections and thoughts of a drowning man is supposed to crowd themselves upon him; and as rapidly did I come to the conclusion that it must be they were disappointed in their man. They

had expected some one else on this stage in my place. They then made a second demand, however, for all my papers, and any other "matters" I had about me, all of which I *cheerfully* relinquished. Had they known I was but a poor newspaper man, and, as they soon found out, all they were to get for their trouble was fifteen dollars, it seems to me they might have saved a good deal of valuable time and—"let me alone."

It was worth the amount, however, to get an excuse to take down my arms, which all this time had been held above my head in an upright position. This was an uncomfortable one, to say the least; and all the more so, as I stretched them high and straight to evince to these "spirits of the desert," my disposition to obey orders. Having secured my money, and evidently taking it for granted that the driver and the soldier had none (or being now satisfied with what they had obtained) we were told to resume our places on the coach. Having done so, the fire-arms being kept steadily upon us the while, we were ordered to drive off; and as we did so, the two men cried out alternately, "Good-night!" "Good-night!"

I have been aroused by sudden changes; I have enjoyed the ecstatic effect of contrast; but never had any experience so forcibly struck upon such opposite sentiments in my nature as the contrast between these soft salutations "Good night!" "Good night!" and the

terrible "halt" only a few minutes before. The former transactions were accompanied with sonorous tones of the deepest gutteral effort, and re-echoing as we fancied, in the distant mountains around. The latter tones were uttered in the gentlest simplicity and even savored of mellowness. It had such a pleasing and soothing effect upon us as to almost put us off our guard; and made me feel like turning around and saying: "Oh! you won't hurt us, will you?" I intimated to Hill, that if we should ask them now to give the things back, they would probably do so. I say this was the effect their "good night" produced upon me. But a moment's reflecting and a slight remonstrance from Hill, convinced me that I was permitting my better judgment to be swayed by their blandness, and apparent civility. A little consideration brought me to my senses and I was amazed at my own credulity, as the result of their words.

This whole affair was performed so quickly—began and ended so suddenly—was such a succession of surprises, that it was not until after all was over and we had resumed our journey that we thoroughly realized that anything had actually occurred. Now was the "winter of our discontent." As the horses began to trot off at a faster pace, Hill and I began to shake in our seats. We repeatedly looked around and wondered if they were coming after us. How often did

we inquire of each other if we saw "anything of them?" We suffered more in the following few miles from an anticipation of a renewal of the attack than we did from the whole genuine affair. There was something so weird in our ride now. Every bush we approached; every cactus we saw, seemed to be possessed with life. When we stopped talking, the stillness increased. It increased until it actually became noisy; for the spiritual man then kept up a clatter with the mortal man, and talked to us of things we never knew (or those that we had once known but wanted to forget), and in some respects annoyed us with its clatter. If one wants to get an idea of what a perfect quiet is, it seems to me he must go to Arizona to do it. These deserts, with nothing inviting, devoid of any noisy insects, or creatures whatever (except the coyote whose occasional distant whine or howl only contrasts with the stillness to make it greater), are suggestive places for intense—for penetrative meditation.

"Well! Now then!" said Hill shortly afterward, as he spurred up his horses, "now you've had it. Now you've had your robber story better than I could have told you one, and I hope you're satisfied."

I did feel quite satisfied, and I wanted to know of Hill, whether this was the kind of sociable (?) Arizona tendered to strangers.

"Sociable!" quoted Hill. "That's pretty good."

"Yes!" rejoined I, "They are what I would term midnight sociables of the deserts."

Thus we rode along leaving, these "spirits of the desert," we hoped, far behind. It was about 7 o'clock in the evening when our robbery took place. It was just before the time for the moon to rise, and the atmosphere wore that peculiar haze suggested by the old proverb "'Tis darkest just before dawn."

Hill, who was an old pioneer in the stage business of our west, had many experiences (either personal or otherwise), to relate of the highways and the red man. I had one myself, having suffered a like engagement once before. Between us both, we consequently listened to many hair-breadth escapes and midnight revelries. We must have been intuitively prepared for this one from the systematic manner in which we went through the drill. At the very instant of the word "Halt!" and before we had been ordered to "Hold up your hands!" which is always the next command, my hands went up high over my head. Misery liking company, I looked to my right with one eye to see how it fared with my brother Hill; while the other I kept on my desert friends. Hill had his hands up too. In short we wanted to get through with the midnight drama as quickly as possible. I remember how anxious I was to get back on my box after I had been robbed. But being commanded to "Halt!" with

at the same time, a click from the six-shooter, I allayed my impetuosity somewhat, and seemed to feel willing to stand there all night rather than attempt to get back to my seat again until I had been *ordered* to do so. I was encouraged all the way through by Hill's calm and politic manner in dealing with the case at hand.

This little narrative will give a general idea of the robberies of the overland stage coaches on our western highways. Of course, depredations are governed by no law, and these "sociables of the desert" are governed by no set or established routine. They take you how and where they find you and are governed in their actions accordingly. Many variations there are then, to this system of aggression, although this is the average *modus operandi*. In a former robbery of a coach upon which I was a passenger, the coach was simply stopped by two men running out from behind a bush; and one grabbing the horses' heads, while the other stepped to the side of the coach and ordered the driver to "hand down Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express box." The driver having complied with the request, he was told to drive on, which he did; and the stage and its load drove off, and on to its destination as though nothing had happened—except that when we arrived there the box containing all the treasures was not with us. There is shooting at times, and often

loss of life, but this is generally the result of disobedience to their commands or wishes; and if ever the reader has an occasion to fall into the hands of these "spirits of the desert," we would advise him to simply accept the situation with a calm and quiet grace, and obey as you had been taught to do in your youth. In nine times out of ten, you will come out of the battle unscathed; although it is admitted that there are men bloodthirsty enough to love to kill for the glory of it, and without any provocation.

Some, there are, who may not understand why resistance is not the better part of valor, and not oftener resorted to in these instances, on the part of the stage companies or the passengers. We simply say to those, that to attempt to explain, would be a thankless task, as they would only look at you as one trying to excuse your own cowardice, and vaunt their own bravery at you, by asserting what *they* would do if they were "caught that way." Many have I had talk with me in this way while attempting to satisfy their curiosity as to the situation in such cases, and the conditions governing it. But when *they* are "caught" themselves, they are aggravated to find, in turn, that a no better portrayal of the situation can be found in them. The safest plan is, never to carry but a mere paltry sum of money—enough to pay your way from point to point, where you can replenish.

We reached Florence at 4 o'clock in the morning. It was on this occasion that I met the great prospectors, Capt. Chas. McMillen and Josiah Flournoy. As we were about to leave Florence, two men approached the stage and took passage on it for Yuma. Their dress consisted of a pair of overalls, sand shoes, a huge blanket strapped across their back, a pair of large six-shooters—one at each hip; a bowie knife in their belt behind, a rifle strapped across their back, and a big slouched hat ornamented with holes, which covered the whole structure from rain. They greeted me in true frontier style wanting to know if I was the man who had been robbed out on the desert—whether I was hurt any, and whether I had any money left. When I had answered their questions, and informed them that all my money had been taken, each put his hand in his pocket, and passed carelessly over to me a twenty dollar gold piece, telling me they guessed *that* would see me through to Yuma, and that the twenty dollars would be as good to them at some other time. When I offered to give them "my note," they looked displeasure that human nature had fallen so low, that a piece of paper was worth more than a man's honor, and said: "a man's word is his note in this country, my friend."

I subsequently learned that these two men were McMillen and Flournoy, and were then on their way

to San Francisco and New York to incorporate the "Hannibal" mine, then recently discovered. \* \* \*

A ride of three days and nights in the overland stage coach brought me back to Yuma. In passing Los Angeles on my way north to San Francisco, I was reminded of the attraction the orange groves of that district had held for me, and of the famous beach at Santa Monica, only fifteen miles to the sea side. I left the main road here and ran down to Santa Monica. Here, after a refreshing sojourn at the Santa Monica Hotel, and a few invigorating surf baths in the Pacific Ocean in the dead of winter, I diversified my trip by taking one of the magnificent steamers of the coast, for San Francisco.

THE END.







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